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## THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

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*Report of the Board of General Officers appointed to inquire into the Statements contained in the Report of Sir John M'Neil and Colonel Tulloch, and the Evidence taken by them relative thereto. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty. Chelsea, July 4th, 1856.*

*The Queen's Regulations and Orders for the Army, with Addenda. Adjutant-General's Office, Horse Guards, 1st July 1844.*

*An Act for Punishing Mutiny and Desertion, and for the better Payment of the Army, and their Quarters. Also Rules and Articles for the better Government of all her Majesty's Forces. 1847.*

*Report of the Commissioners appointed to consider the best mode of re-organising the System for training Officers for the Scientific Corps; together with an Account of Foreign and other Military Education. Ordered to be printed, 20th March 1857.*

WHEN Demosthenes was urging the Athenians to offensive war against Philip, and was met by the usual objections of detail,—when he was asked, “Where shall we find the vulnerable point?”

he answered: *Εὐρήσει τὰ σαθρὰ τῶν ἐκείνου πραγμάτων αὐτὸς ὁ πόλεμος.* If this were true two thousand years ago; if Demosthenes had a right to believe that a short interval of tranquillity was enough to introduce rottenness into the military affairs of Macedon, a country whose normal state was war,—how much more reason had we to expect that forty years of peace would derange the armies and fleets of a nation in which war is the exception, submitted to reluctantly, carried on timidly, and prepared for as a calamity which it is disagreeable to talk about, or to think about, and still more to spend money about!

It is remarkable, however, that of the rottenness which, to use the language of Demosthenes, the war had detected in our military organisation, much more was found in our regiments than in our ships. The supreme command of our fleets, as well as of our army, was indeed placed in the hands of men whose age unfitted them for the invention or the conduct of offensive operations, and bitter were the consequences of their incompetence; but, as regards the army, this appears to have been generally unavoidable. In the late war, the Duke of Newcastle made one or two appointments which a man with more administrative information, or a better judge of men, would have carefully avoided; but, in general, he probably chose the best men that he could, or at least the best men that were known to him. That the greater part of these men were deficient in skill in the field, in the camp, and in the trenches; that our battles were ill-managed, our victories wasted, our camp unintrenched, our siege-operations ill-planned, if not ill-carried on, and, above all, that our army—the army of the richest nation of the world—of the nation which has carried physical comfort to its greatest amplitude and refinement—should have been without adequate food, or clothing, or shelter—should have been left to die of hunger, of cold, or of exposure;—all this we then discovered too plainly to make it necessary to do more than allude to it. But while our operations on shore, the mere fighting of course excepted, were in general as ill-executed as they were ill-planned, the maritime war was faulty only as far as it was inactive. Many objects of great importance, and, as we now know, not difficult of attainment, were left unattempted; but nearly all that was attempted was done, and done well. We missed our opportunities of a successful naval attack on Sebastopol, on Sweaborg, and perhaps on Cronstadt: but we turned the fortified ports of Russia into prisons; we held the Baltic and the Black Sea for two years with the loss of only a single ship of war; we destroyed Bomarsund; we broke through the Thracian Bosphorus, and seized for ourselves the Sea of Azof: on every occasion our execution was as brilliant as our conception was timid. We showed as much

intelligence and knowledge at sea as we betrayed ignorance and stupidity on land. In short, if we had bad generals, it was because we did not know where to find better; if we had bad admirals, it was only because we did not choose to find better. This difference between our two services demands explanation. We propose to devote a few pages to the investigation of some of its causes; and we hope that this investigation will enable us to suggest the means of effacing in a great measure this difference, by raising our land-service, if not to a par, yet to a level much more nearly approaching a par, with our navy. We say only to a level more nearly approaching a par, because we are aware that the organisation of the navy has over that of the army one capital advantage of which we cannot propose to deprive it, and which must render its active officers collectively superior to those of the army. In the army a regiment is, as a general rule, *eternal*; it is a body corporate, kept always alive by periodical replacements. A ship's crew is *ephemeral*; every three or four years it is paid off and dispersed. Without doubt, there are great objections to this. It often disperses a trained crew, which has served together—in which the captain, the men, and the officers, all know and respect one another, and have created or imbibed a most valuable *esprit-de-corps*. But it enables us to select in every rank the best men for employment, by enabling us to keep unemployed all others. If a regiment is ill-officered, there is, except in extreme cases, no help for it. You cannot remove a colonel or a major, or even an ensign, without positive delinquency. In the navy, when a ship has been paid off no officer has a claim to more than his half-pay. He is removed simply by not being re-appointed. The Admiralty has reports which ought to make it acquainted with the character, moral and intellectual, of every man in the service; and it is its duty when a ship is commissioned to place in her only the best men that are disposable.

If there were in the army no regimental precedence; if the seniority of every officer depended merely on the date of his commission; if every regiment were broken up and recast every three or four years, and every officer were selected *only* by his merit, or at least with the same reference to his merit,—the system in the army *would* be what the system in the navy *is*. Such a change as this we do not propose. We believe that the history of a regiment, the traditions of its achievements, the proud mottoes recording its victories—from “Minden” to “Peninsula” and “Waterloo”—emblazoned on its standards, have an invaluable moral force, and keep up that *esprit-de-corps*, and that prestige of victory which has always inspired our young soldiers in their first trials under fire. We would therefore leave regiments

the permanent bodies that we find them. But on that very account we are anxious that the materials which are to last so long should at least be good; that the officer who cannot be removed, should at least be well selected and well trained; that the lad who is certainly to be intrusted with the discipline of hundreds of our soldiers, and may have to provide for the honour of our country, should enjoy all the moral and intellectual advantages with which we can surround him, or at least be subject to no evil influences from which we can shield him. In every profession, excepting the army, peculiar education is believed to be necessary: a boy who is intended for the church, the law, or the medical profession, applies himself to learn his business, and years of study are necessary before we venture to trust him to guard our property or our health; and when tried by competition, if merit does not always succeed, ignorance and incompetence must fail. Position, when obtained, is a guarantee of excellence, and public confidence cannot be imposed on.

How, before the late war, would the same boy have been trained, if intended for the army? How instructed in order to qualify him to rise in command, until a regiment, a colony, a brigade, or an army, the welfare of those under his command, the lives of the soldiers, and the honour and the prosperity of the country, may become hazarded hereafter by his incompetence? How did we take care to educate our future staff-officers and generals to meet such fearfully responsible positions? We have hitherto done nothing! From the moment a candidate of sixteen passed the easy preliminary examination required, and was gazetted to an ensigncy, he was released from all farther study and improvement, encouraged by his new companions to give himself up to idleness and enjoyment, to look to the opinion of "the mess" rather than to that of his commanding officer as his guide, and to trust to money, to interest, and to luck for his future promotion.

We will briefly follow the ensign in his military experiences from the day he joined his regiment until he rose to command it; and so sketch the "custom of the service" as it prevailed during the latter years of the late long peace.

He was first committed to the instruction of the adjutant and the drill-sergeant, and taught to face to the right and to the left, to step out and to step short; the firelock and squad prepared the way for companies and battalion drill; and in less than a month he was reported to his colonel as "fit for duty:" his military education was far advanced.

He was then put on the roster for duty, and had his turn as "orderly officer;" and, led about by the orderly sergeant, he hurried through the soldiers' barrack-rooms at prescribed hours,

visited the hospital and barrack guard, and went through whatever other performances must be detailed by him in the form of a written report, which was exacted from him next morning by his colonel. He was placed on two or three courts-martial, to give him a knowledge of military jurisprudence; if in garrison, he mounted guard, varying the weary twenty-four hours by "turning out" and presenting arms to the field-officer of the day.

He was told that he must provide himself with two books—*The Queen's Regulations and Orders for the Army*, and *The Regulation Field-exercise Book*; not that he was given to understand that he would be *examined* in these mystic volumes, or that he must necessarily *read* them, but that he must *show* them, as a proof of possession, at the general officer's half-yearly inspection. Every fine day he attended morning parade; and when this was over, he put off his uniform and his military cares together, and amused himself as best he could, and tried to "kill time" till the bugles called him to the grand event of the day—the mess dinner. Here plate and glass, and mess-equipage in an excess, which looked as if they never could be intended for marching, a liberal messman, an accomplished cook, an expensive cellar, and the occasional presence of the regimental band,—all combined to make the mess far too luxurious and expensive. It was ruinous to young officers of small private means: but a clique of young moneyed officers generally ruled there; and if the colonel of the regiment tried to curb this inordinate expense, and recommended economy, he found himself in a minority, powerless as well as unpopular; and, after a vain struggle, abandoned all but nominal mess control, and intrenched himself within his undisputed prerogative of the parade-ground and the "orderly-room."

The mess, abandoned to its own devices, became an *imperium in imperio*; and very often not only the conventional laws of this oligarchy were enacted and enforced, but even promotion, the purchasing of steps, the buying and selling of commissions, were canvassed and settled; and those who could not or would not contribute their quota to buy out old officers who stopped the way, soon felt that their rebellion against mess rule exposed them to dislike and persecution.

Money forced on the young officer, and he was quickly a captain; and now he began to feel some interest in his company. Probably he cared for its appearance on parade, the height and good looks of the men, the splendour of their well-furbished appointments, all that adds to its outward show; but he knew little, or rather nothing, of the wants or the habits, the characters or the discipline of his soldiers. Off parade, in the barrack-room, or in the billet, his pay-sergeant exercised the substantial governing

authority; for the non-commissioned officers were the moving-power of the regiment.

The colonel, the adjutant, and the sergcant-major, controlled and regulated these engines; and the machine worked on with the double set of its ornamental and its working wheels,—its commissioned and non-commissioned officers.

A few more years probably introduced our captain to some colonial service, which he tried to evade by clinging to the regimental dépôt at home, or by obtaining lengthened leave of absence. Meanwhile time and purchase forced him on—first to the rank of major, then to that of lieutenant-colonel commanding his regiment; but did not afford him the military knowledge and experience which he now wants to meet his new responsibilities.

He may be of small intellect, or devoid of moral force, or incurably indolent, or careless, or otherwise disqualified by some other failing; and then he did so much mischief, and so quickly did this show itself in the relaxed discipline and conduct of his regiment, that he was soon forced to sell out: or he may have possessed average talents and good intentions, with an earnest wish to do his duty; and then he will have desired to amend the discipline and interior economy of his regiment, to improve its system, and infuse into his officers more knowledge of their companies, more interest in their well-being, and more zeal and energy in encouraging good conduct, selecting and recommending promising material for future non-commissioned officers, and above all, in vigilantly taking care that while the sergeants and corporals are active and watchful in checking irregularity in the ranks, they did not also abuse their power, and become unreasonableness and petty tyrants.

To do all this would need not only co-operation, but constant care and trouble and discretion on the part of his officers; and therefore all his efforts to effect it generally failed. *He was powerless to reward usefulness, or to punish indolence or apathy.* He had no influence in accelerating or retarding an officer's promotion. He could indeed get rid of a subaltern whose conduct had been so grossly bad as to amount to an open breach of the "Articles of War," or to flagrant ungentlemanly conduct; but he scarcely ever could punish mere idleness or want of energy, while he never could reward activity, talent, and good conduct. The most promising subaltern in his regiment, if without money, would still remain unpromoted; while the idler, the careless or the useless, mounted the golden ladder.

Under such a system, reliance on the officers, with perhaps a few bright exceptions, must fail. The daily plodding routine of training and disciplining the soldiers of a regiment was in reality mainly administered by means of the non-commissioned officers—

painstaking and anxious men brought forward from the ranks by their energy and good conduct, and who held their position and aspired to further advancement solely on the commanding officer's approval. With these coarse but ready instruments the regimental work was principally performed; and the colonel, after a fruitless effort to make his commissioned officers really serviceable, was forced to be satisfied if they could command their men on parade, get through a field-day without mistakes, be responsible for the finance of their companies, and bear gentlemanly characters in society.

Unless the regiment went to India, our colonel could have had no opportunity of acquiring experience in the movements or encampments of an army. The greater part of his regimental life was passed in the colonies, where his single regiment was broken into detachments. On home service, before the days of Chobham and Aldershott, a camp or a brigade was unknown, with the sole exception of the summer field-days from the Dublin garrison in the Phoenix Park. In due time the brevet made the colonel a general officer; to whom we must now confide the command of a division of our army, and match him in war-time against the trained skill of a continental foe. Probably when the day of trial comes he will succeed in the ordeal of the battle-field; for his instinctive high courage, and the admirable material of his soldiers, will conquer any thing opposed to them. But he will be inferior perhaps to his enemy in strategic skill; and if he have to encounter the difficulties and reverses of a campaign, will not know how to economise the strength, and to provide for the physical wants of his troops. If he is a man of talent he may learn this, but at the bitter cost of experience.

So far we have shown how our officers obtained rank on the broad highway of regimental service. This was not the only road to promotion. There was a shorter and an easier way, but accessible only to a select and privileged class. We mean the staff.

Here, from the grade of aide-de-camp to that of adjutant-general or quartermaster-general, the happy aspirant for military rank was forced on by high-pressure patronage. The aide-de-camp soon found himself a brigade-major, then an assistant-adjutant or quartermaster-general, and then the head of his department was attained; and in half the time that it would take a regimental officer to toil on to the same goal, he became a general officer without having done any *regimental* duty. His interest and his comparative youth secured his employment, and he obtained a command.

We wish we could hope that with it he could get some little knowledge of regimental details, and that the officer henceforth to be charged with the inspection and discipline of the regiments in



his brigade or district could have some knowledge of their organisation, and some experience and sympathy in the feelings and the ways, the merits and the failings, of the admirable soldiers whom he has to command. His uninterrupted staff career has debarred him from this knowledge. We know that it has often happened during the last twenty years that the most difficult thing a lieutenant-colonel commanding a regiment has had to do, when his regiment was undergoing the routine of a half-yearly inspection, was to restrain himself from laughing outright at the absurdly ignorant questions which have been gravely put to him by one of these staff-reared general officers.

If this be a fair representation of the materials out of which our land officers are made, and such the training by which they are fashioned, we have we think performed our promise of accounting for their inferiority to our naval ones.

We now proceed to the second part of our task,—the suggestion of remedies, or at least of palliatives, for these great abuses.

1st. We would prune away that strange relic of mediæval corruption—the purchase of commissions.

2dly.. We would gradually open commissions in the army to a larger promotion from the ranks.

3dly. We would have such an examination of the boy candidate for a first commission as would insure his having laid the foundation of a sound liberal education, such as our public schools impart; but we would not absolutely *require* even the rudiments of military science. We might prefer his having mastered Euclid to his having mastered Euripides, or that he could speak and write French and German rather than make Latin verses; but we would not *as yet* insist on the superstructure of *professional* knowledge, reserving the acquirement of the theory as well as the practice of the art of war to *subsequent diligent study*: and to insure this, we would enforce a progressive examination in the various branches of professional knowledge, to precede each step of advancement from the ensigncy up to the rank of field-officer.

It is not necessary to wade through the enormous mass of matter we have prefixed to this article, such as *The Army and Ordnance Expenditure* of 1st August 1850, reaching to the 9401st question, renewed in successive parliamentary committees, and given to the world in ponderous blue-books, to convince us that though war secretaries and eminent generals agree that the existing system of “naval and military promotion and retirement” require amendment, yet that in seeking a remedy opinions are alike conflicting and unsatisfactory. The members of the Royal Commission of 1854 do not even arrive at an approach to a unanimous conclusion. The labours of these commissioners—we

except, of course, the latest and extremely valuable Commission on the Scientific Corps, to which we shall subsequently refer at some length—may find favour with the seekers for precedent, and the worshippers of official routine; but we believe that their practical value is fatally damaged by their overwhelming mass. We envy the diligence and the mental digestion which could enable the reader to wash out much gold from this mass of official rubbish:—the labour of an Australian gold-seeker would be comparatively easy. We cannot find space for extracts from these awful volumes, and will venture to give an outline of our own convictions on this vexed question.

1st. As to the sale of commissions. This we have said should *absolutely cease*.

In justice to those officers who have purchased under the old system, government must refund within a given period the regulation value of their commissions to all who may then desire to sell out *at once* (probably few comparatively will choose to do this); but if they decline, and prefer enjoying their rank, their claim should cease also. Having once refused the offer, we can see no injustice in extinguishing the right to sell *then and for ever*. The service should no longer be sacrificed to personal convenience. Those officers who mean to make the army their profession will remain. These are the only valuable servants. On the other hand, the country can well spare many of a class which had much multiplied before the late war—we mean those young gentlemen who had entered the army without any intention of serving more than a few years, and who talked of the service as a “gentlemanly amusement” for the interval which it may suit them to pass in it. We do not deny that officers of this class, these birds of passage, will generally be distinguished as the most gallant leaders in action; the high courage, the “pluck” of their race, will make them as forward in the charge as in the fox-hunt; but they will not often submit to the drudgery and the irksome details of garrison and barrack life. Here they will be found inefficient and useless; and we may add, that in regiments of the line their expensive habits are a bad example to the poorer officers with whom they must associate. Our army is too expensive. No officer can live on his pay. We know that the poor gentleman’s son makes the best officer; but the habits of most of our regiments exclude him or ruin him.

To obtain really good officers, energetic and ambitious men resolved to devote their whole lives to the service, and make it a profession, we ought to give some better reward to our worn-out officers. A regimental lieutenant-colonel on the retired pay, even with the honorary rank of colonel or major-general, after more than thirty-years active service, receives but 310*l.* a-year; and from this inadequate stipend the income-tax is deducted. If

he has purchased his commissions, then his pension barely repays him as an annuity for the outlay of his patrimony. He has indeed sacrificed his whole working life and talents, without receiving any remuneration from his country. If, on the other hand, he has risen to this rank without purchase, then he must have served to attain it forty or fifty years with undeviating fidelity and perseverance, and when years, and tropical climates, and wounds, and the anxieties of constant responsibility, have unfitted him for active service, he finds himself displaced from a position of rank, of influence, and of pecuniary competence, to subsist on a pittance which a government clerk, whose easy home service has probably counted little more than half that of the old officer, would scorn as an adequate retirement. And this too in a country which measures worth and respectability by income; where indigence is avoided like a leprosy, and a poor gentleman must lose caste. The regimental pay of our officers has remained unaltered since the reign of William III.; while the comparative value of money has decreased one half, and now the influx of Californian and Australian gold is slowly but surely depreciating it still further. It is true that the prizes of regiments and good-service pensions reward a favoured few; but they are seldom attainable by the hard-working regimental officer, who has passed most of his life in the colonies and who has no friends in office. We do not doubt that eventually the country will more fairly equalise the rewards of its military and civil servants. Justice and expediency both require it.

We will now venture on that most difficult part of our subject,—promotion from the ranks.

We would throw open a given number, not exceeding at first perhaps one-fifth or one-sixth of the first commissions vacant each year, to the competition of the non-commissioned officers; but subject to a preliminary test of examination, not quite so comprehensive as that exacted from other candidates. Classical accomplishments and modern languages should not positively be required. A good English education, the facility of writing well and grammatically, with a common knowledge of arithmetic, is all that should be absolutely indispensable; and the successful candidate should not be more than thirty years old, and, as a general rule, *not married*.\*

\* This preference of celibacy may at first appear harsh and capricious; but it must be recollected that the wife of the private soldier is not likely to be a lady, and that unless she possesses the distinguished talents which will have elevated her husband, she cannot be expected to re-educate herself. Besides, marriage being once known as a bar to high promotion, young soldiers will remain single if they are ambitious; and thus a great evil, a source of great misery to individuals and of embarrassment to regiments, will be mitigated. No one who has seen a regiment embark for foreign service will ever forget the sufferings of the soldiers' wives, necessarily separated from their husbands probably for ever. A private soldier should never marry.

This patronage must necessarily be in the hands of the lieutenant-colonel commanding the regiment, who must be made to feel that he is responsible for the employment of such immense power,—that his own character and future success depend on its faithful exercise; and if this selection is properly made, we hope that the measure will enormously improve the material of our army. Young men of education, of talents, and of energy, will enlist for the short period of service now required, determined to try to force their way up to a commission. The association of numbers of such cadets must elevate the *morale* of the ranks. In a service which offered such prizes, recruiting would become easy in war-time and select in peace. We believe that, with the meagre prospect we now hold out, it is extremely difficult to fill our ranks with really good recruits,—we mean stout able-bodied young men, without physical or mental defect; and this difficulty must increase as emigration enhances the demand for and the wages of labour throughout the United Kingdom. Ireland, once an inexhaustible mine of admirable material, now sends her hardy sons to America or to Australia, and will no longer listen to the wiles of the recruiting sergeant. We shall very soon be compelled to accept “discarded unjust serving-men, revolted tapsters, and hostlers trade-fallen,—the cankers of a calm world and a long peace;” or take mere boys, the refuse of our manufacturing districts, weak in mind and body, without energy or hardihood; poor creatures who, if exposed to the ordeal of another war, would break down on the march or in the charge,—will fill the hospitals, but scarcely win another Alma or Inkermann.

Above all, we should gain this—that a proportion of our officers would be chosen by competition, and necessarily distinguished by surpassing merit. The far larger proportion of first commissions would remain as now at the disposal of the Horse Guards or the Government. We hope that in their disposal some preference would be given to the sons of officers, of clergymen, or other public servants, who have a claim on the country. To enable subalterns of this class, as well as those who may rise from the ranks, to live on their income, some addition to their pay is unavoidable. How is it possible for an ensign on five shillings and threepence a-day to maintain himself, live respectably, and keep out of debt? But as any increase of pay must necessarily be small, the scale of regimental expense, which has been for years growing more and more extravagant, must be curtailed. We know many regiments of the line where the allowance of one hundred pounds a-year is considered far too small, and where double that sum is nearer the average amount contributed by reluctant guardians, and then wasted in extravagance and folly. As it is, every garrison in the kingdom is haunted by Jews, who prey on the young

officers. All are tempted. To the richly-connected young men, large sums of money are offered in exchange for their bills or acceptances at long dates. To those who have little or no private means, offers are made of loans to the selling value of their commissions; and so the bill-trade goes on; each renewal, of course, adds more and more extortionate interest, till it ends in the ruin of the victim. And under existing general regulations and regimental rules, we do not see how the subaltern, who has little or nothing but his pay, can on home service avoid this maelstrom. He is compelled by her majesty's regulations to contribute a yearly subscription to the regimental band and to the mess fund, and to live always at his mess. He is also compelled by regimental rules, not only to pay every day for a much more expensive dinner than he can afford, but also to contribute to public mess-entertainments of dinners and balls, often given unnecessarily and extravagantly. At the end of the month he finds that his mess and wine bill amount to more than half of his pay; then his breakfast, his servant, and his washing-bill exhaust the remainder. He has very little left for his dress and all his other expenses; he unavoidably gets into debt, and is threatened with arrest; and then the Jew bill-broker steps in and makes his own of him.

To obviate this great wrong, perhaps it would be wise to allow commanding officers a discretionary power to release every subaltern who has not ample private means from the obligation of living at his mess while serving in an expensive home-garrison. We know that the compulsion, as it now exists, is peculiar to the English service, and is of comparatively modern introduction. To what vicious luxury and expense our regimental messes had attained, none of our readers who do not happen to have seen them as guests can form an adequate idea; they used to rival in luxury, but to exceed in expense, a modern club-house. Happily the good sense and moral courage of his royal highness the commander-in-chief has led him to grapple with this monster evil; and we have read with extreme satisfaction a late Horse Guards' general order, wisely limiting the messman's price to a reasonable sum, and restricting the introduction of expensive wines at the regimental mess-table. This reform will be felt as a general benefit by all sensible officers; will preserve many young men from ruin; and we hope may save parents from the wretched alternative of either suffering their sons to be driven out of the service by debt, or of rescuing them from their difficulties at the sacrifice of funds which had been reserved for the future prospects and comfort of their other children.

We should be very sorry to do away with regimental bands: they are both useful and delightful; but they should be supported

by Government, and not as now by the officers, who pay for the very instruments. These changes will do much in mitigating the difficulties of a subaltern who has to live on his pay.; but still the effort, if not absolutely impossible, would require courage and self-denial to an extraordinary amount. We would be merciful, and also increase the subaltern's pay. A very small addition would do all that is required.

We will now show how we think that subsequent preferment should be regulated. We would establish two progressive examinations—in military science, in modern languages, in military topography, in mathematics, and in general knowledge—to be passed successfully and truly before a constituted board at Sandhurst or Woolwich, before an ensign can obtain his lieutenancy, or subsequently his company; and, subject to this ordeal, we would promote *all* subalterns, as far as the grade of captain, *by seniority only*.

All officers, to fit them for future rank, should be thoroughly trained, and go through a long practical experience of regimental duty. Besides that, at the boyish age at which ensigns enter the service, it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to select the most valuable recruit from his class. We all know how differently the talents and conduct of *very* young men develop themselves: some are precocious, expand with a showy rapidity, and then all at once stand still or deteriorate; others who are mistaken for blanks at first go on slowly, but steadily, improving, or when some trying emergency occurs suddenly display unsuspected merit. Equally dangerous it would be to decide too rapidly on the comparative desert of the officers who may have obtained their commissions from the ranks. You must give them time, however diligently they may work to acquire the accomplishment in which they were comparatively deficient, to recover their "lee way," and to prove that they have the talents and the perseverance necessary to adopt the manners and the habits of their new position.

We believe that all subalterns, in whatever way they may have been appointed, will become better officers by undergoing some years of this servitude; and none but those who mean to make the army their profession for life will choose to encounter it. With the rank of captain, seniority as the invariable rule of promotion should, we think, cease; and selection by merit commence. Here, again, we believe that the recommendation of the officer in command of the regiment would prove the surest guide to the commander-in-chief of the army in promoting the captains to majorities. It is quite impossible that any one else can know so well both the merits and shortcomings of those with whom he is in daily intercourse. And, besides, to form really good officers,

and to make our regiments work perfectly, you *must* invest the commanding officer with some power of reward. At present, as we have said, he has none; he can only punish, and then only when dealing with very grave offences. The evil to be encountered would be, of course, favouritism. This, we fear, do what we will, must exist. A son, a nephew, a relation of any kind, will find partial favour and be unjustly preferred over higher merit. This is the original sin of all governments and of all administrations; we may be able to scotch it, but cannot hope to destroy it. We think that this evil would prevail far less rampantly under the patronage of the officer commanding a regiment than if vested in the Horse Guards or the minister of war; because the commanding officer is more directly interested, can be controlled, his reasons questioned, and his recommendation reversed. No such impediment would check the higher authorities; and the temptation of yielding to party and to parliamentary interest would be *added* to that of nepotism.

The most important and the most difficult question remains: How is the officer who is to command the regiment to be selected? Every change we have recommended would enormously increase his power and responsibility; every thing within his sphere would depend on his administration. We would intrust this appointment to the commander-in-chief; because we apprehend that though favouritism may often put aside higher merit, yet at the Horse Guards party and parliamentary interest will not be so dominant as at the office of the war-minister. Fortunately for the army, the command is now in the hands of an officer whose position places him above the risk of party prejudices; and judging by what he has already done, and promised to do, we hope his royal highness's advent to the command of the army will, like that of the late Duke of York, mark the commencement of great and important reforms in the service.

Let, then, the commander-in-chief select honestly and carefully the commanding officer of the regiment; let his preference incline towards the succession of the senior regimental major, if he truly deserves it; but wherever chosen, let him not be too old,—there is not too much danger of his being too young; let him possess good sense, temper, and discrimination, in addition to energy and courage; and our regimental organisation will some years hence yield to our minister of war abundant material for the selection of general officers, well prepared, as far as training and weeding will go, for their new position. Above all, let there be, as we have already urged, a graduated examination in subjects of practical importance, as in the navy, exacted from every officer, to be satisfactorily passed, *and to precede promotion* up to the rank of field-officer; let his education be progressive, and save the boy-

subaltern from those worse than idle habits which have hitherto tarnished the profession of arms. Give him a powerful and self-interested motive to improve his general knowledge, to complete his education, to acquire languages and professional science and accomplishments, and we then shall hear no more of grave general courts-martial assembling, as at Windsor a year or two ago, to investigate the practical jokes, the messroom "chaffing," the intemperance, the quarrels, and the ungentlemanly conduct of boy-officers; and scandalising the public by divulging that host of follies and vices which, springing from that root of all evil *idleness*, luxuriate especially in a garrison.

As yet we have confined our attention to regimental officers; we have still to deal with the staff,—a caste envied and disliked by their comrades, often blamed without justice, oftener rewarded without merit, and almost always appointed without discrimination.

We are sure that *all* staff-appointments should be filled exclusively from officers who have passed distinguished, and perhaps competitive, examinations at Woolwich or Sandhurst, or some military college established by Government for that especial purpose, where the standard of qualification should be a high one, and should exact a proficiency in French and German languages, military sketching and reconnoitering, gunnery and field-fortification, military law and finance, military history, and all that especially pertains to the art of war. We think, too, that no staff-officer, not of the rank of field-officer, should hold his appointment for more than three years consecutively, nor be reappointed till after an interval of two years' regimental service. The prizes of the staff would be thus open to competition, and our future general officers would have *practical* regimental knowledge and experience. On the training and selection of our staff-officers there are so many wise recommendations, combined with very valuable evidence, in the "Report on the Education and Training of Officers for the Scientific Corps" which we have prefixed to this article, that we trust they may find favour with Government. We cannot resist making some extracts:—

"The points hitherto referred to bear most directly on military education before entering the army, but it is impossible to omit all reference to an institution exercising, in some respects, the strongest influence on military science. A college, or senior department, for the staff is indeed the completion, and may be termed the strongest encouragement, of general military education, although the schools of the special corps may carry their own science to a still higher point.

The chief defect noticed in connection with our own senior department at Sandhurst has been, that *its* course of study was regarded as no recommendation for promotion. Nor could *two* professors be ex-



pected adequately to discharge functions for which *eighteen* are required in the French staff-school. The contrast presented by all foreign staff-schools is certainly striking. There are differences indeed between these schools in France and Austria, as to the period of admission and other points. But both are alike in *this*, that they are so framed as to give every conceivable premium and encouragement to such military acquirements as the service of the staff is thought to require. In both, the officers enter by competition, and after a laborious course obtain their appointments on the staff as the reward of their distinctions in the school. It seems needless to urge that a college of this kind, opening the door to advancement, and frequented when the mind is in its full vigour, would possess every inducement to call forth the energies of young officers of talent. But a senior department, offering a bare opportunity for military study with no ulterior result, stands in a wholly different position.

It is most important to show the feeling of officers of military experience with regard to the absolute necessity of education for the staff. We are allowed to quote some passages on this subject from a letter of Lieutenant-General Shaw-Kennedy, C.B., written to a member of this commission. His authority will make any comments superfluous :

‘I am not an advocate for very sweeping and radical changes of system. The military and all other establishments of a country ought to have reference to the constitution of the country in which they are formed, and to the genius and habits of the people. Our military institutions, according to my view, do not require any great and radical changes ; but there is one amendment of a very serious character required—the proper education and training of officers, to fit them for filling staff-appointments ; and the establishment of a rule, to be made quite absolute, that no officer shall be eligible to fill a staff-appointment until he has gone through a prescribed course of study and training for the purpose, and obtained the required certificates of success in that course.

We have the finest regiments of cavalry and infantry, and the best artillery in the world. Those are the noble arms with which England can meet and overcome any thing approaching to an equal numerical force that may oppose them ; but the machine, to act with due effect, must be properly directed. And by whom must it be directed ? Unquestionably by the staff. Here we at once come to the immense national importance that should be attached to the army’s having a carefully-educated and well-trained staff, and the necessity of the rule being absolute that none but officers so educated and so trained should be on the staff.

It is now necessary that I define what I mean by the term staff-officer. By that term I mean officers of the quartermaster-general’s and adjutant-general’s departments, majors of brigade and aides-de-camp.

It will be a disputed point whether majors of brigade and aides-de-camp should be included as staff-officers who should be required to go through the course of study and instruction that I have pointed out.

But that they should be so included, I entertain not the smallest doubt. They are liable to carry orders on the field of battle, which, if not properly understood, may have the most fatal consequences. Suppose an aide-de-camp sent with an order directing a movement at a critical moment, and that he is not sufficiently instructed to understand the order with which he is intrusted; he must, in this case, merely try to repeat the words in which he received the order; and if this is not clearly understood when he delivers it, he is, if unacquainted with the principles of his profession, totally incapable of explaining what was really meant. It may very well happen in a division that the officers of the quartermaster's and adjutant-general's departments are absent temporarily from the division on duty, in which case the majors of brigade should be able to act for them; besides which, majors of brigade should be eligible to be advanced to the adjutant-general's and quartermaster-general's departments. In addition to these reasons, it is desirable to extend the number of the instructed staff of the army to this extent. \* \* \* \*

It should be borne in mind, that some men are so constituted, that although they cannot become students and men of science, they may possess some of the highest qualities of warriors; and that such services are not to be rejected from mere pedantic considerations. This, however, only brings more strongly to view a most important fact, not always observed or acknowledged, that commanders without science, but having other high qualities, can only succeed in important operations in the field when assisted by a highly-intelligent and carefully-instructed staff. And there is a case deserving the greatest consideration: all who have ever seen war will admit that the qualities required by a general officer commanding in the field are very rarely met with, and consequently it must frequently happen, from the very nature of man, that important commands fall into the hands of incompetent commanders. This it is utterly impossible to avoid, for many men do not even know themselves before being tried in such commands. The very great importance of abating or overcoming this most serious evil, is that of having a highly instructed and efficient staff. It may be argued that a commander who is defective and obstinate will not be guided by his staff. This may apply to ordinary circumstances, but will not always be the case in actual operations in presence of an enemy; for then the stake is too great, the responsibility and risk too imminent, for the defective man not to lean upon those who are able to support him."

And again, how entirely we agree with Colonel Larcom and Colonel Portlock in their evidence that the professional knowledge of officers will depend on the inducements offered.

"We find in the evidence sent to us many traces of an opinion which is believed to be prevalent in the army, that it is useless to speak of giving education, unless it is to be made to tell upon an officer's advancement. Thus, although none of our questions bore directly on the point, we find Colonel Larcom expressing his conviction that—

‘The absence of encouragement has been a greater evil than the want of facilities. Men will always find the means of attaining knowledge if they feel that its possession will advance them. Select for superior duties officers who distinguish themselves by superior acquirements, and you will soon have high attainments.’

Colonel Portlock's words are : ‘The great stimulus, however, must ever be the prospect of ultimate success in obtaining the object of labour ; and until it shall be felt that acquisition of knowledge leads to a selection for employment in honourable and lucrative posts, it cannot be expected that any system of instruction should be fully successful.’ ”

We have hitherto said nothing of our artillery and engineers. The officers of these arms, while equal to the line in steady courage in the field, add to this national characteristic the valuable quality of cultivated intelligence, and the peculiar practical and scientific acquirements of their especial branch of the service. Still it needs not the evidence of the Royal Commission of 1857 to show us, that, very good as they are, they too, in common with all human institutions, are imperfect ; this is frankly acknowledged by all the ordnance officers examined by the commission.

General Sir Howard Douglas, late of the Royal Artillery, tells us as follows :

“ Q. Would it be possible, and if possible desirable, to have further instruction given to officers after joining ? Of what nature should it be, and what would be the best means of affording it ?

A. Further instruction would be possible and desirable ; it is even necessary, if the school education at Woolwich is to be rendered available, as far as it might be, for the public service. Most young men, after joining the regiment or corps, neglect to keep up the knowledge they have acquired at the academy, and thus are incapable of applying it to useful purposes. ‘The few officers of artillery and engineers who have distinguished themselves in the scientific world are bright exceptions.

Officers of both branches require a greater amount of mathematics than can be communicated to them during their cadetship. Supposing them to retain all the elementary mathematics which they have acquired then, they need the higher branches of dynamics and hydrodynamics, the knowledge of tactics, with military history, and a more perfect knowledge of the French and German languages. These subjects might be acquired at Woolwich under professors and masters. More practical knowledge is required respecting the strength of materials and the construction of machinery. Artillery officers require a more complete knowledge of chemistry, the tactics of artillery in the field, &c. These subjects would require professors and instructors, and might be obtained at the academy, at the arsenal, and in the dockyard.

The artillery and engineering services should be combined with those of a general staff, by adequate attainments on the part of the officers in the study of military topography and general tactics.”

Major-General Chesney, Royal Artillery, has given us his strong opinions in a more detailed evidence; they are so full of practical good sense that we much regret that their length renders it impossible for us to extract them here.

Nor are our engineer officers less convincing in their evidence. Major-General Sir Harry Jones tells us:

*Q.* As the result of your observations in the Crimea, would you say that in any points of practical or scientific knowledge the education of the officers of the engineers, as at present conducted, is susceptible of improvement?

*A.* The result of my observations in the Crimea is, that the education of the officers of engineers, as at present conducted, is susceptible of improvement; it should be more practical.

*Q.* Can you make any suggestions with the view for the improvement of the teaching now given at the academy at Woolwich?

*A.* Not being sufficiently acquainted with the mode of teaching at the academy at Woolwich, no suggestions are offered.

*Q.* What, in your opinion, is the amount of mathematical knowledge which, according to the usual system (as pursued prior to the war), is requisite for passing with advantage through the course of study followed at Chatham?

*A.* The amount of mathematical knowledge, according to the system pursued prior to the war, is sufficient for passing with advantage through the course of study followed at the Royal Engineer Establishment, Chatham.

*Q.* Do you consider that officers are sufficiently instructed when they join at Chatham, either as regards the extent or the depth and accuracy of their knowledge, to enable them to follow the course with full advantage?

*A.* Officers who join at Chatham, after having passed through the Royal Military Academy and the Practical Class at Woolwich, are sufficiently instructed, as regards the extent of knowledge, to enable them to follow the course with full advantage. As to the depth and accuracy of their knowledge, no general answer can be given; the questions can be answered only with reference to each officer, the depth and accuracy of knowledge varying with each individual.

*Q.* Are there any subjects not at present taught at Chatham which you think should be added to the course? Can you suggest any improvement in the general mode of instruction pursued?

*A.* Architecture, mineralogy and geology, military and landscape drawing and sketching, mechanics, hydrodynamics, railways, steam-engines of various descriptions, and machinery; also a laboratory course. As to the latter question, the Chatham course may be considered too much of an educational nature, and not sufficiently practical.

*Q.* In case of such improvements being effected, what additional amount of previous mathematical knowledge would become requisite?

*A.* None; if well grounded in all the branches of it, to the extent professed to have been acquired.

*Q.* Without reference to what may be the present state of teaching, what do you consider to be the education, both scientific and practical, which would most completely qualify an officer of the engineers for the discharge of his various duties?

*A.* The duties which officers of engineers are called upon to perform are so numerous and so varied, that it is extremely difficult to define what the education, both scientific and practical, should be to qualify an officer of engineers for the discharge of his various duties.

General science, in a very extended sense, is most necessary and important for an engineer officer, and a practical acquaintance with almost every subject embraced under this head. Mathematics, beyond a certain degree, is not necessary; to that point every person may be beneficially instructed; but no individual can be made a first-rate mathematician unless he possesses an aptitude for the science. The higher branches of mathematics are seldom required in the practical duties of a military engineer."

Lieut.-Colonel Simmons, C.B., Royal Engineers, like General Chesney, prefaces the following clever and important suggestions in answer to the questions of the commission by a modest avowal of his own early professional difficulties from the want of that "*sounder and more extended practical education in military engineering*," which he so ably advocates.

*Q.* What instruction or assistance in their professional studies is at present supplied to officers in the engineers after joining their respective corps?

*A.* The instruction and assistance at present supplied to engineer officers in prosecuting their professional studies after joining their corps, is confined to a course of practical military engineering at Chatham, and a very limited course of architecture, with an extension and practical application of the knowledge of surveying which they have acquired at the academy. After completing the course of instruction at Chatham, they assume the duties and responsibilities of officers of engineers, acquiring such knowledge as they may from the performance of their duties, which frequently take them to and detain them in the colonies, where they have but few books or opportunities of studying their profession in its higher and more extended branches; the whole of the military colonies being, so far as I am aware, without military libraries or works of reference, except so far as they may have been obtained by the officers themselves individually, or united for the purpose in mutual association.

\* *Q.* Would it be possible, and if possible desirable, to have further instruction or assistance given to officers after joining? Of what nature should it be, and what would be the best means of affording it?

*A.* It appears to be most desirable, and perfectly practicable, that further instruction and assistance should be given to officers after joining in enabling them to pursue their studies in the higher branches of the profession.

On this subject it appears to me necessary to digress a little, and

revert to the condition of officers of engineers when they first join the corps.

They enter the corps at ages varying from seventeen to twenty or twenty-one, with an education which has been acquired either at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, or at some other school, the extent of that education having been tested by examination. From the nature of things, this education is only theoretical; it remains, therefore, to teach them the practical utility of what they have learnt, and the application of science to practice.

As they are specially destined to become military, and not civil engineers, it is above all things essential, before learning the ordinary application of science to practical military engineering, that they should have a thorough knowledge of military organisation in all its branches, and of the use and effect of the weapons used in warfare. This knowledge is acquired to a certain extent by such officers as have been cadets at the academy at Woolwich; but others, who at once gain their commissions from private educational institutions, can have but very little acquaintance with the subject.

As I consider it to be above all things desirable that officers of engineers should be thorough soldiers, well acquainted with the peculiarities of British soldiers, and capable of distributing them at their work in a manner consistent with the ordinary formation of British troops, as also that they should understand their wants and requirements in camp and barracks, I am of opinion that very much benefit would be derived from attaching them to regiments of the line,—if possible at a camp,—for a period, at the termination of which they should be submitted to an examination as to their knowledge of the formation and internal organisation of regiments, and the effect of the arms used by them.

They might also, with great advantage to the public service, be attached for a time to regiments of cavalry; after which, and above all things, I consider it most desirable, if not absolutely necessary to enable them to perform their duties in the field, that they should be attached to the artillery, and go through a good practical course of artillery, not such as is now gone through by cadets, but more extended and perfect, attending as much practice as possible, and thus obtaining as perfect a knowledge as possible of the application and effect of artillery.

I am induced strongly to urge this point, from the certainty I have of the very imperfect knowledge possessed by officers as to the use and effect of artillery, which I conceive may be productive of great inconvenience, if not disaster, in the field. In fact, I believe instances are not wanting where the undue appreciation of the effect of the arms now in use has been productive of late years of very ill effects; and much of the differences of opinion which have arisen among engineers of various countries of late years, and have led to such diversity in the construction of fortified places, arises from this cause.

By attaching the young engineer officer to the various branches of the services, for a period which, I should conceive, ought not to be less than three years for an officer joining at once from a civil educational

establishment, or than two years for one who has had the benefit of an education at a military establishment, it is to be hoped that the young engineer would bring to his studies of practical engineering the habits and ways of thinking of a soldier, unbiassed by the prejudices of any particular arm; and that he would therefore be capable of turning the engineering knowledge already acquired, or to be acquired by him, to the best account as a military engineer.

Before joining the establishment for practical instruction in engineering, it would appear to be desirable that he should again be carefully examined as to his theoretical knowledge, which he ought rather to have extended than otherwise during the period of his being attached to the various branches of the army, as well as in the knowledge he has attained by being attached to those branches of the service. If found wanting in his examination, he might probably be found fit for appointment to a commission in the infantry or cavalry, which do not require so extensive an education.

A great advantage also, I conceive, to the practical education in military matters thus given to the young officer, would be that he would come to learn the practical application of his theoretical science at a more advanced age, when his mind, instead of learning the practice of his profession by routine, would better appreciate the advantages to be derived from the course of study now opened to him.

To proceed now with the subject of practical engineering, I would observe that the education is, so far as I am aware, at present confined to—

1. A knowledge of sapping and mining, and the practical works of a siege.

2. Pontooning.

3. A very limited architectural course.

4. Surveying and celestial observations.

To these should, I think, be added—

First. A practical acquaintance with the employment and distribution of labour under various conditions, such as an abundance or a very reduced amount of tools, animal labour, or practical means, &c., in making fieldworks or permanent works entailing large excavations and embankments in parapets and ramparts, including the application of modern science as in use in the construction of large earthworks and excavations of all sorts on railways, and in the making of docks and breakwaters.

The best way of acquiring this knowledge is by practical acquaintance with the subject itself, at present only to be acquired upon the large civil works in progress in the country. As civil engineers might possibly evince jealousy in allowing officers to visit and remain upon these works a sufficient time to allow of their becoming practically acquainted with their mode of execution, it might be worthy of consideration whether troops might not be employed, with advantage to themselves and to the country, in executing any such works that may be in course of construction in the country; or even whether it might not be advantageous, on some of the waste lands adjoining some one of the

permanent camps now being established in the country, to make such works, either in the shape of butts for target-practice, or intrenchments to the camp itself; and so, at the same time, to instruct soldiers and officers of the army generally in that important branch of their service, without the application of which they can scarcely expect to pass through a campaign in actual warfare. It is to be observed, that a knowledge of this description of work is almost as essential to the soldier and officer in the state to which war is now reduced as the use of the particular arm they are called upon to use.

Secondly. A practical knowledge of road-making, with a study of the materials best adapted for metalling.

Thirdly. A practical acquaintance with making both floating and standing bridges, and the adaptation of boats and materials of all descriptions to each. This would include a knowledge of the strength and application of materials under the most variable circumstances.

Fourthly. A far greater practical acquaintance with field-sketching, including the estimation of heights and distances. Upon these sketches the student might be required to indicate the occupation of the ground either for a permanent or temporary camp, due regard being had to drainage and supply of water as well as defence, and the application of fieldworks to strengthen given positions.

Fifthly. It would appear advisable, if engineer officers are to be continued in the construction and charge of barracks, that the architectural course should be extended. On this subject, however, I speak with extreme diffidence, as my acquaintance with the course does not extend beyond the year 1838.

It is probable that the whole of the course here indicated, including the period of service with the various arms, would occupy nearly five years,—a time which I consider not excessive to form an engineer who shall be fit to be intrusted with such large interests as fall to the lot of engineers in the field, with a probability of those works being executed with credit to himself and to his country, and with the utmost advantage and security of the troops and army with which he may be serving."

We could make many more interesting extracts from these instructive evidences; but we want room. No one can read them without feeling their talent and their truth.

With such a wealth of admirable material as these services afford us, if judiciously encouraged, it is impossible to foresee the limit which our scientific corps may attain; we believe that they will become more and more important as science and new inventions yield their aid to war.

We have already added war-steamers, the rail, and the electric wire to our means of attack. This is only the beginning of changes which will be as great as those produced by the invention of gunpowder in the fifteenth century. Our engineer officers will have to direct or repel the extraordinary powers of destruc-



tion which chemistry and science will create. Engine will fight against engine, and skill combined with courage predominate over mere human strength and numbers.

We have now done with the officers, and proceed to a much simpler subject, the improvement of the privates,—the bone and sinew of all armies.

It would be vain to expect that the class of clever and educated recruits, whom we hope to induce to enlist in our ranks, can do so, while our military code is disgraced by corporal punishment. It is true that its infliction is now happily of rare occurrence, and that only hardened and incorrigible culprits, guilty of outrageous and disgraceful crimes, are subjected to it. But with these degraded creatures the punishment is useless as a corrective. They have lost all sense of shame; and the amount of its severity, the mere bodily suffering allowed to be inflicted, is so restricted, that these men no longer dread it. Such criminals had far better be discharged with ignominy, sentenced to transportation or penal servitude; or even, when the crime is atrocious, or subversive of all discipline, and often repeated—to death. For we are convinced that this last alternative is yet more merciful than the old system of retaining wretched men in the service whose lives alternate between the guardroom, the court-martial-room, the punishment parade-square, and the hospital. Worse than useless—they are a continued disgrace and incumbrance to their regiment. The fact that this brutal punishment is retained in the clauses of the Mutiny Act and Articles of War, as applicable too to almost every breach of discipline whether great or small, and by "*regulation*" read aloud to the men at the head of every regiment once a month (on muster-day), must humiliate and disgust a civilised and right-feeling recruit. It tends to lower all self-respect, military pride, and "*esprit-de-corps*;" and, if retained, will do more to discourage recruiting from a better class of men than many more real obstacles. The very name of the thing is hateful. It may have been upheld through ignorance and prejudice by old officers, who were called "disciplinarians" forty years ago, and who believed that soldiers, like spaniels and walnut-trees, "the more you beat them, the better they be;"—but it must be remembered that our ranks were then filled from the refuse of jails, and that felons were allowed to commute their punishment to servitude in the army. Now we have a far different material; and this Muscovite barbarism should be expunged altogether from our military code.

When the late war broke out, while we were priding ourselves on being the richest and the greatest manufacturing country in the world, we were far inferior in our military equipments

not only to the French but even to the Russians. For many years we had thought fit to contrive that the military income which we conferred on our most distinguished general officers should be derived from defrauding the soldiers of the very regiments which they feel so proud to command,—that whereas a fixed sum, proportioned to the number of rank and file, was voted annually for the clothing and appointments of a regiment, only a part of this sum should be really paid by the general's agents for its legitimate purpose, the surplus being confiscated for the general's own profit; this being the acknowledged and only official emolument which he derived from the command of his regiment. The consequence was, that nothing could be worse than the material and the making-up of our soldiers' clothing. Manufacturers and contractors became competitors in this great fraud; they invented a machine for the tearing-up old worn-out refuse woollen cloth, and then re-spinning and weaving the materials—the “devil's-dust” of Leeds—into a new fabric. This, dyed red, was the stuff of which the soldier's coat was made. Even this vile spongy ravelling material was curtailed in the cutting-out and making-up, so as to fit tight, and to embarrass the free use of the arms. Of course it stood no wear; and hence the raggedness and the nakedness, the cold and the misery during that dreadful winter our soldiers passed in the trenches before Sebastopol; and hence many of the tenants of the hospitals and graveyard at Scutari. Buttoned up tight in his close-fitting coat; his head aching from the pressure of a cumbrous lacquer-topped ill-fitting shako; his neck impilloried in a choking stock; his lower limbs constrained by ill-made scanty trousers; his feet cramped and lamed by ill-made ill-fitting boots; carrying on his back a great square black-varnished box cramful of superfluous “necessaries,” called a knapsack, and strapped on by breast-straps so constructed as to impede his breathing; armed with a heavy musket and bayonet; a pouch containing sixty rounds of ball-cartridges, so hung by shoulder-belts behind him, that he will spill half his ammunition when trying to get at it, you have the picture of one of our overloaded English infantry soldiers, who dropped down apoplectic or fainting on the march to Varna, unable to keep up beside the less encumbered French soldier, and who afterwards (so little did we improve by experience) was far outstripped in the march on Kertch by even Turkish infantry. We seem to think that the uniform which suits our English winter *must* do for all climates; and so we make our soldiers wear the same coat in the snows of Canada, the hot winds of Madras, or the fiery white glare of Barbadoes.

Our way of lodging our army has of late very much improved ; space and ventilation have been attended to in all our newly-constructed barracks. We no longer crowd our soldiers into low ill-ventilated sleeping-rooms, filled almost to suffocation, where the bad air brought on that tendency to consumption which used to fill our hospitals and decimate our ranks. But in the colonies the old system yet prevails ; and the mortality in a regiment on its first landing in the West Indies is oftener caused by this fatal mistake than by the climate, or the yellow fever, or the new rum, usually blamed for the loss of life really caused by the overcrowded barrack-room. The newly-arrived men die down to the reduced number the barrack-rooms can hold with safety ; and then the regiment gets healthy, and is said to be "acclimatised," until the arrival of fresh drafts from home brings back the mortality ; and so the waste of soldiers goes on during the whole term of the regiment's colonial service. The officers, who are better lodged, do not die in the same proportion. Since recruits have become costly, the improvement of barracks is as much a matter of economy as of humanity. The mismanagement in the housing, the clothing, and the food of our troops, produces the necessary result ; they waste away on tropical service ; and then we are told that the imprudence, the intemperance, the bad habits of our soldiers have caused all the mischief, and that official stupidity and routine have nothing to do with it. We must care more for these vital requisites, especially now that so large a force is needed to maintain our Indian empire, if we mean to do justice to our noble soldiers, as well as to keep down "army-estimates."

Reform in the army will, we fear, never be truly and faithfully carried out until it is forced on our Government by the public voice ; when that voice is sufficiently loud, we may hope to see our regiments officered by men who know more than the present race of the science of war, led by generals who can be selected from a wider choice by pre-eminent merit. We shall then, too, see a vast improvement in the material and the habits, as well as the discipline and happiness, of our admirable soldiers.

P.S. Just as this article was put into our printer's hands, we have seen an abstract of the last royal commission upon the system of purchase in the army. We think it a very able and valuable exposition, more carefully and candidly worked out than such commissions usually are. We cannot, therefore, but feel complimented in finding that many of the views and inferences the commission has recorded, endorse a large proportion of the opinions and convictions we have just stated. Of course we agree

with Sir De Lacy Evans, that the reforms the commission proposes, though in a right direction, do not go nearly far enough; suggesting only an instalment where we should like to see an unreserved concession.

Our limits do not permit us to criticise the details. We will only protest against the hasty, the unwise, and the illiberal proposal of Sir Charles Trevelyan to clip the small pittance the country has long granted to the widows and orphans of our officers. This little economy resembles one of the fictions a popular novelist would have attributed to his fabulous "Circumlocution Office." It is notorious that while serving in a regiment an officer cannot possibly live *decently* on his pay. It is yet less possible that he can (as he might in the comparatively far higher paid civil service) insure his life, or save up and invest money, or make any posthumous provision for his wife and children. The scale of the pensions to officers' widows and the "compassionate fund" is even now far too low. Fifty pounds a-year to a captain's widow, and seventy pounds yearly to a lieutenant-colonel's widow, is all that can now be given; and this miserable dole is fenced off with provisions and exclusions unworthy of a generous country. Does our assistant-secretary to the Treasury contemplate seeing these ladies candidates for admission to a union poorhouse?

He proposes also to diminish pretty largely the actual official income of officers now serving, by curtailing or abolishing that proportion of it which goes under the denomination of "*regimental allowances*." Now we happen to know that these allowances are not only well-earned, but absolutely *necessary*, unless a regimental officer's personal pay be very largely increased. This necessity, too, has often been questioned in the recurring annual debate on the army-estimates, and hitherto proved to be unanswerable—even surviving the pruning-knife of the late Mr. Joseph Hume. Does Sir Charles Trevelyan think he can cut closer than our old friend the member for Montrose?

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## ART. II.—THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MOHAMMEDAN GENTLEMAN.

*Autobiography of Lutfullah, a Mohammedan Gentleman, and his Transactions with his Fellow-creatures; interspersed with Remarks on the Habits, Customs, and Character of the People with whom he had to deal.* Edited by Edward B. Eastwick, F.R.S., F.S.A., &c. London: Smith and Elder, 1857.

THIS amusing volume is compiled by Lieutenant Eastwick of Haileybury College, from the notes and journal of a Mussulman native of India, who visited England in 1844. In his preface, Lieutenant Eastwick points to Lutfullah's views as indicative of the distaste of the natives of India to progress, and of the alien character in which the English are regarded by the proper inhabitants of Hindostan. To draw this especial inference merely from the opinions of Lutfullah as published, appears to be somewhat hard upon him; but Lieutenant Eastwick speaks also, no doubt, from personal acquaintance.

Lutfullah is one of a class of men not rare in Western India among the native Mussulmans of middle rank, who, shrewd in observation, but of much simplicity of mind and faithfulness of character, by energy and industry, especially in the acquisition of languages, fit themselves to be useful aids to European officers. Though a steady supporter of all befitting a good Mussulman, he does not hesitate to admire, when his means of knowledge suffice to enable him to understand, English superiority. To one acquainted with Orientals, much of the language of the book is clearly that of the compiler, though embodying the sentiments of Lutfullah. There is a dedication by Lutfullah himself, from Surat, to an Indian director; and further to establish his claim to consideration, he prefixes his pedigree, carried back to Adam, in which, of course, he does not forget to state as his peculiar ancestry the several generations between Adam and Noah.

Lutfullah, meaning "the favour of God," was born at Dharanagar in Malwa in 1802. Amongst his immediate ancestors was a saint; and his father, who died in his infancy, was of sacred order; and Lutfullah himself, as a boy, considered himself a sort of saint, doing duty at, and obtaining profits from, an hereditary shrine. His behaviour, however, was by no means uniformly saintly, nor did the treatment he received from others appear always to recognise his saintship. Somewhat after the fashion of Rousseau's Confessions, he relates the mischievous tricks of his early days,—how he introduced croton-oil into his

schoolmaster's coffee in revenge for a flogging ; how he placed frogs in his mother's work-basket ; and how he fired with gun-powder the beard of an old saint, Shaikh Nasrullah, a family friend, who favoured them with his company too frequently, whilst asleep,—a crime the magnitude of which may be understood when we recall the reverend character attributed by good Mussulmans to a well-grown beard. Lutfullah's revenge on the schoolmaster was perpetrated, he says, "with the tear of sorrow in one eye and the light of satisfaction in the other." He was, however, always diligent and reflective, being treated by his mother, who was his principal guardian in his childhood, with judicious strictness, and his earnest and constant affection for whom forms a pleasant trait in his character. His religious education, as usual with Mussulmans, began early ; and although eventually he became firm in his faith, the variety of religions he encountered gave rise in his youth to sceptical thoughts. Having on one occasion been plucked by an old Brahmin out of a tank in which he was nearly drowned through the instrumentality of some cousins, who shared in the profits of his shrine and would have profited by his death, he was, in gratitude, induced to bow to a stone image of the Brahmin's Hindoo deity ; at the same time, however, "bending his little mind to the Almighty, the only God, the maker of the stone and all creatures." As a young Moslem, he was early taught to "ridicule the folly of Hindoos worshipping stones fashioned by themselves, and other beings besides the Supreme one." However, he adds, he could not but remember that "if Hindoo shrines are stones, those of Mussulmans are dust and bones," and that Christians too seemed to fall into various opinions of Jesus Christ ("Blessed be his name," he adds in reverence) ; and he concludes by stating that he was troubled with sceptical doubts till the age of thirty, "when close study set his brain right."

The motto of the book is, "And one man in his time plays many parts ;" and Lutfullah in his varied and adventurous life has pursued the several occupations of a saint, soldier, physician, tutor, secretary, and writer. The first notions he conceived of the English as a boy from general report were sufficiently vague ; but at that period (about 1810) Europeans were far less known in Malwa than they are now :

"Strange things were said regarding this wonderful people, who, it was affirmed, had no skin, but a thin membrane covering their body, which made them appear abominably white. They were perfect in magical art, which made them successful in all their undertakings. They did not believe in our blessed prophet, and they called themselves Christians ; but would not act upon the laws of the sacred An-jil, which holy book they had changed in several places to serve their

worldly purposes. Most of them still worshipped images, and they ate every thing, and particularly things forbidden by the holy Moses, and this in spite of the order of the sacred Anjil (St. Matthew v. 18, 19); nay, they did not spare human flesh when driven to extremity. They had made three Gods for themselves, instead of one,—the only Omnipotent Supreme Being,—contrary to their first commandment; and, most absurd of all, they attributed to the Almighty God the having wife and children; and by the same token they called their Prophet and themselves Son and children of God. Such reports were the topic of almost all conversations, and many other things were said against them, and only one in their favour, that they were not unjust; but in the administration of justice they never deviated from the sacred book of the ancient law of Solomon, the son of David," &c.

His first journey was to Baroda, the capital of the Guicowar's territory, whither his mother's brother, with whom they lived, "tired of the sufferings consequent upon poverty," took him; and on the journey he received tribute to his saintship: the cartmen, "Moslems of the oilmen caste," he says, "regularly worshipping us" while on this his first travel. "The curiosities of nature filled his little mind with uncommon amusement." At Baroda he first saw Englishmen, meeting four of them in the street:

"Their dress tightly fitted their bodies, without any skirt to screen such parts as the law of modesty has taught man to conceal. I felt inclined to accost them; but thought myself too young to venture on such an intrusion in a foreign city. I raised my hand, however, to my forehead in token of salutation, without uttering the sacred sentence, 'As salámun alaikum,' to which my mind whispered none were entitled except true believers. They returned my salutation very kindly, which civility greatly softened my prejudices against them."

Having returned home, he underwent the religious rite common to Jews and Mussulmans; but he protests against the rite as contrary to common sense, and not binding by religion on Mussulmans; and he contrasts with its rigid observance the shortcomings of Mussulmans in more important matters, noticing especially addiction to intoxicating drinks, and receiving interest for money lent, both being prohibited by the Koran. However, struck perhaps by the inconvenience of the rule against interest, he adds with philosophical abandonment, "Let me be silent on the subject, leaving things to run their own course; a mortal like myself should not deviate from a path followed by twelve crores (120,000,000) of people for the last more than twelve and a half centuries." The next journey of the family, also induced by poverty, was to Ujjain, with a few manuscripts for sale. Here Lutfullah's uncle urged his mother to marry again; when she, apparently to Lutfullah's

admiration, angrily replied, that she and her son must be cumbersome, and in future would take care to live separately by her industry, adding, "she would rather go to hell than submit to such nonsense again;" doubtless intending to give emphasis to her assertion by the strength of an expression which in Mussulmanee phrase would not contain the vulgarity it does when translated into English. She, however, soon forgets her resolution, and marries again, espousing a subahdar high in the employ of a native ranee, mother of Dowlut Row Scindia. At first the subahdar's "gaudy military appearance" led Lutfullah to believe he was a man of courage; but on trial he found his stepfather "worse than a jackal." The subahdar gets into trouble with the native court on his mistress's death, which is attributed to having shaved his head on an unlucky day. Lutfullah takes this opportunity of pointing out some general superstitions respecting good and ill luck; prefacing his remarks, however, by stating that the law of the blessed prophet rejects every kind of superstition, "whether founded on astrology or Arab traditions of the dark ages;" although, as he laments, Mohammedans in general will still follow the errors of false religion. The Mussulmans of India are greatly under the influence of such superstitions. There are rules for ascertaining lucky days for particular purposes: a cat crossing a person's road prevents his proceeding; peculiar significance is attached to sneezes; and flights of birds, the sight of a herd of wild-deer, and many other things, are considered bad and good omens. Lutfullah himself, though repudiating the theory, which he terms "astrological nonsense," appears to be always more comfortable in starting on a journey on a lucky day. The subahdar having settled at Gwahior, at a distance from his wife, and receiving tidings of the birth of a son, his kindness to Lutfullah ceases, and they quarrel; and Lutfullah, receiving a severe beating, absconds; betaking himself to adventure, and, carrying with him only a loaf, a volume of Hafiz, and his scimitar, he starts for Agra. Receiving kindness from divers wayfarers,—a Hindoo shepherd, who presents him with milk, but, "being a Hindoo, would not allow him to touch his pot;" and from a Rajpoot maiden "of lovely air," with whom he was much struck, and who, giving him water, kindly poured it into a cup made by joining her hands, "in a fine stream, which he found greatly sweetened by the excellent scent of her rosy hand,"—he falls in unawares and joins company with one Juma, a Thug; they proceed together, and Juma, having adroitly ascertained that he possessed nothing worth appropriating, and charming him with his conversation, tenders him an oath of secrecy; and Lutfullah, being a "young impru-



dent creature," swears on the holy book. Juma then discloses his mode of proceeding :

" ' We adopt various modes,' said he, ' in making ourselves familiar with travellers, by appearing to them as mendicants, by engaging to be their guides, and even by acting as pimps for them. The woman I mentioned to you is for the last purpose : she attracts a traveller's attention immediately ; and fascinating him in her enchanting conversation, she leads him apart from the road, and then, pretending to be tired, she sits under a tree, takes out a tinder-box from her bag to strike fire for smoking. In the mean time one of us arriving there, the traveller naturally dislikes such an intrusion ; but the woman pacifies him by telling him " he is my husband or brother, and will soon go away about his business after taking a little fire, and then we will smoke and talk at leisure." During this talk, if the traveller is not enough off his guard in smoking and talking, &c., she, as if by accident, removes such a part of her dress as naturally very soon attracts his whole attention ; and then any one of us, throwing a handkerchief like this (exhibiting a long silk handkerchief with a knot) over his neck, gives him a pull, which brings him down senseless ; he, however, shakes his hands and legs a little, which are instantly silenced by giving one sound kick upon his scrotum. His person is then searched, and immediately interred at the same spot ; and we pursue our way separately, engaging to meet again at a certain place on a certain day.' "

Struck with horror at the company he had fallen into, Lutfullah's " ears became deaf, his eyes motionless, and his blood thrilled in his veins ; " but he did not lose his self-possession, and managing to keep awake during the night by burning the tip of his finger (rather more severely than he intended), he succeeded in giving Juma the slip, and apprising the native authorities at the neighbouring town of Gohad, when Juma was forthwith apprehended and executed. Lutfullah then wanders on to Agra, feeding on the grain that he plucks on the way, and observing, " My bread, I may say, had the blessing of Jesus Christ." He dwells with pleasure on the recollection of this journey, its freedom and beauties : " The remembrance of my morning walks, my ablutions in the pure limpid springs of water, my noon prayers in the still jungles, under the shade of the finest tree that I happened to select, on the emerald carpets of verdure supplied by nature, whereon I took my rest after the prayers, still enrich my memory with delight and joy." Those who have travelled leisurely in India will appreciate his delight. There is something exquisitely beautiful in the break of day in the Indian woods, the freshness of the cool morning air contrasting with the sultriness of the night, and the rapid transition from stillness broken by few sounds to the abundant

signs of awakening insect and animal life. In his observations on Agra, Lutfullah takes occasion, while noticing the Emperor Akbar, to lament the passing of India to the English rule; observing, that had Akbar's successors been half as wise as himself, it would not have been the fate of his country to be under foreigners. In eulogising Akbar's rule in times of confusion, he notices that in this peaceful time "three able statesmen of the enlightened land of England" (meaning the governor-general and the governors of Madras and Bombay), "aided by members of council, find it an irksome and difficult task to govern." In 1817, Lutfullah attaches himself at Agra to a Hindoo hakim or doctor, physician to Hindu Rao, brother-in-law of Dowlut Rao Scindia; and interesting himself in the study of physic, gives the result of some of his master's cases, cures of snake-bites, &c., noticing an instance of his skill in curing a severe case of hiccough, of which complaint his master's patron was cured by pieces of sugar-cane sprinkled with rose-water, to be chewed and smoked. The native doctors, we may remark, though often sufficiently acquainted with the properties of the common herbs of India, are for the most part very ignorant, and practise as much through the aid of superstition as medicine; but in the presidency towns the instruction given of late years at the hospitals is effecting a revolution in the practice of physic, many native gentlemen having in those institutions acquired an excellent medical education.

After a time Lutfullah returns to his mother, who, during her life, appears to have possessed his ardent affection; and neglecting, as he informs us, in his impatience the caution of waiting for a lucky day, he found himself in the house of his parent "with the tears of joy running over his face." At this time, when he must have been about sixteen, an English force under Sir Thomas Hislop came into his neighbourhood; and Lutfullah, making acquaintance with some of the soldiers, is struck with an irresistible desire to learn the English language. After remaining for some time with his mother, he became weary of inactivity; and hearing of the wars in the Deckan, determined to proceed thither, thinking he should find there "a ladder to mount to the terrace of distinction." His first attempt, however, in this direction was unfortunate; for, recommencing his wanderings, and being entrapped into joining a company of wandering Affghans, he was led by them unawares into a camp of Bheel robbers, with whom he remained by compulsion for some time; until, a quarrel occurring in the robber-camp on a division of spoil, the party of Affghans was murdered, and Lutfullah, passing through great hardships, effected his escape, and again returned to his mother. This

dreadful adventure made much impression on him; and he relates it, and the proceedings of the robbers, graphically and at much length. In returning homewards, having for safety from wild animals ascended a tree in the night-time, he falls to the ground in his slumbers; but, reascending the tree, he secures himself from repetition of the mishap by tying himself to a branch with his turban unrolled; and this gives him occasion to deliver the following apostrophe in favour of the turban and native dress:

"The reader here will observe the superior advantages of the graceful Asiatic garb over the patchful light pieces of dresses of the Europeans, which can only be used for the one particular purpose of covering the body closely. On the other hand, our convenient long coat may be gracefully put on to command respect; and the same will serve as a bed if we chance to have no other. Our *dopatta*, the waistband, is a zone on respectable occasions; it is a sheet to cover one at night if required, or may be erected as a small tent to protect one from the burning sun. The turban is the most useful part of the Asiatic attire, far superior to the European hat in every respect: it is a handsome ornament to the human head, and repulses the severity of the sun; the hat, on the contrary, attracts it. The turban is the best means to save the life of a thirsty traveller in the deserts and jungles, where there is no water to be had except in deep wells. In such a crisis the precious liquid can be drawn by the aid of the turban with great ease. A silken turban's softness guards the head from the cut of a sharp sabre better than a helmet; it can serve the purposes of bandages for wounds on important occasions, when surgical aid is wanting and not at hand; and many other advantages can be derived from it, which, if described, would take up time and space unaffordable here."

In the East the head-dress is regarded as a matter of some importance. Respect is paid to a turban as it is by Mohammedans to a beard (though in a less degree): both contribute to the dignity of bearing of the Asiatic, and much store is set by dignity of deportment in the East. Asiatic gentlemen, such as Lutfullah, are for the most part gravely courteous individuals, slow and sedate in their demeanour; and the turban befits their solemnity of manner better than a hat or a cap. The head-dress is one of the main distinguishing marks of caste; the various Mohammedan sects being often chiefly known by the style of their turbans, and the Hindoo castes being distinguished mainly by the head-dress and character of paint on the forehead. In speaking of different sects and castes, it must be remembered that, although there are but two principal Mohammedan sects, the Shiahs and the Soonis, subdivided sects and schismatics are numerous—Borahs, Memous, Khojahs, &c.; while the Hindoo community, though originally limited to four

castes, is now split up into a multitude of castes, in many cases dependent merely on the nature of employment or occupation.

On Lutfullah's return home, he is struck with grief at finding his mother in failing health. With his knowledge of physic, he foresees her speedy end; but philosophises on the subject, and does not allow himself to be overcome with despair; "for life and death are mysterious secrets," he says, "in the omnipotent hand of Providence." "It is unwise to fear death on two days—the day doomed, and the day not doomed for death; because in the former as well as the latter case fear must be folly." However much influenced by the usual Mohammedan doctrines of fatalism, he nevertheless made use of all the remedies in his power; but ineffectually. She became worse; and on Friday the 24th April, he says, "whilst her head rested on my bosom, her pure and sacred soul took its flight to the blissful region of eternity. May the blessing of Almighty God shower on her for ever and ever. Amen." He took upon himself all the funeral ceremonies, resolving, he says, that, poor as he was, they should be in a dignified style, and that he would defray the charges liberally. But his feelings appear to have led him to spend more than he could afford; for he concludes shortly with this curious statement, "I" then "began to think of some pretence of deserting the town, where my further stay seemed likely to be both disagreeable and hurtful to my reputation; for the creditors of whom I had borrowed small sums already began to importune me for repayment." The native Indian, whether Hindoo or Mussulman, is prone to allow his feelings at the time of funerals and marriages to carry him far beyond the limits of prudence in the matter of expense; the poor Hindoo clerk or writer frequently on such occasions involving himself for life by ostentatious expenses and presents inconsistent with his means.

Lutfullah, having imparted to an influential friend "his distressful circumstances with tearful eyes," was through his kind offices appointed postmaster in the Company's service at a distant village. He held this office but for a short time, when he again returned home to devote himself to the family shrine; and Sir John Malcolm happening to visit the neighbourhood, Lutfullah was induced to sell him a stone from the shrine, which had upon it a Sanscrit inscription of a Hindoo legend. Though feeling, he says, that it was "improper to have one of the relics removed from the place of worship," he reflected, on the other hand, "that it was inexpedient to reject the demand of the great man, whose one word might dispossess him of the stone without any remuneration at all." So he allowed the general's people to take it, "on the plea that the

pagan inscription must have been placed in that holy receptacle by mistake, and that the sooner it was removed the better." Having now mastered the English language, which took him eight years, and which he calls the most difficult language in the world, Lutfullah, who was already conversant with Hindostanee and Guzeratee, the languages in use in his part of the country, and afterwards acquired a knowledge of Persian and Arabic, appears to have taken up the profession of a moonshee, or instructor in languages, and attached himself from time to time to various European officers as a teacher and assistant. He speaks of many of them with affectionate regard; those only who offended his sense of dignity, of which he seems very tenacious, receiving occasionally a passing word of censure. He does not, however, adopt this mode of life without considering whether he should not make the usual pilgrimage of pious Mussulmans to Mecca; but he concludes, under advice, that his stock of money was insufficient for the trip. Whilst in an unsettled state of mind on this point, he journeys to Mandavi on the coast, "to satisfy my curiosity in seeing the sea for the first time in my life;" and he thus delivers himself on the subject:

"On beholding the immense body of water and its regular ebb and flow, I was struck with astonishment at the unlimited power of the one Supreme Being, before whom the whole of our universe is no more than an atom. Deeply engaged in such meditations, as I stood one evening at the sea-side looking at the waves on which the large ships moved up and down, I began to think of the Jain tenets, according to which matter is eternal and self-existent; but before arriving at the conclusion of the blasphemous syllogism, I was startled by a severe bite from a dog in the calf of my leg, who came slyly behind me, and, after punishing me for my crime, ran away like a shot. I followed him with my stick for a little distance to revenge the injury, but in vain; the animal vanished from my sight, and I returned home with very great pain in the leg."

In the year 1823 Lutfullah first visited the town and island of Bombay *en route* to Satara, whither he proposed to follow the sixth regiment (one of the officers of which had been his pupil in the character of a moonshee). He proceeds across the harbour in the ferry-boat, where he experiences much discomfort; and on landing, "took one day's rest under an umbrageous banyan-tree, enjoying the free air of the Concan combined with the fine sea-breeze," and had all his clothes and self well washed and cleaned after four days' stay "in the filthy town of Bombay, and one day's voyage on board the filthiest of boats." Bombay is much changed and vastly improved since that time; and in lieu of the old ferry-boat there is now a

commodious steamer from Bombay to Panwell. Lutfullah\* gives but a slight account of the city of Bombay; but he remarks, as distinguishing it from the native states he was accustomed to, "Nobody is pressed to work here without wages." At Satara he passes his time as a moonshee in quietness, without being disturbed by any thing except domestic affairs:

"Such as the neglect of my servants in the performance of their duty and their treacherous conduct, attended with petty larceny in my house, where, on my absence during the day, they had uncontrolled authority. These domestic troubles often embittered my thoughts and disturbed my peace. To remedy such evils, I felt the necessity of having a person to superintend my household and be a companion to me during some of my lonesome hours."

"Thus being compelled by circumstances," he says, he marries a lady he had known in Cutch, and "whose destiny had brought her thither." Under the thralldom of his wife he ejaculates as follows:

"Man is naturally deluded by temptations, and in many cases he is not undeceived until he finds himself completely entangled in the net of trouble. In overrating small evils, we generally bring upon ourselves heavier ones. The dream of my happiness in the married state was but a short one, and I soon found myself more involved in domestic anxieties than before. When a bachelor I thought for myself only; but now I had to think for another person too, whose fate had joined mine. The repletion of my purse likewise began to be changed for depletion; and to crown all these difficulties, to my great sorrow, I discovered my new companion to be of a very pettish and hypochondriacal temper, to which I had to submit in future.

Such inconveniences can be easily obviated by our law in divorcing a wife, not only for crimes, but even if she is disagreeable. But who can have the heart to part with his faithful companion without serious cause? This bad practice prevails only amongst the lower classes of the people. A man of high station in life may marry four wives at once or gradually, and may have as many handmaids as he can support; then from amongst such a number he is sure to find one who gives him every satisfaction, and the rest may be maintained without being repudiated, each knowing that she has only herself to thank for a rival in her lord's affections, as she ought to have made herself so dear to him that he could not have desired a change. Here I drop the grand subject of monogamy and polygamy, controverted between the doctors of Mohammedanism and Christianity. There are many things to be said on both sides; but I will not enlarge my journal with these discussions. I side with my own law, though I have been a monogamist throughout all my life."

At Satara Lutfullah witnessed a suttee, from which he hastened "sad and dejected;" and is led to make the following just remarks on Hindooism:

“Religions, pure in their origin, in course of time beget superstitions, which give birth to such results as we have just described. The religion of the Hindus in its origin is pure and sublime, as will be clearly seen from the books of their Ved, or theological works, which were in existence about 1800 years before our era of the Hijra, or about 1100 years before Christ. They consider the only Supreme Being to be the self-existing ruler of the universe, styled Bramha. His first attributes are the following Trinity : Bramha the Creator, Vishnu the Preserver, and Siva the Destroyer. These attributes have each a peculiar image, as a medium required for the material being to think of the immaterial being, who is one creator of all the visible and invisible worlds. He is the Almighty who rules and governs all his creation by a general providence, resulting from first-determined and pre-established principles.

From so sublime a source of the genuine principles of their religion runs the pure stream of their law, which strictly prohibits all the crimes punishable by the laws of the present civilised world. Besides, suicide, infanticide, and sacrifice of all kinds, not only human, but of any kind of animal, are ranked amongst the heinous crimes. But superstition and fables, and the selfish character of their priests, have in the lapse of ages produced immorality and corruption to this degree, that the generality of the Hindus of this time are no more than infidels in the high opinion of their Vedantees or theologists.”

In 1829 he visits Sholapore; and then returns to Surat, where he was received with open arms by his patron Mr. Eastwick, one of his former scholars. His patron becoming sick, Lutfullah puts himself in competition with the English doctor, and instead of strong doses prescribes lemon-sherbet and change of air. The doctor remaining in the house for the benefit of his patient, Lutfullah, to his distress, has to minister to his drinking propensities; and on Mr. Eastwick's departure for change of air, rejoices that he in his own house is no more a furnisher of the forbidden liquor to a Christian drunkard.

In 1833, Lutfullah becomes a practising doctor at Surat, and in fifteen months had 664 patients, of whom 661 recovered and three died; but he modestly states that he took good care not to take any difficult cases in hand, but sent such to the government hospital. A son being born to him, his physician's practice did not appear sufficiently lucrative, and he resumed the occupation of a tutor. About this time he became acquainted with the family of the Nawab of Surat, entering his service as secretary; and continues from time to time connected with that family until the end of his memoirs. He gives a long history of the affairs of the Nawab's family and its intrigues, which have little interest for the general reader. His son died in infancy, and he laments his death as follows :

“Poor boy, he suffered his fever and cough with the fortitude of a

man; he took his doses of physic bravely, but without avail. The lance of grief pierced my heart through and through; but the loss was irreparable, and there was no remedy except patience,—patience, and nothing but patience, under the decrees of Heaven.”

Having for the present resigned the Nawab's service, he proceeds to join his friend Captain Eastwick, in Scinde, serving there in a political capacity under Sir Henry (then Colonel) Pottinger. On sailing for Scinde, Lutfullah states his opinion of the part of the country he is leaving as follows :

“I went on board at one p.m., and bade adieu to the peninsula—the land of ignorance, opium-eating, and infantitide, and its one million six hundred thousand inhabitants, and two hundred and forty-four chiefs—in the words of the good ploughman of Scotland,

‘Farewell, my friends, and farewell, my foes;  
My peace with these, and my love with those.’”

• The journal of proceedings in Scinde is in parts interesting, but too lengthy to quote much from. Lutfullah, as an enlightened Mussulman, is frequently asked to lead the prayers of the less-educated Mussulmans he comes in contact with there, giving, as he states, much satisfaction; and he is much attracted by the Mohammedan tombs and remains. Indeed, from his youth upwards, throughout his wanderings, his veneration for Mohammedan tombs and shrines is conspicuous.

While in Scinde we find him visiting a Mohammedan chief, to induce him to take service with the English, and meeting the fears of the chief—“that the English would first take the country and then force the people to embrace their religion”—with a question whether he had ever heard of any compulsory measures towards persons of any religion adopted by the English in India, where they had ruled now for the last hundred years; asking him to see the regiments with his own eyes, in which he would find people of all castes following their own religions without any interference on the part of the Government.

Lutfullah had in Scinde many opportunities of noticing the native troops; and even in those times the Bengal sepoys, it appears, made no favourable impression. He says, “The tall, well-made, and handsome Bengal sepoys have not always a heart corresponding with their outward form.” He then gives an instance: some camels having been carried off by Belooch robbers, the drivers ran off; and the guard of Bengal sepoys followed their example. The non-commissioned officer, presenting himself to the political officer, reported, “The thirty-nine camels, sir, are carried off by the robbers—just now, sir; two drivers are wounded, and all is well, sir!” Then follows this dialogue :



*Political Agent.* What were the numbers of the robbers?

*Naik.* They were ten; but we discerned a cloud of dust behind them, which indicated a larger number following.

*P. A.* Why did you not fire at the robbers?

*N.* Because we were dressing our food under a tree; and seeing the wounded men run, we ran to you.

*P. A.* You are very nice soldiers.

*N.* I thank your honour for the good word; I have done my duty.

*P. A.* Good word and thanks! I have a great mind to give you a court-martial for your unsoldier-like conduct.

*N.* Then we must thank our own bad luck to 'get such a reward from your honour's hand for our faithful services.

*P. A.* Leave my presence. Do not utter another word, and do not show me your face again. Right-about-face; march to the lines."

In Bengal it has been much the practice, erroneously, as late events show, to form the regiments entirely of high-caste men, and to place men of the same caste together. These high-caste men, collected together, relying on the known abstinence of the English authorities from interference with native prejudices, presume upon this abstinence to excuse themselves from discipline and duty, combining to resist authority. In the armies of Madras and Bombay, especially the latter, the policy has been rather to prefer low-caste men, and to mingle in one regiment many castes; which avoids combination, and prevents a multitude of caste-prejudices being constantly urged in excuse for non-performance of duty.

In leaving Shikarpore in Scinde, Lutfullah pays a parting visit to a Mohammedan gentleman, who had, "according to English ideas, attained a great degree of civilisation in permitting his wife to see his friends unveiled;" and he takes the opportunity of delivering his own sentiments on the seclusion of women:

"Seclusion of women from the society of men is considered a fault by the English, but a virtue by us, the true believers. The English leave their women to remain uncontrolled in life, and permit them to enjoy the society of men both in public and private. Poor creatures! naturally weak, how many of them fall victims to the brutal intrigues of men! How many families of high name have been ruined by this unreasonable license! In London alone, eighty thousand females are said to be registered in the black records. If you take an evening walk in one of the quarters of that greatest city of the world, called Regent Street, you will find many ladies of exquisite beauty and high accomplishments, forsaken by their relatives and friends, in the practice and perhaps under the obligation of committing black deeds. Who is to blame for all this? I say, nothing else but the license established by the civilisers.

I do not say that all Mohammedan ladies are virtuous. Virtue and

vice are two sisters, the former fair and the latter black ; and no nation has ever been, and shall ever be, uninfluenced by the two ladies. But limits and restraints prescribed by the Mohammedan law and usage in domestic affairs, I am bound to say, at all events prevent increase in vice and decrease in virtue. The time of the Mohammedan ladies being occupied in needlework, in the performance of their religious duties five times a day, in looking over their kitchens and other household affairs, they have no leisure to think of admirers. Their marriages are arranged by their parents, who are their best friends, and whose experience in worldly affairs must be greater than theirs. Opportunities are in general afforded to the bride to see her would-be husband from a loophole or a window before she is married to him ; and no matrimonial contract is considered binding unless the lawfully attested consent of both parties is first obtained, and taken down by the law-officer appointed by the government to solemnise the marriage. Thus many bitter feuds and lasting animosities which poison the minds of contending rivals are avoided, and marriage-beds are not only free from contamination but from the dread of it. In short, seclusion secures women from those delusions and temptations which irritate the mind with fleeting joys, leaving behind the permanent sting of bitter remorse ; while, never having tasted the universal triumph and dominion which beauty gives in the circle of Europe, the pang of lost power is not added to the painful sensation of fading charms."

On his way from Scinde, he visits a native governor at Jafirabad, one Sidi Mahomed, once a slave ; in reference to whom he expresses the following opinion :

"Slaves, when left to their own free will in their conduct, prove better than freemen in general ; for their first subjugation teaches them how to act towards their subordinates. But eunuchs are an exception to this rule. The maltreatment received by them in the commencement works so strongly upon their mental faculties, that they are vicious, vindictive, remorseless, and void of fellow-feeling and sociableness ever after."

Notwithstanding Lutfullah's remarks on the seclusion of women, he is a warm admirer of the female sex, frequently breaking forth vehemently in their praise ; as, for instance, on his return from Scinde in one of his journeys when attached to a government-office, he puts up at a miserable Parsee house at Bandora, near Bombay ; when, groaning with discomfort, his servant having deserted him, he regains his good humour on finding in the inn a pretty daughter of the landlady : "She had a charming countenance and fascinating air. Begin you to converse with her, and your heart is pierced through by her sweet and subduing glances—in fact, she was a civilised woman ;" and he considered it "his good-luck to eat and drink from her sweet hand." And again : "We were received by the

fairly, the landlady's daughter, with an open, sweet, smiling countenance, which made me forget all cares."

The last part of Lutfullah's journal contains the account of his visit to England in 1844, as secretary to the Nawab of Surat, who came to England to endeavour to forward his interests with the English Government. They proceed to Ceylon in a private steamer hired by the Nawab: "Off we went," says Lutfullah, "in the most holy name of the omniscient Being, an atom of whose unlimited wisdom is the source of all our science from eternity to eternity." At Ceylon, landing in haste and confusion, they proceed to a house kept by a Christian (probably a Portuguese); where early in the morning, to their astonishment and disgust, they beheld on awakening a herd of the unclean animal running, grunting, snorting, and roaring about their rooms. They speedily remove to the dwelling of a good Mussulman; and here he remarks, in allusion to the swine:

"The Christians of this time, in reforming themselves, have reformed their religion too. They eat and drink, and do what they like under the acts of their parliaments, without any regard to the Old and New Testaments. (Vide Leviticus, chap. xi. ver. 7; Matthew, chap. v. ver. 17-19.)"

From Ceylon they take passage for Suez in the *Bentinck* steamer, in which they were "more comfortable than at home." "The English," he observes, "are first-rate eaters and drinkers; almost all eat and drank four times, five times, and six times a-day." In the Red Sea his party receive a sharp rebuke from the Arab pilot for their folly in doubting if, in their devotions, they should not, after passing Mecca, still make their obeisances as in India, towards the West: the Arab angrily exclaiming, "If you Indians believe in the same God as we do, please follow our example; if not, prepare yourselves for hell-fire."

Lutfullah gives a short account of Aden, not appearing to consider it a more delightful place than other passengers usually do. His chief difficulty there seems to have been a doubt whether it consisted with the dignity of himself and his party to bestride the ass, according to the custom of the place. He shortly notices Cairo; but misses seeing the pyramids, being occupied instead in running off, "riding on a swift ass," to visit an imaum's tomb; and he laments "in tears" its state of dilapidation in the country of the true believer. At Alexandria he meets two English ladies, whom he rapturously describes as "two fairies of incomparable beauty." They reach England in May 1844; and here again, while lying in quarantine at the Motherbank, his feelings are roused by the sight of the native girls:

"At the same time, there were lying several small boats near our vessel, which, among other spectators, contained several fresh and fair damsels of England, of very dazzling beauty; so it appeared to me at least."

At Southampton they are followed by a crowd; when an old doctor of the party exclaims, "Over-curious white devils, they have no respect for caste or age: I have a great mind to pelt stones at them." But Lutfullah exclaims, "Don't you do so, Hakim Sahib; these people don't fear any one; let well alone." They go to Mivart's Hotel in London; but soon remove to lodgings.

Lutfullah, looking on all with the wonder and delight of a novice, makes but few profound observations on English manners. He is struck with astonishment at the sight of men-servants with powdered heads, conceiving they must in grief have cast ashes on their heads; and wonders at the abundance of iron he sees every where. He considers, "it cannot be without the will of the one Supreme Being that this small island, that seems but like the mole on the body of a man, should command the greater part of the world and keep the rest in awe." He visits St. Paul's, and calls it, "an edifice that in my opinion has not its equal in the world;" but, with the feelings of a Mussulman, he objects to the images in the cathedral. He visits the opera, where he notices the ladies on the stage as indecently dressed: they danced "very expertly," but "their short gowns flew up to the forbidden height." He visits the India House, "where the destiny of my sweet native land," he says, "lies in the hands of twenty-four men;" but his master, the Nawab, gets little comfort there; the "two great men," the chairman and deputy, remarking (after the fashion of the India House) that his coming to this country to obtain justice was an imprudent act, as he might have obtained it in his own country by writing: and on a subsequent visit to the Board of Control the Nawab fares no better; for on feeling the pulse of the president, they found "his lordship to be a very stiff man altogether." Some of the India-House officials attract his notice. The director, to whom he dedicates his book, he compliments as "a tall, thin, handsome-looking man, in appearance more like a noble Arab than an Englishman;" and another learned gentleman there he slyly satirises by lamenting that a gentleman who had composed several useful books in Hindostanee could not understand a complimentary speech Lutfullah addressed to him, nor utter a word in that language in reply.

They go to the Asiatic Society, where a speech of a noble lord "acts as a narcotic dose on their brains; his lordship

using language too high for a foreigner to follow him ;” and to Westminster Abbey, where they are under the wonderful impression that they are conducted about by the “ abbot,” who is stated afterwards to have taken them to his house and treated them each “ with the best of beverages, a glass of water.” He goes to Lord Ashley’s, and plays at chess with a peeress, whom he designates as a “ nymph of paradise.” He says, “ I played two games, and allowed myself to be beaten both times to please her.” They go to the Diorama in the Regent’s Park ; where, however, they are only half satisfied, some of the party having it that the house must be under the power of evil spirits. Lutfullah visits the College of Surgeons and St. George’s Hospital ; and, as a medical man, becomes convinced that “ what he had studied in Galen’s Anatomy in Persian and Arabic was founded on fancy and conjecture,” and that it was impossible to acquire a perfect knowledge of the study without dissection. Many other sights Lutfullah sees ; but his chief having received answers to his petitions from the court of directors “ assuring him his business would be satisfactorily settled,” Lutfullah prevails on the Nawab to leave this “ city of enchantments ;” and they returned to India, reaching Bombay all safe, “ thanks to the almighty Allah,” he exclaims.

Lutfullah thus sums up his opinion of the English :

“ I may now sum up the character of the English, by saying they are entirely submissive to the law and obedient to the commands of their superiors. Their sense of patriotism is greater than that of any nation in the world. Their obedience, trust, and submission to the female sex are far beyond the limit of moderation. In fact, the freedom granted to womankind in this country is great, and the mischief arising from this unreasonable toleration is most deplorable.”

We will briefly refer in conclusion to the views of Lieutenant Eastwick on the aversion of the natives of India to progress ; although this can hardly be deduced fairly from the expressed opinions of his *protégé*.

No doubt such aversion exists in some degree. The real foundation of such aversion is ignorance. The bulk of the natives of India, far from the presidency towns or large stations, coming rarely in contact with Europeans, and then only in their character of magistrates, revenue officers, and soldiers, and having little idea of the benefits of English education and civilisation, see in European progress only the overthrow of their time-honoured habits and customs. Religion, with the greater part of the natives of India, enters much into the formation of their characters. It biases their thoughts and influences all their actions, giving rise to motives, wishes, and

habits of mind, widely differing from ours. The two principal religions in India tend to produce characters essentially different from those influenced by Christianity. Mohammedanism, though embodying many exalted principles of social conduct, does not teach the enlarged doctrines of charity peculiar to Christianity, and excites the fanaticism of the Mussulman through the promise of sensual reward. It tends to produce a tyrannical and intolerant character, induces fatalism, fosters slavery, sanctions treachery and persecution in favour of the Moslem faith, and begets enthusiasm from debased motives. Still, being singularly free from worship of material idols, it is in many respects in advance of Hindooism. That ancient religion, though abundance of beautiful sentiments were collected by its early teachers, has in its results worked unmitigated evil. From its false doctrines have sprung the grossest idolatries. Hindooism of the present day, whatever it was in the days of its greater purity, is characterised by the grossest idol-worship, and worship besides of the most degrading kind,—adoration of cows, of trees, shady groves, rivers, of almost whatever is of immediate use and value. Natural objects which confer a visible benefit are on that account worshipped; a practice which gives rise to false and unnatural motives and springs of action. Hindooism also, by setting apart the Brahmin as a being of higher order, produces a large class of imagined superiority; a system destructive of social justice, and producing on the one hand tyranny, and on the other acquiescence in injustice and want of emulation.

Those conversant with the administration of justice in criminal cases in India, are aware how many crimes against society arise in motives *quite unknown* in a Christian community;\* and can appreciate how far the principles of Christianity, though abused and neglected, by imperceptibly influencing all the social relations in a Christian country, produce results widely differing from those which arise from systems of right and wrong originally less pure.

Sympathy between the European and the native also is the more difficult because the European rarely attaches himself to the Indian soil. India cannot be colonised; the climate renders colonisation impossible. English children must be sent to be reared to a temperate climate, and the health of Europeans long resident in India for the most part fails. India, therefore, cannot become the *home* of the settler; his children must be in Europe, and he must look forward to passing the days of

\* For example, only a few years since a high-caste sepoy was tried in the supreme court at Bombay, convicted, and executed, for murdering a low-caste man by shooting him while the former was on duty as a sentinel; and the only defence of the prisoner was, that the low-caste man had dishonoured him by staring at him.

his advanced age away from India. Besides this, the land is already occupied; and the Indian is of too high a type to fade away before Western settlers.

Besides Hindoos and Mohammedans, the characters of other sects in India are more or less moulded by religion: Parsees (or Zoroastrians), fire-worshippers; Khojahs and Memous\* (peculiar sects holding in part Mohammedan and in part Hindoo tenets), Bhuddists, and many others. The Parsees perhaps, as having very slight foundation for their religious views save tradition,—a small portion only of their sacred books, the *Zendvesta*, being forthcoming, and that portion of doubtful authenticity,—mingle most freely with Europeans, and are most friendly to civilisation, forming therefore a rising and prosperous class in Western India. But the two principal classes, Hindoos and Mussulmans, have, as such, much to lose by English progress. The haughty claims of the Brahmins, unfounded on real superiority, must yield before the social equality incident to Christian civilisation, which would require a sounder title than they can produce for their assumed supremacy to rest upon; while Mohammedans must abandon slavery,† and intolerance must disappear before enlightenment, and give way to liberty of opinion and freedom of action.

The natives of India, however, though much influenced by their false religion, are by no means destitute of noble qualities. Human nature, under whatever evil influences, must always be originally the same. The natives of India feel respect and reverence for superior genius. They admire energy and self-denial, and devoutly respect success, and may be deeply influenced by grateful feelings. Lutfullah speaks of Sir Henry Pottinger as “a real man, wise as Solomon, and enterprising as Alexander;” and the name of Sir Charles Napier is revered in Scinde, and that of Sir Charles Forbes revered in Bombay. They are also every where fully open to the incentive of self-interest. The true policy to India must be to impart knowledge to its inhabitants, while it is one of forbearance as to their errors and ignorance. Whilst Christianity must be unflinchingly supported, and all direct countenance to the errors of false religions rigidly abstained from, the prejudices of the people must not be unnecessarily contravened.‡ And

\* Some account of these two sects is to be found in Sir Erskine Perry's book of *Oriental Cases*, pp. 112-115.

† Our Mohammedan ally, the Imaum of Muscat, and, more recently, certain Arab chiefs on the shores of the Persian Gulf, have, to their honour, entered into treaties with the British Government for the suppression of the slave-trade.

‡ The Government regulation, No. 14, of 1827, of the Bombay code, is a provision that sentence of death is not to be executed on Brahmins when the religious feelings of the native community would be shocked thereby; and the regulation contains a similar exemption in their favour from hard labour being coupled with imprisonment.

whilst social rights must be firmly sustained on principles of equal justice, improvements must be introduced calculated to attract the native through a sense of self-interest,—roads, railways, the telegraph, steam-power, preservation of the annual supply of water, irrigation, cultivation, the establishment of manufactures. These are improvements intelligible to the comprehension of all, holding out a certain prospect of direct advantage; and beside the intrinsic value of such improvements, they will tend to bring the native into contact with the European, and impress his mind with a sense of the value of knowledge and the superiority of European resources. India willingly acquiesced in the abolition of Suttee and Thuggism (both connected with religion), from a sense of the great advantage to the many by the coercion of the few. Direct education must also be cautiously promoted. There is no aversion to this in the presidency towns, where the value of education is best understood and appreciated. The natives of Calcutta and Bombay are anxious for education, greedy of instruction; and no one acquainted with those cities will deny that as education has progressed the hold of superstition and caste-prejudice has relaxed. In the town and island of Bombay, where the native is in constant contact with the European, Brahminical arrogance has of late years met with an opposition and contempt from the Hindoos which in the interior is rarely or never seen. The English medical schools of Calcutta and Bombay have produced some excellent native medical practitioners (in direct subversion of many prejudices); and in other branches of science, study, in the presidency towns, is in an advanced state. The Hindoo religion, in the end, can never stand its ground against knowledge and science.

The recent afflicting and disheartening occurrences in Bengal and the adjacent provinces cannot, and ought not, permanently to affect the general policy of the English government to India, which has been, and must be, one of instruction and improvement. No doubt the native army,—a well-paid and comparatively idle body, unconnected with trade, cultivation, or manufacture,—may be supposed to be, of all the native classes, the least selfishly alive to the benefit of general progress. Whatever causes have produced the late sad events (and many co-operating causes might be pointed out), the effect, we will hope, when the troubles are overcome by determination and energy, and have passed away, may be, while rendering us more cautious, to make us understand our Indian subjects, with all their faults, ignorance, and claims upon us, better, as well as to reanimate the government to continue to them the policy of improvement and instruction. And though we may not, as a governing



power, teach them Christianity, let us teach them what we can, and hope for the result. It is the more necessary to press these views at the present moment, because many persons, influenced, not unnaturally, by the tale of horrors lately perpetrated by the Bengal army, appear to consider that the reconstruction of the army and revision of the police, on carefully considered principles, must be accompanied by a reversal of the liberal and enlightened policy pursued by England of late years to India in general; a reversal of policy which would at once deprive us of our only *right* to rule in India, and soon end by depriving us also of the *power*.

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### ART. III.—CHARLES WATERTON.

*Essays on Natural History.* Third Series. By Charles Waterton, Esq., Author of "*Wanderings in South America*." With a Continuation of the Autobiography, and a Portrait of the Author. London: Longmans, 1857.

*Essays on Natural History, chiefly Ornithology.* Second Series. Fifth Edition, 1854. By Charles Waterton, Esq.

*Essays on Natural History, chiefly Ornithology.* First Series. New Edition, 1854. By Charles Waterton, Esq.

*Wanderings in South America, the North-west of the United States, and the Antilles, in the years 1812, 1816, 1820, and 1824: with original Instructions for the perfect Preservation of Birds, &c., for Cabinets of Natural History.* By Charles Waterton, Esq. Fifth Edition. London: A. Fellowes, 1852.

It is just twenty years, if we reckon rightly, since this veteran and friendly naturalist wrote his autobiography, and hung his fiddle on the wall. "*Barbiton hic paries habebit*," he said; and told us we should see him no more. But he appeared again; and now once more he takes down the cheerful old instrument, this time we fear for really the last time; for a man cannot hope to go on playing his fiddle for ever, and Mr. Waterton is now seventy-five years old. A happy serene old age his seems to be, and such a one he deserves.

He has lived an out-of-doors life, has a courageous spirit, a tender and affectionate heart, and a sound frame. He is a good Catholic, and one of those characters constituted to enjoy the full consoling influences of that religion. He reposes in the arms of his church with a confidence the most implicit, and

would be more likely to question the return of the morrow's sun than the infallibility of any of her dicta. For centuries the Watertons have lived at Walton Hall in Yorkshire; time before that they dwelt at Waterton in the island of Uxholme in Lincolnshire. Cressy and Agincourt and Marston Moor saw them in arms, on the right side of course; for when were Watertons other than good Catholics and stanch king's men? Their adherence to the old faith has been the cause of their decline; and saving one brief gleam in the reign of "good Queen Mary," the sun has never shone on them since the time of Henry VIII. "The cause of our disasters," says the present representative of the family, "was briefly this:"

"The king fell scandalously in love with a buxom lass; and he wished to make her his lawful wife, notwithstanding that his most virtuous queen was still alive. Having applied to the head of the church for a divorce, his request was not complied with; although Martin Luther, the apostate friar and creed-reformer, had allowed the Margrave of Hesse to have two wives at one and the same time. Upon this refusal, our royal goat became exceedingly mischievous: *Audax omnia perpeti reit per velitem nefas*. Having caused himself to be made head of the church, he suppressed all the monasteries; and squandered their revenues amongst gamblers, harlots, mountebanks, and apostates. The poor, by his villainies, were reduced to great misery, and they took to evil ways in order to keep body and soul together. During this merciless reign, seventy-two thousand of them were hanged for thieving."

Not even the perusal of Mr. Froude's history would change our author's views on this subject. His prepossessions on the whole matter are stubborn. "I myself," he says, "(as I have already told the public in a printed letter) would rather run the risk of going to hell with St. Edward the Confessor, Venerable Bede, and St. Thomas of Canterbury, than make a dash at heaven in company with Henry VIII., Queen Bess, and Dutch William." This quaint selection of people one would wish to go to hell with, and the notion of writing a letter to inform the public of these preferences, are charmingly illustrative of the curious simplicity which distinguishes Mr. Waterton. He was angry with Professor Rennie for calling him "eccentric," and we should be loth to hurt his feelings; but it is impossible to help feeling that this is no commonplace choice of companions. He complains somewhat bitterly of those persecutions which, unjust and unnecessarily protracted as they may have been, we cannot help smiling to see him protesting against with an air of wondering innocence, as if the idea of theological differences involving penalties and political incapacity were one perfectly new to those of his way of thinking, and invented by Protestants;

but he at the same time candidly acknowledges his enmity to our religious institutions, and has always refused to take Sir Robert Peel's oath.

"In framing that abominable oath" (so he calls it), "I don't believe that Sir Robert cared one fig's-end whether the soul of a Catholic went up, after death, to the King of Brightness, or descended to the king of brimstone: his only aim seems to have been to secure to the church by law established the full possession of the loaves and fishes. But, as I have a vehement inclination to make a grab at those loaves and fishes, in order to distribute a large proportion of them to the poor of Great Britain, who have an undoubted claim to it, I do not intend to have my hands tied behind me: hence my positive refusal to swallow Sir Robert Peel's\* oath. Still, take it or refuse it, the new dynasty may always make sure of my loyalty, even if any of our old line of kings were still in existence; for

‘The illustrious house of Hanover,  
And Protestant succession,  
To these I have allegiance sworn  
While they can keep possession.’”

There is nothing of rancour in this feeling. Never was enmity that flowed more freely to the surface or evaporated more gently. Mr. Waterton would as little harm a Protestant as my Uncle Toby a blue-bottle fly. He is very full of his religious opinions, though. They break out at the most unexpected places. He has had, he tells us, towards the close of his autobiography, "an adventure or two of singular import;" but before he tells them, he attacks Queen Elizabeth to the tune of "Cease, rude Boreas," condemning her to the lower regions with a graceful apology to kind-hearted Protestants for so doing.

"Previously to their introduction, I would kindly ask permission to say a word on the Gorham case,—an ecclesiastical affair which has set all England by the ears except us Catholics, who are not in the least astonished at what has taken place; knowing, as we know by awful precedents, that those who repudiate unity of faith have seldom any fixed faith to steer by. In fact, surrounded on every side by the dense mist of religious innovation, they can no longer discern their long-lost northern star.

I own that I am not prone to revere the church by law established: her persecutions and her penal laws together having doomed my family long ago to pick up its scanty food in the barren pastures allotted to Pharaoh's lean kine; she keeping possession of all the clover-meadows.

Thus kind-hearted and benevolent Protestants will make due allowance if I give her a thrust from time to time in these memoirs.

\* "I do hereby disclaim, disavow, and solemnly abjure any intention to subvert the present Church Establishment within this realm," &c. (See Sir Robert Peel's oath.)

Seeing the Bishops of Exeter and Canterbury hard at work in doing mischief both to their own new faith and to our old one, I be-thought me to borrow good (?) Queen Elizabeth, in order to remind these two potent ecclesiastics that they had better look at home rather than spend their precious time in condemning or in supporting a delinquent pastor of their own new fold.

So being in a poetical humour one morning at early dawn, I composed the following lines for insertion\* in our much-valued *Tablet* newspaper. It goes to the sweet and solemn tune of 'Cease, rude Boreas,' and also of 'When the rosy morn appearing.' The measure, in my opinion, is by far the most melodious in the English language.

APPARITION OF OLD QUEEN ELIZABETH'S GHOST TO THE PRELATES OF  
CANTERBURY AND EXETER.

Church and state, in conflict raging,  
Filled the realm with dire alarms;  
Exeter his chief engaging,  
Canterbury fierce in arms.

As their mother law-church staggers  
Underneath each cruel wound,  
Suddenly their murderous daggers  
Drop innocuous to the ground.

For, behold, in brimstone burning,  
From below a phantom rose;  
And its eyeball fiercely turning,  
Thus addressed the mitred foes:

'Whilst you bishops here are boasting  
Of the reformation-tricks,  
My poor soul is damned and roasting  
On the other side of Styx.

See me punished for the measures  
Which I followed here on earth,  
When I stole the sacred treasures,  
And to church by law gave birth.

O, that in earth's farthest corner  
I had hid my wanton head,  
Ere I first became the scorner,  
Then the scourge of our old creed.

Villains, bent on holy plunder,  
Strove to drive from Albion's shore  
What had been her pride and wonder  
For nine hundred years and more.

Vain have proved their machinations;  
Vain each tyrant act of mine;  
Vain all impious protestations,  
Raised against that faith divine.

Still in Albion's sea-girt regions,  
Just as when I first began,  
This firm faith defies hell's legions,  
And dispenses truth to man.

Ours, alas, for ever changing  
 From the period of its dawn,  
 Through what lands, no matter, ranging,  
 Nothing leaves save error's spawn.

Warn'd by my sad condemnation,  
 Hasten to St. Peter's rock;  
 There alone you'll find salvation  
 For yourselves and for the flock.'

This was all.—The royal spectre  
 Sank again to endless night,  
 Leaving each law-church director  
 Dumb with horror at the sight."

But it is less as a devoted son of the Catholic Church than as a traveller and an observer of animal life that we Protestants, his "good dissenting brethren," as he condescendingly calls us, are concerned with Mr. Waterton. Nature never meant him for a theological disputant or a polemical poet. From the turmoil of English life, in which his religion prevented his mingling on an equal footing, she bore him away to the tropical woods of Demerara, to charm him with her freshest novelties and most luxuriant beauties. He is the last of men to be able consciously to meet or to record her finer influences; but the *Wanderings* is a delightful book, partly for this very reason, that though always pretty full of himself, the writer looks at the external world as something different, describes it as if it existed independently, and not simply for the sake of its bearing on his own moods and states of mind. And perhaps this is one of the great uses of natural history as a study and occupation for the mind. A man who gazes only on the external features of inanimate nature, lovely and awful in her various aspects and absorbing in her influence, is apt to become brooding and self-engrossed. He can identify what he sees too closely with himself and his own emotions; he can confound what he gives and what he receives. The vaporous streaks, or white cumulated towers of cloudland; the rippling of green waves on the shingle; the soft refreshing rushing of long-awaited rain; the morning aspect of the winter hills, white and motionless, when the moon, paler than her wont, shrinks westward with the crowding stars, and soft dawning yellow spreads above the eastern heights;—such sights as these, or the sound of the wind among foliage, the running of streams, or the muttering of distant storm, speak through the senses to the emotions; they rouse memory and hope, joy and sadness, but not thought. If we think at all, it is of their influence on ourselves: they raise our hearts upwards, but do not expand our minds; they may cause us to mingle our own existence with that around us, but they never carry us out of ourselves; we may be self-diffused, but are never self-lost. Not so when we come to contemplate

life even in its meanest forms ; we do not easily confuse ourselves with this ; it is something which moves too much on another axis. When in our solitary musings we see a weasel creep out of a heap of stones, we forget our own troubles, and ask ourselves where *he* is going, what *he* is about, what cares *his* may be, and how *he* provides for his family ; we long to converse with him like Xailoun with the Kardouon. The chattering of an alarmed squirrel or the plunge of a water-rat is a sovereign recipe to some happily-constituted minds against melancholy. Sounds are more capable than sights of being drawn in as ministers to our own reigning sentiment of the moment ; and the poet never summoned up a more truthful and forcible illustration of sadness in passion-weakened minds than,

“ In dark summer dawns  
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds  
To dying ears.”

Yet who that, after a night of anxiety or labour, hears the clear strong note of the thrush anticipating the summer day-break, but feels diverted from himself, and in consequence stronger ; and if you see him perched on the topmost twig of some tall poplar, swelling his speckled breast and rejoicing in the freshness of morning, your cares must be deep if he do not betray you into a temporary oblivion of them. And Mr. Waterton no doubt owes much of the sound mental texture and happy disposition which are apparent throughout his writings, to his having been always occupied by external living interests.

As he roamed through the luxuriant forests of South America, he was not insensible to the grandeur and beauty of the scene ; but he was much more deeply engrossed with the particular forms of life which they contained. He describes the trees one by one ; and he marks his day by the cries of the birds or other animals.

“ He whose eye can distinguish the various beauties of uncultivated nature, and whose ear is not shut to the wild sounds in the woods, will be delighted in passing up the river Demerara. Every now and then the maam or tinamou sends forth one long and plaintive whistle from the depth of the forest, and then stops ; whilst the yelping of the toucan and the shrill voice of the bird called pi-pi-yo is heard during the interval. The campanero never fails to attract the attention of the passenger ; at a distance of nearly three miles you may hear this snow-white bird tolling every four or five minutes like the distant convent-bell. From six to nine in the morning, the forests resound with the mingled cries and strains of the feathered race ; after this they gradually die away. From eleven to three all nature is hushed as in a midnight silence, and scarce a note is heard saving that of the campanero and the pi-pi-yo ; it is then that, oppressed by the solar heat, the

birds retire to the thickest shade and wait for the refreshing cool of evening.

At sundown the vampires, bats, and goat-suckers dart from their lonely retreat, and skim along the trees on the river's bank. The different kinds of frogs almost stun the ear with their hoarse and hollow-sounding croaking, while the owls and goat-suckers lament and mourn all night long.

About two hours before daybreak, you will hear the red monkey moaning as though in deep distress: the houtou, a solitary bird, and only found in the thickest recesses of the forest, distinctly articulates, 'houtou, houtou,' in a low and plaintive tone, an hour before sunrise; the maam whistles about the same hour; the hannaquoi, pataca, and maroudi announce his near approach to the eastern horizon, and the parrots and the parroquets confirm his arrival there."

No man perhaps has ever lived more completely in this sort of interest than Mr. Waterton. We all know how, after his return from Demerara, he made Walton Hall a city of refuge for all wild creatures flying from the vengeance of the gamekeeper. It is the characteristic of his writings to be always a plea in defence. There is no creature, however keenly pursued for his real or imputed transgressions, that does not furnish Mr. Waterton with something to urge in its favour,—either against the justice of his condemnation, or at least in mitigation of punishment. The starling never dreams of robbing dovescots; the rook is a true friend of man; the carrion-crow, though, when his young family is importunate, he may be a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles, makes amends by destroying thousands of noxious insects; the owl is a harmless and delightful neighbour; the heron eats frogs and water-rats enough to earn his wages in fish; neither the titmouse nor the woodpecker interfere with sound wood; the jay is a "truly British bird," whose pilferings are too trivial to cause a moment's uneasiness; and the magpie at Walton Hall is protected "perhaps with greater care than any other bird, because it has got nobody to stand up for it." His religion and his birds are all in all to him. He is fond of Horace; but more so of Ovid, because he was an excellent ornithologist. "I never tire," he says, "of reading the old fables in which birds are introduced." At Rome he attends Mass and the bird-market. At Venice he saw a "sleek and well-fed Hanoverian rat basking in a sunny nook." There, too, he found cats and dogs scarce, and pigeons plentiful. On the way to Mensilice he "observed a fair sprinkling of carrion-crows, but nothing more." Going on to Bologna, dogs seemed scarce, and the party had at that city the finest opportunity of examining with great attention the incorrupt body of St. Catharine of Bologna. "At Rimini, now celebrated for its miraculous picture of the Blessed Virgin, we could see the larger and the

‘smaller species of bat on wing as the night set in.’ Sometimes his observations are very minute. His entrance into Italy is chronicled by seeing an elderly lady discharging the office of a comb for a young one. In another place he notes, “The weather was now remarkably fine. Fleas were vigorously skipping about; but we neither saw nor felt a bug.”

Natural history—we use the phrase in its narrower sense—differs from the study of inanimate nature. It is not necessarily scientific. A man can’t find a pleasure in looking at stones or inhaling gases for their own sakes; but in beasts and birds, even in plants, he may be interested for themselves. Some of them give scope even to personal affection, and at any rate are quite independent of their place as subordinate elements in a body of connected science. Thus we have two sorts of naturalists; one of which studies animals to gratify his personal predilection for the creatures and his curiosity as to their modes of life, while the other is concerned with the bearing of the facts connected with them upon the general field of knowledge. The two must coalesce in one man to form the higher order of inquirer, but they are apt to exist too much apart. The field naturalist despises closet students, and has too little taste for sedentary pursuits to acquire that wider view of his subject which would double the value of his observation by giving it a systematic direction; and the man of science relies too much on second-hand information, often lacking even the degree of knowledge necessary to judge of its accuracy, and wanting that personal sympathy which sustains the patience and sharpens the insight. Hence, while we are tolerably well informed as to the anatomical structure of animals, and, indeed, as to all that can be gained from the mere study of their frames, and, on the other hand, know something of their habits, we have yet made but few and feeble steps in what may be called the philosophy of animal life; a study in its higher branches only secondary to that of man and his relations.

Mr. Waterton has nothing of the theorist in him; he makes a bad hand at sustained reasoning, and his information is all fragmentary and disconnected. He boasts of not being a man of science, and sneers at the bookmen’s credulity and ignorance; he is fond of asking them irrelevant questions,—such as, why the pheasant claps his wings after he has crowed and not before, while the common cock claps first and crows after; why some cows have horns, and others not; why dogs lap water, and sheep drink it,—and seems to think that until they have solved these and similar intricate problems, zoologists have little claim to our attention. He is at war with Mr. Swainson, and complains not without justice that that gentleman’s nomenclature gives him the



jaw-ache. Gampsonix Swainsonii, Lophophorus, Tachipetes, Pachycephala, Thamophilinae, Dendrocolaptes, Myagra rubiculoides, Cebblepyrinae, Phalacrocorax, &c., among the birds; and Cereopithecus, Oristile, Subpentadactylus, Hypoxanthus, Platyrhini, Pygerythreus, &c., among the monkeys, are hard words, no doubt, and Swainson's complicated circular theory may be admitted to be more ingenious than tenable; still the classification of knowledge has its uses, and one cannot help regretting that the exertions of a man of Mr. Waterton's adventurous spirit, keen powers of observation, and warm love of his subject, should not have had something more of systematic direction to give them an additional value. It would be unreasonable enough, however, to blame Mr. Waterton for not possessing a union of faculties to which he lays no claim; all we protest against is, an unnecessary contempt for men who discharge a useful office in classifying the knowledge which others may have obtained. If such men are apt to get more than their share of credit in scientific circles and *Lardner's Cyclopædia*, let Mr. Waterton console himself with the reflection that the out-of-door observers are always the pleasanter reading, and moreover furnish the permanent materials for the science: the classification connecting them, or the theories accounting for them, may or may not be false; but though these may crumble away, a correctly observed fact, however minute, remains an imperishable possession. It is, indeed, scarcely possible to help smiling at Mr. Waterton's *résumé* of what he has accomplished in a life devoted to natural history.

"To say nothing of the zoological communications to be found in the *Wanderings*, I have presented to Mr. Loudon's invaluable *Magazine of Natural History* above sixty papers of original observations, made with the greatest care in nature's lovely garden.

After years of attention to the economy of birds, I have succeeded in getting the barn-owl, the brown owl, the heron, the jackdaw, the magpie, the carrion-crow, the mallard, the pheasant, the starling, the woodpecker, the ox-eye titmouse, the waterhen, the thrush, and the blackbird, to build their nests, and take away their young in safety, at a stone-throw of each other.

I have pointed out the duck and the drake clothed in the same plumage only for a very short time in summer. I have noted down the morning and the evening flight of the rook in this district, which evolution may be seen every day for six months in the year; and I have cleared up the mystery of the loss of feathers which this useful bird experiences at the base of its bill. I have shown which birds cover their eggs, and which birds never cover their eggs at all, on leaving the nest. I have shown that one hawk never molests the feathered tribes; and that another (scarcely to be distinguished from this when on the wing) destroys them indiscriminately. I have shown that the widgeon feeds by day, eating grass like a goose; whilst its congener

the mallard invariably refuses this food, and seeks for its sustenance by night. I have given to the public an entirely new method of preserving the eggs of birds for cabinets; and I have pointed out a process for preparing insects so that they will never corrupt, or be exposed to the depredations of the moth, or be affected by damp.

I have written on the landing, the career, and the depredations of the Hanoverian rat in this country. I formerly delivered in Leeds a very long lecture to show the necessity of reform in museums both at home and abroad; proving, at the same time, how specimens might be prepared on scientific principles. I have shown *how* a man ought to fight the feline, and *how* the canine, tribe of animals. All this, and much more, has been conveyed in language so plain and simple, that a schoolboy in rudiments can understand it."

But Mr. Waterton does himself very scanty justice in this summary of his labours. Some of his discoveries may seem trivial, others certainly are not so. Not only has he discovered and drawn attention to the value of the solution of corrosive sublimate in the preservation of dried skins and insects; his simple yet eloquent directions have given an entirely new standard to the art of taxidermy, which hitherto has been, and we fear, in spite of his example, is long doomed to remain, at a very low level. It is not enough for him to run wires through a bird, fill it up with cotton, and stick it on a bit of wood in any attitude the fancy may suggest; ornament it with moss and shaking grass, and put a glass frame over it; he denies that any one can stuff a bird who is not familiar with its living attitudes and appearance; and though perhaps somewhat dogmatic as to the mode by which his ends are to be attained, his ideal is infinitely more refined and perfect than ever before was recognised. The simplicity of his mechanical means is in strong contrast with the large demands he makes on the mental acquirements of the operator.

"In dissecting three things are necessary to insure success, viz. a penknife, a hand not coarse or clumsy, and practice. The first will furnish you with the means; the second will enable you to dissect; and the third cause you to dissect well. These may be called the mere mechanical requisites.

In stuffing you require cotton, a needle and thread, a little stick the size of a common knitting-needle, glass eyes, a solution of corrosive sublimate, and any kind of a common temporary box to hold the specimen. These also may go under the same denomination as the former. But if you wish to excel in the art,—if you wish to be in ornithology what Angelo was in sculpture,—you must apply to profound study and your own genius to assist you. And these may be called the scientific requisites.

You must have a complete knowledge of ornithological anatomy. You must pay close attention to the form and attitude of the bird, and

know exactly the proportion each curve, or extension, or contraction, or expansion of any particular part bears to the rest of the body. In a word, you must possess Promethean boldness, and bring down fire and animation, as it were, into your preserved specimen.

Repair to the haunts of birds, on plains and mountains, forests, swamps, and lakes, and give up your time to examine the economy of the different orders of birds.

Then you will place your eagle in attitude commanding, the same as Nelson stood in, in the day of battle, on the *Victory's* quarter-deck. Your pie will seem crafty, and just ready to take flight, as though fearful of being surprised in some mischievous plunder. Your sparrow will retain its wonted pertness by means of placing his tail a little elevated, and giving a moderate arch to the neck. Your vulture will show his sluggish habits by having his body nearly parallel to the earth; his wings somewhat drooping, and their extremities under the tail instead of above it—expressive of ignoble indolence.

Your dove will be in artless fearless innocence, looking mildly at you, with its neck not too much stretched as if uneasy in its situation, or drawn too close into the shoulders like one wishing to avoid a discovery; but in moderate perpendicular length supporting the head horizontally, which will set off the breast to the best advantage. And the breast ought to be conspicuous, and have this attention paid to it; for when a young lady is sweet and gentle in her manners, kind and affable to those around her,—when her eyes stand in tears of pity for the woes of others, and she puts a small portion of what Providence has blessed her with into the hand of imploring poverty and hunger,—then we say she has the breast of a turtle-dove."

We cannot say we ever heard this said of a young lady under similar conditions. However, this little confusion between the physical and moral charms of a young beauty is of subordinate importance. Quadrupeds are more difficult to do justice to even than birds; but Mr. Waterton has mastered the impediments here also by a complete dissection; and by a patient moistening renders the parts so docile that they can be moulded like plastic clay to the required expression, and a faithful image of the animal be produced in the place of those drawn and withered scarecrows which now render hideous our museums. These discoveries had well-nigh been lost to us in consequence of the umbrage taken by their author at the illiberal conduct of the Custom-house with regard to the collection of dried skins and other specimens brought by him from Demerara. He withheld his information; and at the same time stimulated curiosity by the picture of an awful face, half-monkey, half-human, which figured in the frontispiece of his work under the title of "A Nondescript," and was described as the head of an animal which the writer had met with. This figure is no doubt a specimen of the plastic powers of the new process, and of the extent to which it

may be carried in giving any desired form and expression to the features; but it led to somewhat unexpected consequences. Some readers took it for a portrait of the author; and a matter-of-fact baronet, who surely must have been (by descent at least) Scotch, remarked, "What a singular-looking person Mr. Waterton must be!" This was a mistake which the naturalist found it necessary to correct in his next work; and in his last book of Essays he has put the matter beyond a doubt by furnishing us with his *vera effigies* from a picture by an American artist. His native good-temper also soon resumed its dominion, and he did not persist in a refusal to benefit mankind because he had been shabbily treated at the Liverpool Custom-house. On the contrary, he has given every facility to the extended publication of his system. When Mrs. Lee was preparing the sixth edition of her book on Taxidermy, she applied to him on the subject and received an invitation to Walton Hall, where he personally explained and exemplified his mode of procedure. She bears witness to the great beauty of the results, and to the complete preservation of his specimens after a lapse of more than twenty years; so that the solution of corrosive sublimate in alcohol seems to justify all that Mr. Waterton has said in its favour, as at once a better preservative than the arsenical soap, and a much less dangerous one to the operator.

"It would be irrelevant to the purport of this book," says Mrs. Lee, "if I were here to enumerate every proof of the beauty of this system which I saw at Walton Hall, or if I were to attempt to describe the other wonders of Mr. Waterton's 'Island Home;' suffice it, then, to say, that whether I turned my eyes upon the feathered tribe or quadrupeds,—upon animals with thick fur or with close, with spiked or with horny coverings,—upon reptiles, crustacea, or insects,—or watched the magic touches which seemed to restore the dead to life, or considered the genius which dictated and the keen observation which guided every operation,—my admiration was equally excited. To the eye of a close and accurate observer, Mr. Waterton adds extreme dexterity; and both may, perhaps, be acquired by practice; but few are gifted as he is with a cool judgment of nature's works, which is not easily deceived, and which prefers common sense to romance. On these has he based his conclusions; and from his decisions I should say that there is no appeal. He has, as it were, created an atmosphere of natural history round his singularly beautiful dwelling; and in the undisturbed asylum which he offers to the inhabitants of the air, he has an opportunity of still gratifying those propensities which led him to wander through the forests of South America."

Though Mr. Waterton's strictures on the present condition of museums, and the higher standard he has raised and instructed us how to attain to, may be deemed the most important practical

contribution made by him to science, it is very far indeed from exhausting the good service he has done. The unadorned simplicity and directness with which he has conveyed the results of his observations to his readers may cause them to be underrated by those who value what may be called the martinetism of science, and on one occasion gained him a sneering allusion as an "amateur;" a title which seems to have annoyed him, though why it should have done so we are unable to see. He *is* an amateur, or *amator*, who pursues his subject from no secondary objects, but from the pure love of it for its own sake, and who has had in its fullness the best side of the special education it requires—a life-long acquaintance with its manifestations in the open woods and fields. And it is because this loving spirit is so deep and true that it shines in every page he writes on his favourite theme, and gives it a grace and charm which we too often seek in vain in the cold writings of the professed man of science. How insensibly and how pleasantly do we become acquainted with the woods of Guiana, and the varied forms of life which they contain, through the medium of his *Wanderings*; and what a noble picture they contain of a resolute spirit of adventure, a quiet contempt of pain and difficulty, and a manly and compassionate heart! Without any sentimental abhorrence for taking life, he has the greatest disgust of killing for killing's sake; no living creature rouses his fear, nor on the other hand his antipathy; and his life in the forests forms a strong contrast to the boastful and murderous records of some of our South-African heroes. Alone, or only accompanied by an old negro, he penetrated into the untravelled woods which lie at the back of our Guiana settlements; with bare feet, and armed only with his gun, or a long stick with a bayonet at the end, his sole *impedimenta* a hammock and a sheet, he walked through the tropical forests, ascended the rivers, and bivouacked under the open sky. He tells his adventures with candour, enhancing them neither by bravado nor hypocritical depreciation. "Some of my encounters," he says, modestly speaking of them at a later time, "may appear hairbreadth escapes, and very alarming things, to readers at their own fireside, but to me in the forest they appeared not so. . . . I was well fitted out for adventures. I went expressly to look for wild-beasts; and having found them, it would have been impossible for me to have refrained from coming in actual contact with them." "It may appear a difficult task at a distance," says he in another place; "but look close at it, and it is nothing at all: provided thou hast but a quiet mind, little more is necessary; and the genius which presides over these wilds will kindly help thee through with the rest. She will allow thee to slay the fawn and to cut down the mountain-cabbage for thy support, and to select

from every part of her domain whatever may be necessary for the work thou art about ; but having killed a pair of doves in order to enable thee to give to mankind a true and proper description of them, thou must not destroy a third through wantonness, or to show what a good marksman thou art ; that would only blot the picture thou art finishing, not colour it."

Insects, he tells us, do but cause more or less pain ; and venomous serpents only require caution and coolness to deal with them. He laughs at the idea which some writers have formed of their numbers ; and though constantly on the look-out for them, found them not always very easy to meet with. When he does come across them, he has some curious adventures, which few readers will envy him, most of us agreeing rather with the native sentiment on the subject ; for, says Mr. Waterton, "when I was in the forests of Guiana I could never coax an Indian to approach a snake with composure, although I showed him that no danger was to be apprehended if he only went the right way to work." The last volume of *Essays* contains a paper in vindication of snakes, which affords one or two instances of the sort of composure in which we are not surprised to find the Indians deficient :

"I was once put to my wit's-end as to whether the snake before me was armed with poison-fangs or not. It lay reposing on the branch of a bush about four feet or so from the ground, and was of marvellous beauty. It showed a vivid green throughout the whole of its body, which was chequered with markings of ivory-white. This puzzled me much ; and for the life of me I could not pronounce whether it were of good or of evil parentage. So I laid hold of it with all possible caution. It proved to be eight feet long, and venomous."

Not very long ago, at Leeds, he set himself the task of removing eight-and-twenty rattlesnakes from a box to a glass-case. On the appearance of the first of these uninviting reptiles gliding through the opening when the lid was raised, the professional gentlemen, who had assembled to see them kill rabbits and guinea-pigs, rushed headlong out of the room, "as though the apparition of death were present among them." The experienced and fearless friend of snakes, however, replaced the truant, and reassured the company ; after which he quietly opened the door, softly placed his hand behind the head of the snake which was nearest to him, and silently transferred it to the other cage ; and in the same manner disposed of the remaining seven-and-twenty. Talking of rattlesnakes, he laughs to scorn the story of the American farmer's boot, which, from having a fang imbedded in it, proved fatal to three successive wearers ; a story which most of us were required to believe in our youth. He does not speak without a warrant ; for on one occasion, when engaged

in dissecting the head of a rattlesnake, his hand slipped, and the fang pierced his thumb so as to draw blood. No evil consequences ensued. With all deference, however, to Mr. Waterton, and without any wish to defend the absurd anecdote of the boot, we should be very unwilling to try the effect of a puncture by the fang of a poisonous snake at all recently killed: the venom being transferred to the wound by the mechanical pressure of the root of the fang on the bag containing it, there seems no reason why it should not flow after death until the supply is dried up, which was probably the case with the snake Mr. Waterton operated on. To compare small things with great, most of us can bear witness that the sting of a wasp retains its efficiency after the death of the insect.

The early adventure with the coulacanara snake, a species of boa, demanded a more aggressive temper than the imprisoned rattlesnakes. Mr. Waterton's account of it is the model of a forest story. From himself with his Horace, to the little dog looking on, all is so lively and picturesque that it rivals his more famous adventure with the cayman :

"The sun had just passed the meridian in a cloudless sky ; there was scarcely a bird to be seen, for the winged inhabitants of the forest, as though overcome by heat, had retired to the thickest shade : all would have been like midnight silence, were it not for the shrill voice of the pi-pi-yo every now and then resounding from a distant tree. I was sitting, with a little Horace in my hand, on what had once been the steps which formerly led up to the now mouldering and dismantled building. The negro and his little dog came down the hill in haste, and I was soon informed that a snake had been discovered ; but it was a young one, called the Bush-master, a rare and poisonous snake.

I instantly rose up ; and laying hold of the eight-foot lance, which was close by me, 'Well then, daddy,' said I, 'we'll go and have a look at the snake.' I was barefoot, with an old hat and check-shirt and trousers on, and a pair of braces to keep them up. The negro had his cutlass ; and as we ascended the hill, another negro, armed with a cutlass, joined us, judging from our pace that there was something to do. The little dog came along with us ; and when we had got about half a mile in the forest, the negro stopped, and pointed to the fallen tree. All was still and silent. I told the negroes not to stir from the place where they were, and keep the little dog in, and that I would go in and reconnoitre.

I advanced up to the place, slow and cautious. The snake was well concealed, but at last I made him out ; it was a coulacanara, not poisonous, but large enough to have crushed any of us to death. On measuring him afterwards, he was something more than fourteen feet long. This species of snake is very rare, and much thicker in proportion to his length than any other snake in the forest. A coulacanara of fourteen feet in length is as thick as a common boa of twenty-four.

After skinning this snake, I could easily get my head into his mouth, as the singular formation of the jaws admits of wonderful extension.

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On ascertaining the size of the serpent which the negro had just found, I retired slowly the way I came, and promised four dollars to the negro who had shown it to me, and one to the other who had joined us. Aware that the day was on the decline, and that the approach of night would be detrimental to the dissection, a thought struck me that I could take him alive. I imagined, if I could strike him with the lance behind the head, and pin him to the ground, I might succeed in capturing him. When I told this to the negroes, they begged and entreated me to let them go for a gun and bring more force, as they were sure the snake would kill some of us.

I had been at the siege of Troy for nine years; and it would not do now to carry back to Greece *nul decimo nisi dedecus anno*. I mean, I had been in search of a large serpent for years; and now, having come up with one, it did not become me to turn soft. So, taking a cutlass from one of the negroes, and then ranging both the sable slaves behind me, I told them to follow me, and that I would cut them down if they offered to fly. I smiled as I said this; but they shook their heads in silence, and seemed to have but a bad heart of it.

When we got up to the place, the serpent had not stirred; but I could see nothing of his head, and I judged by the folds of his body that it must be at the farthest side of his den. A species of woodbine had formed a complete mantle over the branches of the fallen tree, almost impervious to the rain or the rays of the sun. Probably he had resorted to this sequestered place for a length of time, as it bore marks of an ancient settlement.

I now took my knife, determining to cut away the woodbine, and break the twigs in the gentlest manner possible, till I could get a view of his head. One negro stood guard close behind me with the lance; and near him the other with a cutlass. The cutlass which I had taken from the first negro was on the ground close by me, in case of need.

After working in dead silence for a quarter of an hour, with one knee all the time on the ground, I had cleared away enough to see his head. It appeared coming out betwixt the first and second coil of the body, and was flat on the ground. This was the very position I wished it to be in.

I rose in silence, and retreated very slowly, making a sign to the negroes to do the same. The dog was sitting at a distance in mute observance. I could now read in the face of the negroes that they considered this as a very unpleasant affair; and they made another attempt to persuade me to let them go for a gun. I smiled in a good-natured manner, and made a feint to cut them down with the weapon I had in my hand. This was all the answer I made to their request, and they looked very uneasy.

It must be observed, we were now about twenty yards from the snake's den. I now ranged the negroes behind me, and told him who stood next to me to lay hold of the lance the moment I struck the snake, and that the other must attend my movements. It now only remained



to take their cutlasses from them; for I was sure, if I did not disarm them, they would be tempted to strike the snake in time of danger, and thus for ever spoil his skin. On taking their cutlasses from them, if I might judge from their physiognomy, they seemed to consider it as a most intolerable act of tyranny in me. Probably nothing kept them from bolting but the consolation that I was to be betwixt them and the snake. Indeed my own heart, in spite of all I could do, beat quicker than usual; and I felt those sensations which one has on board a merchant-vessel in war-time, when the captain orders all hands on deck to prepare for action, while a strange vessel is coming down upon us under suspicious colours.

We went slowly on in silence, without moving our arms or heads, in order to prevent all alarm as much as possible, lest the snake should glide off, or attack us in self-defence. I carried the lance perpendicularly before me, with the point about a foot from the ground. The snake had not moved; and on getting up to him, I struck him with the lance on the near side, just behind the neck, and pinned him to the ground. That moment the negro next to me seized the lance, and held it firm in its place, while I dashed head foremost into the den to grapple with the snake, and to get hold of his tail before he could do any mischief.

On pinning him to the ground with the lance, he gave a tremendous loud hiss; and the little dog ran away, howling as he went. We had a sharp fray in the den, the rotten sticks flying on all sides, and each party struggling for superiority. I called out to the second negro to throw himself upon me, as I found I was not heavy enough. He did so, and the additional weight was of great service. I had now got firm hold of his tail; and after a violent struggle or two, he gave in, finding himself overpowered. This was the moment to secure him. So, while the first negro continued to hold the lance firm to the ground, and the other was helping me, I contrived to unloose my braces, and with them tied up the snake's mouth.

The snake now, finding himself in an unpleasant situation, tried to better himself, and set resolutely to work; but we overpowered him. We contrived to make him twist himself round the shaft of the lance, and then prepared to convey him out of the forest. I stood at his head, and held it firm under my arm; one negro supported the belly, and the other the tail. In this order we began to move slowly towards home, and reached it after resting ten times; for the snake was too heavy for us to support him without stopping to recruit our strength. As we proceeded onwards with him, he fought hard for freedom; but it was all in vain."

He was put in a bag, and spent the night in his captor's bedroom; and was killed and dissected next morning.

Tastes differ as to snakes. We were once called on by a gentleman who set down a small basket on a side-table, incidentally mentioning that it contained vipers; that his little brother in the country, hearing there was a brood of young rattlesnakes at the Zoological Gardens, had begged him to bring him one; that he had been there for the purpose, but found they were not to

be sold, and was going to try and content the little fellow with some vipers. On another occasion we met a young gentleman in a railway-carriage on the South-Western line, holding his coat-pocket very tight, with an anxious expression of countenance. He confided to us that he had just purchased a snake from a man on Waterloo Bridge, who had assured him it was worth a 'bob' to put in any gentleman's garden; that since he had taken his seat a story had occurred to his memory of a venomous foreign snake having been found in one of the London sewers; and though pretty well convinced of the absurdity of the story, he could not quite shake off the impression that the captive so restlessly twisting about in his pocket might be no common English snake, as he had imagined, but some

"Asp, or amphibiaena dire,  
Cerastes horned, hydras, or elops drear;"

though some of these, indeed, might prove rather large for pocket editions. These fears, however, as we were afterwards happy to learn, proved unfounded.

The results of Mr. Waterton's observations on snakes may be summed up in a few words. They all move from left to right, with the head a little raised, never in curves up and down, as our pictures so often represent them; the eye, which they have no power of moving, seems to be looking towards you in whatever direction you view it; they have none of the nauseous smell, or factor, commonly ascribed to them; they never attack except for the purposes of food or in self-defence—*Noli me tangere* is their motto. They feed by night. He is disposed to believe the poison-fang is rarely, if ever, used in killing animals for subsistence, but only against aggressors. He is at a loss to account for the ill-will they have so universally obtained, unless, indeed, the "sad affair in paradise" may have entailed these consequences on the family. For himself, he found them much less numerous and less troublesome than he had anticipated, and on his part was not disposed to injure them. "I have seen more monkeys in one day than I have found snakes during my entire sojourn in the forests. When I did fall in with them (and they were not wanted for dissection), whether they were poisonous or harmless, I would contemplate them for a few minutes ere I proceeded, and would say, 'Gentlemen of rainbow-colours, be not alarmed at my intrusion; I am not come hither to attempt your lives, nor to offer wanton molestation. This boundless territory affords an ample range to both yourselves and me. Our interests can never clash, as though we were in commerce; so pray enjoy yourselves, and let me do the same.'" The hues of their skins he has found it impossible to preserve in their native splendour; and his ill-success in this respect draws

from him a little burst of pathos, and a quotation the appropriateness of which is unimpeachable.

"I can restore the exact form and features of dissected animals. But there I stop. Scales of snakes, and those of fishes, after death must infallibly lose their metallic splendour; do what you choose, a skin will assume the hue of parchment.

Could these sad changes by the hand of death be obviated with success, then, indeed, our specimens for museums would be as though in life, saving the loss of motion. But on viewing them, after all has been done that can be done, we are forced to exclaim with poor Margaret in Mallet's inimitable ballad,

'That face, alas, no more is fair,  
That lip no longer red;  
Dark are my eyes, now closed in death,  
And every charm is fled.'

A considerable part of the last volume of *Essays* is occupied by a "new history of the monkey family." Altogether new it can scarcely be called; for it is in great measure an amplification of matter which, in a more concise form, has appeared in one or other of the former volumes. A good deal of what is here told us is what may be called negative statement. Mr. Waterton will not hear of fights between monkeys and wild-beasts, or of pongos clubbing elephants or stealing negro-girls: he says, they cannot throw cocoa-nuts or any thing else at us, and with the solitary exception of the apes at Gibraltar, whom some strange vagary of fate has imprisoned there, they are inhabitants of the vast tropical forests; never dwell on the ground, or even visit it, except occasionally, but live wholly in trees: and he puts in a very clear and simple form their physical adaptation to this mode of life. He tells us, moreover, that they have no fixed haunts, no homes or nests, still less build huts, the young always being carried about clinging to the body of the mother. "You will no more," says Mr. Waterton, "find a monkey stationed in a hollow tree, than myself in a pew in the parish-church." He maintains that one monkey will never be found preaching to a collection of others; but that one individual, of a particular variety, can make noises so loud and various as to sound not only like a preacher, but a large and widely-dissenting congregation into the bargain. He enlivens his pages by a dialogue between one of these monkeys, called in Demerara the "Howler," and the ant-bear; of which we must say that, though their conversation is instructive, it is scarcely conducted with so much vivacity as we should have expected from the howling monkey.

"'I thought that you inhabitants of the trees, Mr. Howler,' said the ant-bear, 'never troubled the ground?' 'I thought so too,' replied the preacher monkey, 'until very lately. But I fancy that I must

have got drunk one night at a party of our preachers. All I remember was, that I came whack to the ground; and that soon after daylight I found myself on a man's shoulders, and he was carrying me off. When I had recovered my senses sufficiently to know what was going on, I made my teeth meet in his ugly cheek. So he threw me down, and left me to myself. All this was pure accident; but here, alas, I am with my back broken, and for ever incapacitated from returning to the trees, which are my native haunts.' 'I see clearly,' replied the ant-bear, 'that you are out of your element; but pray, Mr. Howler,' continued he, 'how many of you howler monkeys assemble together, when you have determined to give the woods a benefit of your preaching? We are gravely told by an author that you assemble for that purpose.' 'The idea of our howling in concert,' rejoined the preacher monkey, 'is most absurd. 'Tis the invention of a wag, believed and handed down in writing by some closet-naturalist or other. Gentlemen of this last description seldom possess discrimination enough to distinguish truth from error. They will just as soon (most unintentionally, no doubt) offer husks left by swine for sound corn. Had one compiler not referred his readers to a work written by a man whom he styles, "an eccentric writer," the public would still be ignorant of my true history. Now that "eccentric writer," disdaining information acquired in the closet, dashed boldly into the heart of our tropical forests, and there convinced himself that one solitary individual of my tribe produces by his own efforts alone all those astounding sounds which naturalists have attributed to a whole bevy of monkeys assembled on the trees to howl in concert. But you, Mr. Ant-bear, if reports be true, are said to get your daily food from ants' nests, high up in the forest trees?' 'Mr. Howler,' replied the ant-bear, 'if writers on natural history bring *you* to the ground from the tops of the trees, in order that you may find your daily food, I don't see why these gentlemen should not elevate *me* to the tops of trees in quest of mine.'

\* 'Now, good Mr. Howler, pray look at my hind-feet, and examine them well. They are just like those of a dog, totally unfit for climbing, whilst the fore-ones are most unlikely for that purpose. The curvature of the three long claws, added to the inward bending of the foot itself, ought to convince any body, one would think, that we ant-bears draw no nutriment from ants' nests in the high trees of the forest. 'Tis quite true that huge ants' nests are seen amongst the trees; but it does not follow from this that we are to place our lives in jeopardy by attempting to draw our food from them. The ground itself swarms with millions upon millions of insects, fat and healthy, through the whole extent of our wooded empire. Upon these ants I exist. Neither am I in fear of an enemy. My skin is tough enough to resist the teeth of a hungry tiger, whilst my claws are the dread of every rushing foe.'

'Then,' remarked the howler monkey, 'our respective customs are opposite in the extreme. You draw your nutriment from the ground, whilst I procure mine from the trees. You would perish in the trees, and I should die on the ground for want of food. Were I to abandon the trees, and be attacked on the ground, my death would be certain; for I can neither save myself by flight nor by fight. In the trees alone

I am safe ; whilst you, Mr. Ant-bear, would be awkwardness itself in a tree, and would soon wish yourself down again.'"

The sloth, too, with his "flat hair that puts you in mind of grass withered by the wintry blast," has been as much misrepresented, or more so, than the apes and monkeys. Nature meant him to live suspended under the branches of trees ; and though if you put him on the ground he is helpless enough, yet in his own place he has no lack of active powers of motion, and enjoys life in a way which renders the pity which has been showered on his uncouthness and misery a mere waste. He is not compelled to strip one tree before he goes to the next, but takes a mouthful or two of foliage and passes on ; he can descend if he likes, though it is more to his purpose to cross from one tree to another, and he is never reduced to the expedient of falling heavily to the ground from the top of one tree preparatory to ascending the next. He is an animal who, though his sphere is limited, is perfectly adapted to it ; and this restriction to a special mode of life he shares with many other animals. Indeed, Mr. Waterton knows of only two animals capable of accommodating themselves to every climate and condition of life, and possessed of ingenuity enough to command a livelihood in every exigency. These are man and the Hapoverian rat ; a creature whose destructive propensities, and traditional connection with Protestantism and the arrival of that "sordid foreigner" William III., single him out as the one living creature which Mr. Waterton hates, and which is denied the kindly and wide-embracing hospitality of Walton Hall. To be plundered in moderation by the genuine English black rat "of the olden time," whom he apostrophises as "poor injured Briton !" he would not, we think, greatly object ; but to be infested by one at once insatiable in appetite and prolific beyond reason—a heretic, a foreigner, and a supplanter of the Stuarts—this is *un peu trop fort*. Cannibals, indeed, he denies them to be ; but that is in support of a theory ; and he declines to accord them even the very few virtues which their warmest supporters have discovered. He contemptuously disposes of the story told him by one of his farmers of his having seen a young "ratten" leading an infirm one by a straw ; though similar stories have come from two or three such different sources that it is not easy to refuse the animals credit for some feeling for the infirmities of age. Rats have had such ample justice done them lately in the *Quarterly*, that the topic is pretty well exhausted for the present ; yet we will add one more testimony to the resoluteness and audacity of their behaviour under difficulties.

A gentleman, worthy of all credit, and who may be the more readily trusted as his story acknowledges his own defeat, was roused one night by a heavy bumping noise on the stairs. Un-

able to account for it, he rose, donned his dressing-gown, and with his candle in his hand proceeded to investigate the cause. Halfway down-stairs he perceived a large rat employed in facilitating the descent of a half-loaf by pushing it down from one step to another. Anxious to redeem his property, the owner descended after it. The rat at first continued his exertions, but as the enemy gained upon him he changed his tactics, and turning his front upwards, began to climb towards his opponent. This was just such an intruder as might with all justice have been kicked down-stairs; but so stern was his air and so menacing his aspect that the gentleman hesitated, and hesitation ended in retreat. His feet being armed only with slippers, he lost heart and began slowly to ascend backwards; while the rat deliberately mounted after him, and thus steadily drove him back to his bedroom, the door of which he shut in the face of his foe, and terminated the adventure by retiring to bed, while the rat returned to his well-earned booty.

The author of the *Wanderings* has been accused by one of his detractors of a tendency to "dress truth in the garb of fiction." By this judiciously-selected figure he means to convey, not that the object of his animadversion conveys his information in parables, but that he is guilty of false statements. We mention his accusation only to draw attention to the conscientious accuracy of all Mr. Waterton's accounts of his own experiences. When he speaks of what he has himself seen, he may be implicitly trusted; nor, we believe, has his accuracy in such matters ever been successfully impugned; and every candid reader will find throughout his writings a vein of honourable feeling and a careful observance of exact limits in all that he advances on the warranty of his own experience, which furnish in themselves a sufficient evidence of his trustworthiness; and when Swainson contradicts his account of the size and fierceness of the cayman, his *animus* and his insufficient knowledge are apparent, and no one can doubt where the truth lies. Even Mr. Waterton's religious predilections, though they may lead him to very wrong conclusions, never suffice to bias his statements. In one of his books he has given a long account of how he witnessed the miraculous liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius. Nothing can exceed the fervour of his devotion, or the intensity of his conviction. He remained in the cathedral eight hours, kissing the case containing the two vials five times at hourly intervals after the liquefaction had taken place; he humbly praises Almighty God "for this signal mark of His favour in the stupendous miracle which had just taken place;" and he concludes by saying: "Nothing in the whole course of my life has struck me so forcibly as this occurrence. Every thing else in the shape of adventures now appears to me to be trivial and of no amount. I here state in

the most unqualified manner my firm conviction\* that the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius is miraculous beyond the shadow of a doubt. Were I to conceal this my conviction from the public eye, I should question the soundness of both my head and heart, and charge my pen with arrant cowardice." Yet he never for a moment professes to have seen more than the most sceptical heretic must have seen on the same occasion. The newly-published volume of Essays contains the narrative of a visit to the Ecstatica of the Tyrol, marked by the same unquestioning faith and conscientious statement. He believes implicitly all that is told him; but he himself only felt the cicatrix on her left hand, and saw her attitude of ecstatic devotion and her sudden resumption of the kneeling from the recumbent posture. It is true, he thinks her mode of rising could be rivalled by no other human being; but he states this, not absolutely, but as his own conviction: and unexceptionable witness as we esteem him, we should by no means like to tie ourselves to his deductions. He is no very strict reasoner, and arrives at somewhat arbitrary results. Often his scepticism is as remarkable as his capacity for belief, and his reasons for not believing are not always conclusive. He is somewhat too fond of seeking occasion to correct errors. When he can set us right in a moment by his personal knowledge of a fact, we are grateful to him. When he insists on reasoning us out of our mistake, we don't always follow him with conviction, and sometimes his prejudices have too full play. He is apt to make his own experience the measure of all truth. Because he has never seen monkeys out of trees, he will not believe any of the tribe ever dwelt elsewhere. Yet we know not why we should discredit the accounts of the African baboons living on the mountains; and, if we are to judge by the external conformation of the feet,—a test which Mr. Waterton as contemptuously rejects in the case of birds as he confidently appeals to it in that of monkeys,—we might urge that some baboons seem to carry about with them cushions especially adapted for sitting down in stony places. His wide assertions that carnivorous animals are never in any sense gregarious, and that even wolves and wild-dogs never hunt in packs, might be adduced, among other instances, to show how loosely and dogmatically he sometimes reasons. He of all men ought to avoid employing *à priori* arguments upon ascertainable facts.

Occasionally he insists on telling us at some length things which we knew before. In his last volume, for instance, he devotes an Essay to Cannibalism, which savours somewhat of book-making. He admits that wrecked seamen perishing from hunger have now and then drawn lots for their lives, and that savages occasionally feast upon their prisoners of war; yet he cannot believe that men are what he calls "real" cannibals. He is convinced

we were not created to eat one another, and finds strong support for this view in Scripture.

"If man," he argues, "had originally been formed by his Maker to be a cannibal, that is, as I have just observed, to feed upon his fellow-man, in order to satisfy the craving of his hunger, there does not seem to have been any particular objection why Cain, after his murder of Abel, should not have had a joint out of him for his own dinner.

Still, there is no mention made that Cain, on this occasion, did treat himself to a feast on any part of his brother's body. Wherefore we may safely infer that man was not created to feed upon his own species."

Even brute beasts do not devour their fellows: "Tigers, known to be so sanguinary, never feed on tigers." The Roman poet, he goes on to tell us,—and we bow at once to the authority,—"has justly given man a character which raises him far above the level of all animals." That worst of beasts, the "Hanoverian rat," only eats its congeners under the pressure of necessity; and even a sow must be depraved by domestication before she devours her litter. Shall man take a lower place than these? Besides, look at it in another point of view:

"Were man a real cannibal, he would make use of his superior powers of mind to plot against the lives of his fellow-creatures in order to gratify his appetite. He would be for ever bent on their destruction, and they on his, until the race of uninstructed men, generally known by the name of savages, became entirely extinct.

Moderation would be out of the case. A cannibal could not think of confining himself once in a way to a festive dinner on his tender sister, or to a single dish of soup made out of his old grandmother. He would want more of the delicious nutriment; and he would continue to long after human flesh wherever there was an opportunity of obtaining it."

This is the argument of the Kilkenny cats, a sort of *reductio ad caudas*, or worse, as we are considering the reciprocal devourings of a tailless species. We agree with all this. Mr. Waterton has convinced us that we were not meant to prey on one another in any other than a metaphorical sense; and that the inconveniences of the father of a family beginning, like charity, at home, and eating outwards to the verge of his remotest connections, would be complicated and endless. We think, too, that if we had space sufficient at our disposal, we could convince the most sceptical that lions will be among the last to join the vegetarian movement, and that no horse in a state of nature sits down to boiled mutton and capers. Whether among some nations, as the ancient Mexicans, cannibalism, under the sanction of religion, has not been a somewhat widely observed custom; and whether again, among some races of islanders, the simple gust



for flesh-meat has not been the actuating motive for the slaughter of a stranger or a slave,—is a question which we are not disposed to discuss, and which Mr. Waterton's discursive essay flies wide of. But this is not to be taken as a specimen of Mr. Waterton's writing, only as a proof that he does unwisely to stray off his own ground. His earlier books are better than his last, because he adhered more strictly to it.

He often appears as a controversialist in matters of natural history; and has this formidable advantage, that he generally knows more about the matter in question than his adversary. The grand dispute of his life has been with Mr. Audubon, as to whether the vulture has a nose or not. All the world agrees that he has got large nostrils. Mr. Waterton thinks they are to smell with. Mr. Audubon thinks not. If they have any use, he imagines it to be to enable him to breathe more freely while gorging himself. The vulture, he maintains, owes his skill in detecting carrion at great distances to the keenness of his eyesight. This view he first promulgated in a paper read before the Wernerian Natural History Society of Edinburgh; and "felt proud," as he tells us, "on having at last broken the charm by which men had so long been held in ignorance respecting the history of our vultures; assured that the breach which I had made upon a general and deeply-rooted opinion must gradually dissolve it, as well as many other absurdities which have for ages infested science, like the vile grub beneath the bark of the noblest forest-tree, retarding its growth until happily removed by the constant hammerings of the industrious woodpecker."

But in this breach Mr. Waterton presented himself; and set himself, not without a good deal of acrimony, to wring the neck of this industrious woodpecker. Audubon endeavoured to substantiate his view, indeed mainly founded his theory, upon two or three experiments; and a further set of trials corroborating his results were made in concert by a number of American gentlemen, who signed their names to a memorandum on the subject. If credit is to be attached to these experiments,—and we see no reason why credit should be refused them,—they seem, as far as they go, to establish the fact that food, in however advanced a stage of putrefaction, will not be discovered by vultures if entirely concealed from sight; and that they may be so far deceived by the stuffed figure of a dead animal, or even the picture of a carcass on canvas, as to attempt to satisfy their appetite on them. This last experiment goes far, as Mr. Waterton observes, to deprive the vulture of his sight as well as of his smell, and leaves him destitute of all but his appetite. Zealous and enterprising a naturalist as Mr. Audubon was, his authority on any matter

requiring extended observation must be deemed inferior to that of Waterton. The former visited among the birds, often somewhat hastily, and mainly with the object of taking their portraits after they were killed; the latter has lived among them almost all his life. It is difficult to place the results of a few isolated and narrow experiments against the convictions of so experienced and accurate an observer, and against the consent of common opinion in those countries in which the vulture most abounds. If Mr. Waterton, instead of stigmatising his opponent as "the American who is not to be trusted," and attempting to discredit his experiments by rather rough raillery and not very convincing argument, had chosen to accept the results, he might, we think, have shown them to be not incompatible with his own view of the subject. It is quite possible that the vulture may be attracted from long distances by the scent of food, and yet not have the power which the dog has of tracking along the smell to the actual object from which it proceeds. Our own faculty is of the former kind; we can smell a bad smell in the house, we can say it comes from this room, and seems to be worse in this part of it; but no man in the world can walk up to a particular spot in the wainscot, and flattening his nose against it, say, Here is a dead rat. There is nothing difficult in supposing that the vulture, like ourselves, as it approaches the tainted object, becomes in some degree dependent on its sight. When Mr. Audubon hid his dead hog in a ravine, and covered it so that it was impossible to see it, he tells us that many vultures in search of food sailed over the field and ravine in all directions; but none discovered the carcass. Is it unreasonable to suppose that they were attracted by the smell, which he found insufferable within thirty yards; but not being able to discern the object from which it proceeded, were forced to retire disappointed? When we are told that a blinded vulture took no notice of food held within an inch of his nostrils, the experiment, if it proves any thing, proves that these birds are utterly destitute of smell; which is proving too much. But pain and captivity would no doubt, as Mr. Waterton urges, sufficiently account for his behaviour. "I myself," says that gentleman very feelingly, "have been unable to eat when in the gripes." It gives one, however, some measure of the good sense of the congregated American gentlemen, on whose evidence so much reliance is placed, to find that "the medical gentlemen who were present made a number of experiments to test the absurdity of a story widely circulated in the United States through the newspapers, that the eye of the vulture, when perforated, and the sight extinguished, would in a few minutes be restored in consequence of his placing his head under his wing, the down of which was said to restore his sight."

If it were possible to caricature this, we might imagine these same gentlemen announcing that they had taken without success hairs of dogs that had bitten them, and establishing beyond a doubt, by subtle chemical investigations, that the moon is *not* made of green cheese.

Another of Mr. Waterton's hard-fought controversies is as to whether the so-called oil-gland is given to birds for the sake of lubricating their plumage and rendering it water-repellant. This he denies with vehemence and endless iteration; and not without reason, as it seems to us. It is just possible, though there is no evidence capable of supporting the hypothesis, that the substance secreted by the gland may be used in minute quantities by birds in preening and dressing their feathers; but that ducks, sea-eagles, and other birds should be in the habit of covering their whole plumage with this oil, and that to this application they owe their power of diving under the surface of the water and emerging dry, seems to be as baseless a theory as was ever invented, though one gentleman does profess to have seen a sea-eagle covered with a substance like a thin clear solution of gum arabic. Mr. Waterton asks pointedly enough whether there was a distinct absence of this coating on parts, such as the head and neck, which the bird could not possibly reach with its bill; whether the oily nature of the substance was not apparent to the touch; and why, moreover, the small land-birds are supplied with this gland as well as water-fowl; and particularly why in all the duck tribe the gland is covered with "a very thick downy plumage, which would totally prevent the bird from obtaining any liquid from that quarter." It is not in the least necessary to account in this manner for the water-repellant power possessed by the plumage of many birds. It is simply a question of the arrangement of surface; and it seems probable, from the fact that some water-birds have been seen when under water to present a silvery appearance, that a coating of air remains attached to the plumage, and prevents any actual contact with the water. It has been lately shown that the surface of many plants possesses a similar power, and the lotus-leaf is said to present a curious instance of it; the lower side of the leaf being always wet, while the upper surface is never so, water gliding from it like quicksilver; and that this is due to the presence of a sheet of air entangled in the minute papillæ which cover the leaf, and not to oiliness, is proved by the brilliant reflecting-power possessed by the upper surface when immersed in water.

We like Mr. Waterton best, however, when he is out of his controversies and in good humour with himself and his readers, chatting cheerfully on his favourite themes. For his writing is less like writing than any other man's; it is like talking to you

in a garden. There is an irresistible frankness about his way of telling about himself, a reliance on your regard for him, that makes every reader of his autobiography feel as if a special confidence were reposed in him. All the little details of his life are noted down; all his feelings, his prepossessions, his dislikes, his convictions, his prejudices, flow as freely from his pen as if the public to whom he intrusts them were in good faith the "kindly reader" of the old prefaces. His notes on animals and birds will always remain, not only useful to scientific inquirers, but attractive to the general reader; and some time, we trust, the great doctrine they preach will have a wider observance—that the patient study of living things, and not the collecting of dead ones, is the true mode of advancing in the higher branches of natural history. No man has impressed this truth more strongly than Mr. Waterton has done by the whole example of his life. "Faunists," as a not less zealous and more widely cultivated scholar in the same school, White of Selborne, observes,— "faunists are too apt to acquiesce in bare descriptions, and a few synonyms; the reason is plain, because all that may be done at home in a man's study: but the investigation of the life and conversation of animals is a concern of much more trouble and difficulty, and is not to be attained but by the active and inquisitive, and by those that reside much in the country."

Just such a one is Mr. Waterton; and let none say his life has been wasted. The power which we have before noted as characterising his favourite pursuit, that of taking us out of ourselves and of nourishing a kindly interest in other living beings, gives it value; and the fact that it concerns itself with the highest of all phenomena, life, and life in its highest form next to ourselves, gives it dignity.

A man may forget himself in nobler occupations, no doubt,—in the higher forms of science, in philosophy, in polity, in war; but all men are not born to be great, and to be humbly wise with nature is better than to be greatly foolish; bird-nesting in the country is better than lion-hunting in town, and a day in the woods is as improving as one on the Stock Exchange. The lesser branches of knowledge never in themselves deserve contempt; it is when they serve as excuses to indolence and neglect of higher and more laborious occupations in minds of power and capacity for higher things that we regret to see them taken up. When Gray, without even any apparent object of attaining to general results, is found chronicling the weather and cataloguing the flowers, it is difficult not to despise the indifference which could excuse high faculties from high tasks by finding for them so petty a field of activity; and we are thrown back on what is no doubt a truth, that as fine gold is too soft for most practical pur-

poses, so an indolence of temperament seems often to be a necessary limitation to the working of some of the highest kinds of genius. But it is not easy to blame Mr. Waterton when, shut out, as he himself complains, from the public service of his country by his religious convictions, he falls back upon the pursuits most congenial to his tastes, and for which he is by nature so peculiarly adapted, and devotes himself with singular energy and fidelity to a study which, as we have said, is certainly not in itself to be despised, and has for him so special an attraction. May his last little book prosper.

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#### ART. IV.—THE ULTIMATE LAWS OF PHYSIOLOGY.

*The Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology* Edited by Robert B. Todd.

*Principles of Comparative Physiology* By William B. Carpenter, M.D., F.R.S., F.G.S. London John Churchill.

*The Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society.* No. 49, February 1857. London Longmans

*The Annals and Magazine of Natural History.* Nos. 102 and 103 London Taylor and Francis.

*Reports of the Royal Institution of Great Britain:* T. H. Huxley, Esq., "On Natural History, as Knowledge, Discipline, and Power"

WE might have more briefly termed the present Paper an essay on Transcendental Physiology. As used in Philosophy, the term *transcendental* is applied to inquiries of the most abstract character,—to such as deal, or endeavour to deal, not with special phenomena, but with the fundamental conditions of thought and existence. In Mathematics, the transcendental analysis is one which, passing beyond those particular relations of numbers dealt with by arithmetic, and passing beyond those general numerical relations which form the subject-matter of ordinary algebra, concerns itself with the still higher generalities underlying these general relations. Turning from these abstract sciences to concrete ones, we find the title Transcendental Anatomy used to distinguish that division of biological science which treats, not of the structure of individual organisms, but of the general principles of structure common to vast and varied groups of organisms,—the unity of plan, the constancy of type, discernible throughout multitudinous genera and orders which are more or less widely different in appearance. And

here, under the head of Transcendental Physiology, we purpose putting together sundry laws of development and function which apply, not to particular kinds or classes of organisms, but to all organisms: laws, some of which have not, we believe, been hitherto enunciated.

By way of unobtrusively introducing the general reader to this highest class of biological truths, let us begin by briefly noticing one or two with which he is already familiar. Take first, the relation between the activity of an organ and its growth—the fact that the more active any organ, the more it expands. This is a universal relation. It holds, not only of a bone, a muscle, a nerve, an organ of sense, a mental faculty; but of every gland, every viscus, every element of the body. It is seen, not in man only, but in each animal in which we have adequate opportunity of tracing it; and not in animals only, but in plants. Always providing that the performance of function is not so excessive as to produce disorder, or exceed the repairing powers either of the system at large or of the particular agencies by which nutriment is brought to the organ,—always providing this, it is a law of organised bodies, that, other things equal, development varies as function. On this law are based all maxims and methods of right education, intellectual, moral, and physical; and when statesmen are wise enough to see it, this law will be found to underlie all right legislation.

Another of these truths which are co-extensive with the organic creation, is that of hereditary transmission. It is not, as commonly supposed, that hereditary transmission is exemplified merely in the perpetuation of the family peculiarities seen either in immediate or remote progenitors. Nor does the law of hereditary transmission comprehend only such more general facts as that modified plants or animals become the parents of permanent varieties; and that new kinds of wheat or potatoes, new breeds of sheep or cattle, new races of men, have been thus originated. These are but minor exemplifications of the law. Understood in its entirety, the law is, that each plant or animal produces others of like kind with itself: the likeness of kind consisting not so much in the repetition of individual traits as in the assumption of the same generic structure. This truth has become by daily illustration so familiar as almost to have lost its significance. That wheat produces wheat,—that existing oxen are descended from ancestral oxen,—that every unfolding organism ultimately takes the form of the class, order, genus, and species from which it sprang,—is a fact which by force of repetition has assumed in our minds almost the character of a necessity. It is in this, however, that the law of hereditary transmission is principally displayed: the phenomena

commonly referred to it being quite subordinate manifestations. And the law, as thus understood, is universal. Not forgetting the apparent, but only apparent, exceptions presented by the strange class of phenomena known as "alternate generation," the truth that like produces like is common to all races of organisms.

Let us take next a universal physiological law of a less conspicuous kind, and one of but recent establishment. To the ordinary observer, it seems that the multiplication of organisms proceeds in a variety of ways. He sees that the young of the higher animals are born with a general likeness to their parents; that birds lay eggs, which they foster and hatch; that fish deposit spawn, and leave it. Among plants, he finds that while in some cases new individuals grow from seeds only, in others, as in that of the potato, they grow from tubers; that by certain plants layers are sent out, take root, and develop new individuals; and that many plants are produced from cuttings and buds. Further, in the mould that makes its appearance on stale food, and the infusoria that soon swarm in water exposed to air and light, he sees a mode of generation which, seeming, as it does, inexplicable, he is apt to consider "spontaneous." The partially instructed naturalist thinks the modes of reproduction still more various. He discovers that whole tribes of creatures multiply by gemmation—by a development from the body of the parent of buds, which, after unfolding into the parental form, separate and lead independent lives. He learns that among the microscopic forms of both animal and vegetable life, the ordinary mode of multiplication is by spontaneous fission—by a splitting-up of the original individual into two or more individuals, which by and by severally repeat the process. Still more remarkable are the cases in which, as in the *Aphis*, an egg gives rise to an imperfect female, from which other imperfect females are born viviparously, grow, and in their turns bear other imperfect females; and so on for eight, ten, or more generations, until finally perfect males and females are viviparously produced. But now under all these, and many more, modified modes of multiplication, the advanced physiologist finds that there is at bottom complete uniformity. The starting-point, not only of every higher animal or plant, but of every clan of organisms which by fission or gemmation have sprung from a single organism, is always a spore, seed, or ovum. The millions of infusoria or of aphides which, by subdivision or gemmation, have proceeded from one individual; the countless plants that may be successively propagated from one original plant by cuttings or tubers; are, in common with the highest creature, primarily descended from a fertilised germ. And in all cases—in the humblest alga as in the oak, in the

protozoon as in the mammal—this fertilised germ results from the union of the contents of two cells. Whether, as in the lowest forms of life, these two cells are of seemingly identical nature, or whether, as in higher forms, they are distinguishable into sperm-cell and germ-cell, it remains throughout true that from their combination results the mass out of which is evolved a new organism or new series of organisms. Here we have another of the truths of Transcendental Physiology: a truth which *transcends* all distinctions of genus, order, class, kingdom, and applies to every living thing whatever.

Yet another generalisation of like universality is that which formulates the process of organic development. To the uninitiated this seems variable. No very obvious parallelism exists between the unfolding of a plant and the unfolding of an animal. There is no manifest similarity between the development of a mammal, which proceeds without break from its first to its last phase, and that of an insect, which is divided into strongly marked stages—egg, larva, pupa, imago. Nevertheless it is now an established fact that all organisms are evolved after one general method. At the outset the germ of every plant or animal is homogenous; and every advance towards maturity is an advance towards greater heterogeneity. Every organised thing commences as a structureless mass, and progresses towards its ultimate complexity by the establishment of distinctions upon distinctions,—by the divergence of tissues from tissues and organs from organs. Here, then, we have yet another biological law of transcendental generality.

Having thus indicated the scope of Transcendental Physiology by presenting its leading truths, we have prepared the way for the considerations that are to follow.

And first, returning to the last of the great generalisations above given, let us inquire more nearly how this change from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous is carried on. Usually it is said to result from successive differentiations. This, however, we conceive to be a very incomplete account of the process. As every physiologist knows, there occurs, during the evolution of an organism, not only separation of parts, but coalescence of parts. There is not only segregation, but aggregation. The heart, at first a large, long, pulsating blood-vessel, by and by twists upon itself and becomes integrated. The layer of bile-cells constituting the rudimentary liver, do not simply diverge from the surface of the intestine on which they at first lie, but they simultaneously consolidate into a definite organ. And the gradual concentration seen in these and other cases forms an essential part of the developmental process.



This progressive integration, which is seen alike in tracing up the several stages passed through by every embryo, and in ascending from the lower organic forms to the higher, may be most conveniently studied under several heads. Let us consider first what may be called *longitudinal integration*.

The lower *Annulosa*—worms, myriapods, &c.—are characterised by the great number of segments of which they consist, reaching in some cases to several hundreds; but as we advance to the higher *Annulosa*—centipedes, crustaceans, insects, spiders—we find this number greatly reduced, down to twenty-two, thirteen, and even fewer; and accompanying this there is a shortening or integration of the whole body, reaching its extreme in the crab and the spider, which stand at the head of this sub-kingdom. Similarly if we watch the development of an individual crustacean or insect. The thorax of a lobster, which in the adult forms, with the head, one compact box containing the viscera, is made up by the union of a number of segments which in the embryo were separable. The thirteen distinct divisions seen in the body of a caterpillar become further integrated in the butterfly: several segments are consolidated to form the thorax, and the abdominal segments are more aggregated than they originally were. The like truth is seen when we pass to the internal organs. In the inferior annulose forms, and in the larvæ of the higher ones, the alimentary canal consists either of a tube that is uniform from end to end, or else bulges into a succession of stomachs, one to each segment; but in the developed forms there is a single well-defined stomach. In the nervous, vascular, and respiratory systems a parallel concentration may be traced. Again, in the development of the *vertebrata* we have sundry examples of longitudinal integration. The coalescence of four vertebræ to form the skull is one instance of it. It is further illustrated in the *os coccygis*, which results from the fusion of a number of caudal vertebræ. And in the consolidation of the sacral vertebræ of a bird it is also exemplified. But inasmuch as a vertebrate animal does not, like an annulose one, fundamentally consist of a number of segments that repeat each other in all particulars, longitudinal integration cannot be so variously exhibited.

That which we may distinguish as *transverse integration*, is clearly illustrated among the *Annulosa* in the development of the nervous system. Leaving out those most degraded forms which do not present distinct ganglia, it is to be observed that the lower annulose animals, in common with the larvæ of the higher, are severally characterised by a double chain of ganglia running from end to end of the body; while in the more perfectly formed annulose animals this double chain becomes more or less completely united into a single chain. Mr. Newport has described

the course of this concentration as exhibited in insects; and by Rathke it has been traced in the crustaceans. In the early stages of the *Astacus fluviatilis*, or common cray-fish, there is a pair of separate ganglia to each ring. By and by the first six pairs severally unite in the median line, while the rest remain separate. Afterwards the four anterior pairs coalesce into one mass, and the fifth and sixth pairs into another mass. Here we see longitudinal and transverse integration going on simultaneously; and in the highest crustaceans they are both carried still further. The *Vertebrata* clearly exhibit this transverse integration in the development of the generative system. The lowest of the mammalia—the *Monotremata*—in common with birds, to which they are in many respects allied, have oviducts which towards their lower extremities are dilated into cavities, severally performing in an imperfect way the function of a uterus.

"In the *Marsupialia* there is a closer approximation of the two lateral sets of organs on the median line; for the oviducts converge towards one another and meet (without coalescing) on the median line; so that their uterine dilatations are in contact with each other, forming a true 'double uterus.' . . . As we ascend the series of 'placental' mammals, we find the lateral coalescence becoming more and more complete. . . . In many of the *Rodentia* the uterus still remains completely divided into two lateral halves; whilst in others these coalesce at their lower portions, forming a rudiment of the true 'body' of the uterus in the human subject. This part increases at the expense of the lateral 'cornua' in the higher herbivora and carnivora; but even in the lower quadrumana the uterus is somewhat cleft at its summit."\*

And this process of transverse integration, which is still more striking when observed in all its details, is accompanied by parallel though less important changes in the opposite sex. Once more; in the increasing commissural connection of the cerebral hemispheres, which, though separate in the lower vertebrata, become gradually more united in the higher, we have another instance. And further ones of a different order, but of like general implication, are supplied by the vascular system.

\* Now it seems to us that the various forms of integration here exemplified, which are commonly set down as so many independent phenomena, ought to be generalised, and included in the formula describing the process of development. The fact that in an adult crab numerous pairs of ganglia originally separate have become fused into a single mass, is a fact only second in significance to the differentiation of its alimentary canal into stomach and intestine. That in the higher articulata a single heart replaces the string of rudimentary hearts constituting the

\* Carpenter's Prin. of Comp. Phys. p. 617.

dorsal blood-vessel in the lower articulatæ—reaching in one species to the number of one hundred and sixty—is a truth as much needing to be comprised in the history of evolution, as is the formation of a respiratory surface by an involution of the skin. A right conception of the genesis of a vertebral column, includes not only the differentiations from which result the *chorda dorsalis* and the vertebral segments imbedded in it; but quite as much, or more, it includes the coalescence of numerous vertebral processes with their respective vertebral bodies. The changes in virtue of which several things become one, demand recognition equally with those in virtue of which one thing becomes several. Evidently, then, the current statement which ascribes the developmental progress to differentiations alone is incomplete. Adequately to express the facts, we must say that the transition from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous is carried on by differentiations and subordinate integrations.

It may not be amiss here to ask what is the meaning of these integrations. The evidence seems to show that it is in some way dependent upon community of function. The eight segments which coalesce to make the head of a centipede, have the common purpose of protecting the cephalic ganglia, and affording a solid fulcrum for the jaws, &c.; as also have the many bones which unite to form a vertebral skull. In the consolidation of the several pieces which constitute a mammalian pelvis, and in the anchylosis of from ten to nineteen vertebræ in the sacrum of a bird, we have kindred instances of the integration of parts which transfer the weight of the body to the legs. The more or less complete fusion of the tibia with the fibula and the radius with the ulna in the ungulated mammals, whose habits do not require any rotation of the limbs, is a fact of like meaning. And all the instances lately given,—the concentration of ganglia; the replacement of many pulsating blood-sacs by fewer, and finally by one; the fusion of two uteri into a single uterus,—have the same implication. Whether, as in some cases, the integration is a mere consequence of the continued growth which eventually brings into contact adjacent parts performing similar duties; or, whether, as in other cases, there is an actual approximation of these parts before their union; or whether, as in yet other cases, the integration is of that indirect kind which arises when, out of a number of like organs, one, or a group, discharges an ever-increasing share of the common function, and so grows while the rest dwindle and disappear,—the general fact remains the same, that there is a tendency to the unification of parts having similar duties.

The tendency, however, has limiting conditions; the recognition of which will explain some apparent exceptions. Let us

take instances. In the human *fœtus*, as in the lower vertebrata, the eyes are placed one on each side of the head. In the process of evolution they become relatively nearer, and at birth are in front; though they are still, in the European infant as in the adult savage, proportionately further apart than they afterwards become. But this approximation shows no signs of further increase; and is in all probability checked by the needs of binocular vision. Inasmuch as the two eyes, being directed to the same object, have a common function, they tend to become one; but inasmuch as they are directed to different sides of the same object, and so have different functions, they tend to remain two; and possibly their ultimate positions depend on the balance of these opposing tendencies. Again, if we trace up the external organs of smell through fishes, reptiles, ungulate mammals and unguiculate mammals, to man, we perceive a general tendency to coalescence in the median line; and on comparing the savage with the civilised, or the infant with the adult, we see this approach of the nostrils carried furthest in the most perfect of the species. But since the septum which divides them has the function both of an evaporating surface for the lachrymal secretion, and a ramifying surface for a nerve ancillary to that of smell, it does not disappear entirely; the integration remains incomplete. These and other like instances do not however militate against the hypothesis. They merely show that the tendency is sometimes antagonised by other tendencies. Bearing in mind which qualification, we may say, that as differentiation of parts is connected with difference of function, so there appears to be a connection between integration of parts and sameness of function.

Intimately related to the general truth that the evolution of all organisms is carried on by combined differentiations and integrations, is another general truth, which physiologists appear not to have recognised. When we look at the organic creation in its *ensemble*, we may observe that, on passing from lower to higher forms, we pass to forms which are not only characterised by a greater differentiation of parts, but are at the same time more completely differentiated from the surrounding medium. This truth may be contemplated under various aspects.

In the first place, it is illustrated in *structure*. The advance from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous itself involves an increasing distinction from the inorganic world. In the lowest *Protozoa*, as that structureless speck of jelly the *Amœba*, we have a homogeneity nearly as great as that of air, water, or earth; and the ascent to organisms of greater and greater complexity of structure, is an ascent to organisms that are in that respect more strongly contrasted with the structureless environment.

In *form* again we see the same fact. One of the characteristics of inorganic matter is its indefiniteness of form; and this is also a characteristic of the lower organisms, as compared with the higher. Speaking generally, plants are less definite than animals, both in shape and size—admit of greater modification from variations of position and nutrition. Among animals, the *Amœba* and its allies are not only structureless but amorphous: the form is never specific, and is constantly changing. Of the organisms resulting from the aggregation of amoeba-like creatures, we find that while some, as the rhizopods, assume a certain definiteness of form, in their shells at least, others, as the sponges, are very irregular. In the zoophytes and in the *Polyzoa* we see compound organisms, most of which have a mode of growth not more determinate than that of plants. But among the higher animals, we find not only that the mature shape of each species is very definite, but that the individuals of each species differ very little in size.

A parallel increase of contrast is likewise seen in *chemical composition*. With but few exceptions, and those only partial ones, the lowest animal and vegetable forms are inhabitants of the water; and water is also their chief constituent. Dessicated *Protophyta* and *Protozoa* shrink into mere dust; and among the *acalephes* we find but a few grains of solid matter to a pound of water. The higher aquatic plants, in common with the higher aquatic animals, possessing as they do much greater tenacity of substance, also contain a greater proportion of the organic elements; and so are chemically more unlike their medium. And when we pass to the superior classes of organisms—land plants and animals—we find that, chemically considered, they have little in common either with the earth on which they stand or the air which surrounds them.

In *specific gravity* too we may note the like truth. The very simplest forms, in common with the spores and gemmules of the higher ones, are as nearly as may be of the same specific gravity as the water in which they float; and though it cannot be said that among aquatic creatures superior specific gravity is a standard of general superiority, yet we may fairly say, that all the superior orders of them, when divested of the appliances by which their specific gravity is regulated, differ more from water in their relative weight than do the lowest. In terrestrial organisms, the contrast becomes extremely marked. Trees and plants, in common with insects, reptiles, mammals, birds, are all of a specific gravity considerably less than the earth and immensely greater than the air.

Yet further, we see the law similarly fulfilled in respect of *temperature*. Plants generate but an extremely small quantity

of heat, which is to be detected only by very delicate experiments; and practically they may be considered as having the same temperature as their environment. The temperature of aquatic animals is very little above that of the surrounding water: that of the *invertebrata* being mostly less than a degree above it, and that of fishes not exceeding it by more than two or three degrees, save in the case of some large red-blooded fishes, as the thunny, which exceed it by nearly ten degrees. Among insects, the range is from two to ten degrees above that of the air; the excess varying according to their activity. The heat of reptiles is from four to fifteen degrees more than the heat of their medium. While mammals and birds maintain a heat which continues almost unaffected by external variations, and is often greater than that of the air by seventy, eighty, ninety, and even a hundred degrees.

Once more, in greater *self-mobility* a progressive differentiation is traceable. The especial characteristic by which we distinguish dead matter is its inertness: some form of independent motion is our most general test of life. Passing over the indefinite border-land between the animal and vegetable kingdoms, we may roughly class plants as organisms which, while they exhibit that species of motion implied in growth, are not only devoid of locomotive power, but with some unimportant exceptions are devoid of the power of moving their parts in relation to each other; and thus are less differentiated from the inorganic world than animals. Though in those microscopic protophyta and protozoa inhabiting the water—the spores of algae, the gemmules of sponges, and the infusoria generally—we see locomotion produced by ciliary action, yet this locomotion, while rapid relatively to their size, is absolutely slow. Of the *Cœlenterata*, a great part are either permanently rooted or habitually stationary, and so have no self-mobility but that implied in the relative movement of parts; while the rest, of which the common jelly-fish will serve as a sample, have but very little ability to move themselves through the water. Among the higher aquatic *Invertebrata*,—cuttle-fishes and lobsters, for instance,—there is a very considerable power of locomotion; and the aquatic *Vertebrata* are, considered as a class, much more active in their movements than the other inhabitants of the water. But it is only when we come to air-breathing creatures that we find the vital characteristic of self-mobility manifested in the highest degree. Flying insects, mammals, birds, travel with a velocity far exceeding that attained by any of the lower classes of animals; and so are more strongly contrasted with their inert environment.

Thus, on contemplating the various grades of organisms in

their ascending order, we find them more and more distinguished from their inanimate mediums in *structure*, in *form*, in *chemical composition*, in *specific gravity*, in *temperature*, in *self-mobility*. It is true that this generalisation does not hold with complete regularity. Organisms which are in some respects the most strongly contrasted with the environing inorganic world, are in other respects less so than inferior organisms. As a class, mammals are higher than birds; and yet they are of lower temperature, and have smaller powers of locomotion. The stationary oyster is of higher organisation than the free-swimming medusa; and the cold-blooded and less heterogeneous fish is quicker in its movements than the warm-blooded and more heterogeneous sloth. But the admission, that the several aspects under which this increasing contrast shows itself bear a variable ratio to each other, does not conflict with the general truth enunciated. Contemplating the facts in the mass, it cannot be denied that the successively higher grades of organisms are severally characterised, not only by a greater differentiation of parts, but also by a greater differentiation from the surrounding medium in various other physical attributes. It would seem that this peculiarity has some necessary connection with superior vital manifestations. One of those lowly gelatinous forms, so transparent and colourless as to be with difficulty distinguished from the water it floats in, is not more like its medium in chemical, mechanical, optical, thermal, and other properties, than it is in the passivity with which it submits to all the influences and actions brought to bear upon it; while the mammal does not more widely differ from inanimate things in these properties, than it does in the activity with which it meets surrounding changes by compensating changes in itself. And between these two extremes, we shall observe a constant ratio between these two kinds of contrast. Whence we may say, that in proportion as an organism is physically like its environment does it remain a passive partaker of the changes going on in its environment; while in proportion as it is endowed with powers of counteracting such changes, it exhibits greater unlikeness to its environment.

Thus far we have treated our subject inductively, in conformity with established usage; but we are of opinion that much is to be done in this and other departments of biologic inquiry by pursuing the deductive method. The generalisations at present constituting the science of physiology, both general and special, have been reached *à posteriori*; but certain fundamental data have now been discovered, starting from which, we may reason our way *à priori*, not only to some of the truths

that have been ascertained by observation and experiment, but also to some others. The possibility of such *à priori* conclusions will be at once recognised on considering a few familiar cases.

Chemists have shown that a necessary condition to vital activity in animals is oxidation of tissue. The oxygen requisite for this oxidation is contained in the surrounding medium—air or water, as the case may be. If the organism be some minute protozoon, mere contact of its external surface with the oxygenated medium secures the requisite oxidation; but if the organism is bulky, and so exposes a surface that is small in proportion to its mass, any considerable oxidation cannot be thus secured. One of two things is therefore implied. Either this bulky organism, receiving no oxygen but that absorbed through its integument, must possess but little vital activity; or else, if it possesses much vital activity, there must be some extensive ramified surface, internal or external, through which adequate aeration may take place—a respiratory apparatus. That is to say, lungs, or branchiæ, or their equivalents, are predicable *à priori* as possessed by all active creatures of any size.

Similarly with respect to nutriment. There are *entozoa* which, living in the insides of other animals, and being constantly bathed by nutritive fluids, absorb a sufficiency through their outer surfaces, and so have no need of stomachs and do not possess them. But all other animals inhabiting media that are not in themselves nutritive, but only contain masses of food here and there, must have appliances by which these masses of food may be utilised. Evidently mere external contact of a solid organism with a solid portion of nutriment could not result in the assimilation of it in any moderate time, if at all. To achieve this end, there must be both a solvent or macerating action, and an extended surface fit for containing and imbibing the dissolved products; that is, there must be a digestive cavity. Thus, given the ordinary conditions of animal life, and the possession of stomachs by all creatures living under these conditions may be deductively known.

Carrying out the train of reasoning still further, we may infer the existence of a vascular system, or something equivalent to it, in all creatures of any size and activity. In a comparatively small inert animal, such as the hydra, which consists of little more than a sac having a double wall—an outer layer of cells constituting the skin, and an inner layer forming the assimilating surface—there is no need for a special apparatus to diffuse through the body the absorbed aliment; for the body is little more than a wrapper to the food it encloses. But where the bulk is considerable, or where the activity is such as to involve much waste and repair, or where both these characteristics exist



there is a manifest necessity for a system of blood-vessels. It is not enough that there be adequately extensive surfaces for assimilation and aeration; for in the absence of any means of conveyance, the absorbed elements can be of little or no use to the organism at large. Evidently there must be channels of communication. When, as in the *Medusæ* and *Rhizostomes*, we find these channels of communication consisting simply of branching canals opening out of the stomach and spreading through the disk; or when, as in the *Pycnogonidae*, we find them to be nothing but prolongations of the stomach carried one into each limb,—we may know *a priori* that such creatures are comparatively inactive; seeing that the nutriment thus partially distributed throughout their bodies—chylaceous fluid, as it is termed—is crude and dilute, and that there is no efficient appliance for keeping it in motion. Conversely, when we meet with a creature of considerable size which displays much vivacity, we may know *a priori* that it must have an apparatus for the unceasing supply of concentrated nutriment and of oxygen to every organ—a pulsating vascular system.

It is manifest, then, that setting out from certain known fundamental conditions to vital activity, we may deduce from them sundry of the chief characteristics of organised bodies. Doubtless these known fundamental conditions have been inductively established. But in this they do not differ from the ground truths of deductive science in general; all of which are inductions. What we wish to show is, that given these inductively established primary facts in physiology, we may with safety draw certain general deductions from them. And, indeed, the legitimacy of such deductions, though not formally acknowledged, is practically recognised in the convictions of every physiologist; as may be readily proved by citing a few illustrations. Thus, were a physiologist to find a creature exhibiting complex and variously co-ordinated movements, and yet having no nervous system, he would be less astonished at the breach of his empirical generalisation that all such creatures have nervous systems, than at the disproof of his unconscious deduction that all creatures exhibiting complex and variously co-ordinated movements must have an “internuncial” apparatus by which the co-ordination may be effected. Or were he to find a creature having a rapid circulation and a rapid respiration, but yet showing a low temperature, the proof so afforded that active change of matter was not, as he had inferred from chemical data, the cause of animal heat, would stagger him more than would the exception to the constantly observed relation between these characteristics. Clearly, then, the *a priori* method already plays a part in physiological reasoning: if not ostensibly employed as a means of reaching new truths, it is at

least privately appealed to for confirmation of truths reached *a posteriori*.

We think, however, that the illustrations above given go far to show that it may to a considerable extent be safely used as an independent instrument of research. The necessities for a nutritive system, a respiratory system, and a vascular system in all animals of size and activity, seem to us legitimately inferable from the now-ascertained conditions to continued vital activity. Given the physical and chemical data, and these structural peculiarities may be deduced with as much certainty as may the hollowness of an iron ball from its power of floating in water.

Let us not, however, be understood as supposing that the more *special* physiological truths can be deductively reached. Our argument by no means implies this. Legitimate deduction presupposes adequate data; and in respect to all the *special* phenomena of organic growth, structure, and function, adequate data are unattainable, and will probably ever remain so. It is only in the case of the more *general* physiological truths, such as those above-instanced, where we have something like adequate data, that deductive reasoning becomes possible.

And here we arrive at the point to which the foregoing considerations are introductory. We propose to show that a controversy now going on among zoologists may be greatly elucidated, if not set at rest, by pursuing the deductive method.

The controversy to which we refer, is that respecting the alleged *necessary correlation* subsisting among the several parts of any organism. Cuvier, who first asserted this necessary correlation, professed to base his restorations of extinct animals upon it. Geoffroy St. Hilaire and De Blainville from different points of view, contested Cuvier's hypothesis; and the discussion, which has much interest as bearing on palæontology, has been recently revived under a somewhat modified form: Professors Huxley and Owen being respectively the assailant and defender of the hypothesis.

Cuvier says, "Comparative anatomy possesses a principle whose just development is sufficient to dissipate all difficulties; it is that of the correlation of forms in organised beings, by means of which every kind of organised being might, strictly speaking, be recognised by a fragment of any of its parts. Every organised being constitutes a whole, a single and complete system, whose parts mutually correspond and concur by their reciprocal reaction to the same definitive end. None of these parts can be changed without affecting the others; and consequently each taken separately indicates and gives all the rest." And he then gives sundry illustrations: arguing that the carnivorous

form of tooth necessitating a certain action of the jaw, implies a particular form in its condyle,—implies also limbs fit for seizing and holding prey, and therefore implies claws, a certain structure of the leg-bones, a certain form of shoulder-blade; and winds up by saying, that “the claw, the scapula, the condyle, the femur, and all the other bones, taken separately, will give the tooth or one another; and by commencing with any one, he who had a rational conception of the laws of the organic economy could reconstruct the whole animal.”

It will be seen, that the method of restoration here contended for is based upon the alleged physiological necessity of the connection between these different peculiarities. The argument used is, not that a scapula of a certain shape may be recognised as having belonged to a carnivorous mammal because we always find that carnivorous mammals *do* possess such scapulas; but because they *must* possess them—because carnivorous habits would be impossible without them. And in the above quotation Cuvier asserts that the necessary correlation which he considers so obvious in these cases exists between all parts of the system: admitting, however, that in consequence of our limited knowledge of physiology we are unable in many cases to trace this necessary correlation, and are obliged to base our conclusions upon observed coexistences, of which we do not understand the reason, but which we find invariable.

Now Professor Huxley has recently shown, that, in the first place, this empirical method, which Cuvier introduces as quite subordinate, and to be used only in aid of the rational method, is really the method which Cuvier habitually employed—the so-called rational method remaining practically a dead letter; and, in the second place, he has shown that Cuvier himself has in several places so far admitted the inapplicability of the rational method, as virtually to surrender it as a method. But more than this, Professor Huxley contends that the alleged law of necessary correlation is not true. Quite admitting the physiological dependence of parts upon each other, he denies that it is a dependence of a kind that could not be otherwise. “Thus the teeth of a lion and the stomach of the animal are in such relation that the one is fitted to digest the food which the other can tear, they are physiologically correlated; but we have no reason for affirming this to be a necessary physiological correlation, in the sense that no other could equally fit its possessor for living on recent flesh. The number and form of the teeth might have been quite different from that which we know them to be, and the construction of the stomach might have been greatly altered; and yet the functions of these organs might have been equally well performed.”

Thus much is needful to give our readers an idea of the controversy as it at present stands. It is not here our purpose to go more at length into the evidence cited on both sides; we simply wish to show that the question may be settled deductively. Before going on to do this, however, we must briefly notice two collateral points.

In his defence of the Cuvierian doctrine, Professor Owen avails himself of the *odium theologicum*. He attributes to his opponents "the insinuation and masked advocacy of the doctrine subversive of a recognition of the Higher Mind." Now, saying nothing about the questionable propriety of thus prejudging a point in science, we think this is a somewhat unfortunate accusation. What is there in the hypothesis of *necessary*, as distinguished from *actual*, correlation of parts, which is particularly in harmony with Theism? The maintenance of the *necessity*, whether of sequences or of coexistences, is commonly thought rather a derogation from divine power than otherwise. Cuvier says, "None of these parts can be changed without affecting the others; and consequently, each taken separately indicates and gives all the rest:" that is to say, in the nature of things the correlation *could not* have been otherwise. On the other hand, Professor Huxley says we have no warrant for saying that the correlation could not have been otherwise; but have not a little reason for thinking that the same physiological ends might have been differently secured. The one doctrine limits the possibilities of creation; the other denies the implied limit. Which, then, is most open to the charge of covert Atheism?

On the other point to which we have referred, we lean to the opinion of Professor Owen. We agree with him in thinking that where a rational correlation (in the highest sense of the term) can be made out, it affords a better basis for deduction than an empirical correlation ascertained only by accumulated observations. Premising that by rational correlation we do not mean one in which we can trace, or think we can trace, a design, but one of which the negation is inconceivable (and this is the species of correlation which Cuvier's law implies), then we hold that our knowledge of the correlation is of a more certain kind than where it is simply inductive. And we think that Professor Huxley, in his anxiety to avoid the error of making Thought the measure of Things, does not sufficiently bear in mind the fact, that as our notion of necessity is determined by some absolute uniformity pervading all orders of our experiences, it follows that an organic correlation which cannot be conceived otherwise, is guaranteed by a much wider induction than one ascertained only by the observation of organisms. But the truth is, that

there are scarcely any organic correlations of which the negation is inconceivable. If we find the skull, vertebræ, ribs, and phalanges of some quadruped as large as an elephant, we may indeed be certain that the legs of this quadruped were of considerable size—much larger than those of a rat; and our reason for conceiving this correlation as necessary, is, that it is based, not only upon our experiences of moving organisms, but upon all our mechanical experiences relative to masses and their supports. Not only, however, are there very few physiological correlations really of this order, but there is danger in pursuing this line of reasoning, in consequence of the great liability to include within the class of truly necessary correlations those which are not such. For instance, there would seem to be a necessary correlation between the eye and the surface of the body: the function of the eye being vision, and light being needful for vision, it might be supposed absolutely requisite that every eye should be external. Nevertheless it is a fact that there are creatures whose eyes (not very efficient ones, it may be) are deeply imbedded in the substance of the body. Again, a necessary correlation might be supposed to exist between the dimensions of the mammalian uterus and those of the pelvis. It would appear *à priori* an impossibility that in any species there should exist a well-developed uterus containing a full-sized foetus, and yet that the arch of the pelvis should be so small as not to allow the foetus to pass. And were there no mammal but a fossil one having a very small pelvic arch, it would have been inferred, on the Cuvierian method, that the foetus must have been born in a rudimentary state, and that the uterus must have been proportionally small. But there happens to be a living mammal having an extremely small pelvic arch—the mole—which presents us with a fact that saves us from this erroneous inference. Anomalous as the fact is, the young of the mole are not born through the pelvic arch at all, but in front of it! Thus, granting that some quite *direct* physiological correlations may be necessary, we see that there is great risk of including among them some that are not so.

With regard to the great mass of the correlations, however, including all the *indirect* ones, we agree with Professor Huxley in denying that they are necessary; and we now propose to show this deductively. Let us begin with an analogy.

Whoever has been through an extensive iron-works, will have seen a gigantic pair of shears worked by machinery, and used for cutting in two, bars of iron that are from time to time thrust between its blades. Supposing these blades to be the only visible parts of the apparatus, any one observing their movements (or rather the movement of one, for the other is commonly

fixed), will see from the manner in which the angle increases and decreases, and from the curve described by the moving extremity, that there is of necessity some centre of motion round which the action takes place—either a pivot or an external box equivalent to it. This may be regarded as a necessary correlation. Further, he might infer that beyond the centre of motion the moving blade was produced into a lever, to which the power was applied; but as another arrangement is just possible, this could not be called any thing more than a highly probable correlation. If now he went a step further, and considered how this reciprocal movement was given to the lever, he would very likely conclude that it was given by a crank. But if he knew any thing of mechanics, he would know that it might possibly be given by an eccentric. Or again, he would know that the effect could be achieved by a cam. That is to say, he would see that there was no necessary correlation between the shears and the remoter parts of the apparatus. Take another case. The plate of a printing-press is required to move up and down to the extent of an inch or so; and it is further requisite that it shall exert its greatest pressure when it reaches the extreme of its downward movement. If now any one will look over the stock of a printing-press maker, he will see half a dozen different mechanical arrangements by which these ends are achieved; and any clever machinist would tell him that as many more might readily be invented. And further, he would learn from the same authority that in proportion to the complexity of a machine is the number of possible arrangements of its other parts which may be made without altering some one part. If now any objection is made to the analogy between a machine and an organism, it cannot be on the ground that the constituent parts of a machine are *less* rigorously correlated than those of an organism; for the reverse is the case—they are *more* rigorously correlated. An organism will continue to act when it has lost one or two of its limbs, or when one of the lungs is gone; but the abstraction of such important parts from either of the machines above described would immediately stop it. If, then, there is no necessary correlation between the special parts of a machine, still less is there between those of an organism.

From a converse point of view the same truth will be manifest. Bearing in mind the above analogy, it will be foreseen that an alteration in one part of an organism will not necessarily entail *some one specific set of alterations in the other parts*. Cuvier says, "None of these parts can be changed without affecting the others; and consequently, each taken separately, indicates and gives all the rest." The first of these propositions may pass; but the second, which is alleged to follow from it, is not true;

for it implies that "all the rest" can be severally affected in only one way and degree, whereas they can be affected in many ways and degrees. To show this, we must again have recourse to a mechanical analogy.

If you set a brick on end and thrust it over, you can predict with certainty in what direction it will fall, and what attitude it will assume. If, again setting it up, you put another on the top of it, you can no longer foresee with accuracy the results of an overthrow; and on repeating the experiment, no matter how much care is taken to place them in the same position, and to apply the same degree of force in the same direction, the effects will on no two occasions be exactly alike. And in proportion as the aggregation is complicated by the addition of new and unlike parts will the results of any disturbance become more varied and incalculable. If, instead of bodies placed in this loose mechanical dependence, you take a group held in more permanent connection—say tied together by strings, as the bones are tied by muscles and ligaments—it will be equally manifest that a disturbing force applied to one part will affect the others, not in a definite, but in an indefinite way; and that no second group could be made so perfectly like the first that an equivalent disturbance would produce exactly the same results. In organisms themselves this indefiniteness of mechanical reaction is clearly traceable. Two boys throwing stones will always more or less differ in their attitudes; as will two billiard-players, or two persons dealing out cards. The familiar fact that each individual has a characteristic gait illustrates the point very clearly. The rhythmical motion of the leg is simple, and on the Cuvierian hypothesis, should react upon the body in some uniform way. But in consequence of those slight differences of structure which consist with identity of species, no two individuals move the trunk and arms in exactly the same way: there is always a peculiarity recognisable by their friends.

When we pass to disturbing forces of a non-mechanical kind, the same truth becomes still more conspicuous. Expose several persons to a drenching storm; and while one will subsequently feel no appreciable inconvenience, another will have a cough, another a catarrh, another an attack of diarrhoea, another a fit of rheumatism. Vaccinate several children of the same age with the same quantity of virus, applied to the same part, and the symptoms will not be quite alike in any of them either in kind or intensity; and in some cases the differences will be extreme. The quantity of alcohol which will send one man to sleep will render another unusually brilliant—will make this maudlin, and that irritable—will here excite feelings of kindness, and there feelings of enmity. Opium will produce either drowsiness or

wakefulness: so will tobacco. And without further multiplying illustrations familiar to every one, we may repeat what we recently heard asserted by one of our most scientific physicians, that there is scarcely an influence brought to bear on the body but what may, under different circumstances, produce quite opposite effects.

Now in all these cases—mechanical and other—some force is brought to bear primarily upon one part of an organism, and secondarily upon the rest; and, according to the doctrine of Cuvier, the rest ought to be affected in some quite specific way. We find this to be by no means the case. The original change produced in one part does not stand in any necessary correlation with every one of the changes produced in the other parts; nor do these stand in any necessary correlation with each other. The functional alteration which the disturbing force causes in the organ directly acted upon, does not involve some *particular set* of functional alterations in the other organs; but will be followed by some one out of various sets. And it is a manifest corollary, that any *structural alteration* which may eventually be produced in the one organ, will not be accompanied by some *particular set of structural alterations* in the other organs: there will be no necessary correlation of forms.

The flaw in Cuvier's principle lies in assuming too specific a mutual dependence between the several parts of an organism. It is doubtless true, as he says, that "none of these parts can be changed without affecting the others." And were the members of any species *absolutely* alike in their minutest details, and always in *absolutely* the same constitutional state, then a change in any part must in every case be followed by one specific set of changes in the rest. But the absence of this absolute similarity vitiates his inference. The fact that no two individuals are exactly alike either in structure or state, involves the fact that the changes produced by any disturbing force will not be alike, but may be totally unlike. Just as delicately poised scales may, when shaken, preponderate either way, in virtue of some quite inappreciable difference; so, the organic equilibrium in two creatures of the same kind may, by the same disturbance, be overthrown in opposite directions, in consequence of those minute unlikenesses which exist in every case. And having had their organic equilibrium thus overthrown in opposite directions, a persistence of the disturbing cause may produce in them quite different sets of permanent organic changes.

Thus Palæontology must depend upon the empirical method. Necessary correlation cannot be substantiated. A fossil species that was obliged to change its food or habits of life, did not of necessity undergo the particular set of modifications exhibited; but under some slight change of predisposing causes—as of sea-



son or latitude—might have undergone some other set of modifications: the determining circumstance being one which, in the human sense, we call fortuitous.

We venture to think, then, that the deductive method greatly elucidates this vexed question in physiology; while at the same time our argument collaterally exhibits the limits within which the deductive method is applicable. For while we see that this extremely *general* question may be satisfactorily dealt with deductively, the conclusion at which we have arrived itself implies that the more *special* phenomena of organisation cannot be so dealt with.

With a brevity necessitated by our fast-diminishing space, we must draw attention to yet another method of investigating the general truths of physiology—a method to which physiology already owes one luminous idea, but which is not at present formally recognised as a method. We refer to the comparison of physiological phenomena with social phenomena.

The analogy between individual organisms and the social organism is one that has in all ages forced itself upon the attention of the observant. And though modern science does not countenance those crude ideas of this analogy which have been from time to time expressed since the days of the Greeks; yet it more and more tends to show that there is an analogy, and a very remarkable one. While it is becoming clear that there are no such special parallelisms between the constituent parts of a man and those of a nation as have been thought to exist; it is also becoming clear that the general principles of development and structure displayed in all organised bodies are displayed in societies also. The fundamental characteristic both of societies and of living creatures, is, that they consist of mutually dependent parts; and it would seem that this involves a community of various other attributes. Most men who have any acquaintance with the broad facts of both physiology and sociology, are beginning to recognise this community of attributes, not as a plausible fancy, but as a scientific truth. And we are strongly of opinion that the parallelism will by and by be seen to hold to an extent which few at present suspect.

Meanwhile, if any such parallelism exists, it is clear that physiology and sociology will more or less interpret each other. Each affords its special facilities for inquiry. Relations of cause and effect clearly traceable in the social organism may lead to the search for analogous ones in the individual organism, and may so elucidate what might else be inexplicable. Laws of growth and function disclosed by the pure physiologist may occasionally give us the clue to certain social modifications otherwise difficult to understand. If they can do no more, the two

sciences can at least exchange suggestions and confirmations; and this will be no small aid. The conception of "the physiological division of labour" which political economy has already supplied to physiology, is one of no small value. And the probability is that it has others to give.

In support of this opinion, we will now cite cases in which such aid is furnished. And, in the first place, let us see whether the facts of social organisation do not afford additional support to a doctrine set forth in the foregoing part of this article.

One of the positions we have endeavoured to establish is, that in animals the process of development is carried on, not by differentiations only, but by subordinate integrations. Now in the social organism we may see the same duality of process; and further, it is to be observed that the integrations are of the same three kinds. Thus we have integrations that arise from the simple growth of adjacent parts that perform like functions: as, for instance, the coalescence of Manchester and its calico-weaving suburbs. We have other integrations that arise when, out of several places producing a particular commodity, one monopolises more and more of the business, and leaves the rest to dwindle: as witness the growth of the Yorkshire cloth-districts at the expense of those in the west of England; or the absorption by Staffordshire of the pottery-manufacture, and the consequent decay of the establishments that once flourished at Worcester, Derby, and elsewhere. And we have those yet further integrations that result from the actual migration of the similarly-occupied parts: whence result such facts as the concentration of publishers in Paternoster Row, of lawyers in the Temple and neighbourhood, of corn-merchants about Mark Lane, of civil engineers in Great George Street, of bankers in the centre of the City. Finding thus that in the evolution of the social organism, as in the evolution of individual organisms, there are integrations as well as differentiations, and moreover that these integrations are of the same three orders, we have additional reason for considering these integrations as essential parts of the developmental process, needing to be included in its formula. And further, the circumstance that in the social organism these integrations are dependent on community of function, confirms the hypothesis that they are thus dependent in the individual organism.

From a confirmation thus furnished by sociology to physiology, let us now pass to a suggestion similarly furnished. A factory, or other producing establishment, or a town made up of such establishments, is an agency for elaborating some commodity consumed by society at large; and may be regarded as in some measure analogous to a gland or viscus in an individual organism. If now we inquire what is the primitive mode in which one of these

producing establishments grows up, we find it to be this. A single worker, who himself sells the produce of his labour, is the germ. His business increasing, he employs helpers—his sons or others; and having done this, he becomes a vendor not only of his own handiwork, but of that of others. A further increase of his business compels him to multiply his assistants, and his sale grows so rapid that he is obliged to confine himself to the process of selling; that is, he ceases to be a producer, and becomes simply a channel through which the produce of others is conveyed to the public. Should his prosperity rise yet higher, he finds that he is unable to manage even the sale of his commodities, and has to employ others, probably of his own family, to aid him in selling; that is, to him as a main channel are now added subordinate channels; and so on continuously. Moreover, when there grow up in one place, as a Manchester or a Birmingham, many establishments of like kind, this process is carried still farther. There arise factors and buyers, who are the channels through which are transmitted the produce of many factories; and we believe that primarily these factors were manufacturers who undertook to dispose of the produce of smaller houses as well as their own, and ultimately became salesmen only. Under a converse aspect, all the stages of this development have been within these few years clearly exemplified in our railway contractors. There are sundry men now living who illustrate the whole process in their own persons—men who were originally navvies, digging and wheeling; who then undertook some small sub-contract, and worked along with those they paid; who presently took larger contracts, and employed foremen; and who now contract for whole railways, and let portions to sub-contractors. That is to say, we have men who were originally workers, but have finally become the main channels out of which diverge secondary channels, which again bifurcate into the subordinate channels, through which flows the money (that is, the nutriment) supplied by society to the actual makers of the railway. Now it seems well worth inquiring whether this is not the original course followed in the evolution of secreting and excreting organs in an animal. We know that such is the process by which the liver is developed. Out of the group of bile-cells forming the germ of the liver, some centrally-placed ones, lying next to the intestine, are transformed into ducts through which the secretion of the peripheral bile-cells is poured into the intestine; and as the peripheral bile-cells multiply, there similarly arise secondary ducts emptying themselves into the main ones; tertiary ones into these, and so on. Recent inquiries show that the like is the case with the lungs,—that the bronchial tubes are thus formed. But while analogy suggests that this is the origi-

nal mode in which the organs of vegetative life are developed, it at the same time suggests that such does not necessarily continue to be the mode. For as we find that in the social organism manufacturing establishments are no longer commonly organised through the series of modifications above described, but now mostly arise by the direct transformation of a number of persons into master, clerks, foremen, workers, &c.; so the approximative method of forming organs, may in some cases be replaced by a direct metamorphosis of the organic elements into the destined structure, without any transitional structures being passed through. That there are organs thus formed is an ascertained fact; and the additional question which analogy suggests is, whether the direct method is substituted for the indirect method.

These parallelisms might be multiplied. And were it possible here to show in detail the close correspondence between the two orders of organisation, our case would be seen to have abundant support. But, as it is, these two illustrations will sufficiently justify our opinion that the study of organised bodies may be indirectly furthered by the study of the body politic: hints, at least, may be expected, if nothing more. And thus we venture to think that the Inductive Method, usually alone employed by physiologists, may not only derive important assistance from the Deductive Method, but that it may further be supplemented by what may be termed the Sociological Method.

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#### ART. V.—UNSPIRITUAL RELIGION. PROFESSOR ROGERS.

*Selections from the Correspondence of R. E. H. Greyson, Esq.* Edited by the Author of the "Eclipse of Faith." 2 vols. Longmans, 1857.

MR. ROGERS,\* as a thankful critic tells us, has added many new weapons to the "defensive armory of Christendom." "Offensive" would have been as correct a term, but whether by his offensive or by his defensive guardianship of Christendom, we fear that he must, to all doubters, have very materially increased the difficulty of *getting in*. It is the great aim of this clever writer's books to defeat, countermines, and otherwise foil the assailants of Theism and Christianity. And for this end, professing to assail them with their own weapons, he does, in

\* The reader will perceive at once, even if it were not implied in the preface, that R. E. H. Greyson is but an apagrammatic variation of Henry Rogers.

fact, assail them with what he has persuaded himself *would be* his own weapons, if he could ever occupy their negative position. We need not say that the result is a war of the most barren, shallow, and weary kind. Mr. Rogers clearly has somewhere, in a secret and too often carefully-hidden corner of his mind, some deeper springs of faith which attach him to Christianity. But in judging of his opponents and their position, he carefully chokes up this one outlet from his own mind into what is deeper and diviner, and then shows ostentatiously to the world what a close, narrow, shallow, quibbling, vulgar, scoffing contentious remnant of human nature the mind that is thus robbed of its one deeper spring can become. No doubt the spectacle is impressive in the highest degree, nay, if we take it rightly, extremely instructive. But when he presents this painful parody on scepticism as the only possible standard of all scepticism, he wins the natural reward of misrepresentation, by making sceptics feel that it would be a dead spiritual loss to change their weary doubt with any thing at least that is *apparent* in his confident Christianity. And we must say, we should quite concur in this conclusion. We should turn away perfectly hopeless from any form of scepticism in which the horizon was so narrow, the thought so superficial, the detail so small and clear, and the logic so shrill and triumphant,—where there were, in short, such poor shadows and such pale lights,—as in the apologetic system which Mr. Rogers sets up. The “eclipsed” faith of his own controversial world is far more oppressive than the distress and perplexity of the groping minds he proposes to crush.

When we say, therefore, that we propose to take Mr. Rogers’s book as an illustration of the most *unspiritual religion* of the day, we do not mean by that phrase to convey any vague notion that Mr. Rogers is not ideal enough for our tastes, that he looks too much to the historical side of faith, that he is not philosophical and mystical, but concrete and easy to be understood; for we attach no such notions to the words ‘spiritual’ and ‘unspiritual’. We simply mean this, that whatever religious subject he touches, he is tainted by the worst controversialism of the day in that he uniformly shows us how completely and successfully the lower currents of his own mind overpower the *characteristic* tendencies of his theme; the most sacred influences being deprived of their sacredness, that is, being, in the most literal sense, *desecrated* by the individual treatment they receive. We regard that as the most spiritual religion which takes its colouring most immediately from the spiritual character of God, and permits the least disturbing effect to the private influences of individual self-will; in which the con-

fluctuating passions, and egotisms of human nature are most completely surrendered to the personal guidance of the Divine Spirit. We regard that as the most unspiritual religion in which the Spirit and power of God are most merged in the mere *idea* of God, in which the Divine character most seems a passive *conception* in the mind of the believer, in which religious ideas are most at the mercy of irreligious impulses, in which all the currents of reason and feeling are most completely independent of, and out of harmony with, the religious theme,—in one word, in which the Divine image is most completely a mere image, and not a power or a Life,—an image ruffled and tossed by every wave of human unrest, like the sun's disk upon a stormy sea. And it is strictly in this sense that we say Mr. Rogers's book approaches sadly near to a *type* of unspiritual religion, so far at least as the *effect* on the reader's mind goes, for of any thing deeper it would be as absurd as it would be presumptuous to judge. There are a few letters in it in a far better tone, which prove to us that Mr. Rogers's own faith is a great deal deeper than the arguments on which he would have others believe. But such letters are few, and the remainder of the work is on this account also more nearly a complete type of unspiritual religion, that there does not seem to be much, if any thing, in Mr. Rogers's system of belief of that merely *traditional* doctrinal delusion which represents a correct creed as a sufficient safeguard against a hard and arrogant faith. The unspiritual character of the book does not apparently arise from blind reliance upon any sort of orthodoxy as such, but from a self-confident temper, which seems to assure the author that on the sole condition of adopting Christianity he is at once justified in letting loose all his favourite habits of mind to bark in its defence, without waiting for any controlling power, or word of command, from the Master they profess to own.

We do not object to this book because it illustrates religious subjects in familiar and unexpected ways. All characteristic intellectual and moral powers may assuredly have full exercise under the influence of Religion, may be the highest organs of its expression. There was no lack of characteristic capacities in the great prophets and apostles of the Jewish nation, there has been no lack of characteristic capacities in the great Christian writers who have devoted every shade of genius and talent to the illustration of an influence which strove for voice within their hearts. Imagination and insight, logical reason and the genius for practical government, the powers of science and the powers of art, nay, in its turn, even the genial humour of powerful minds, have been employed by all great religious teachers—by Isaiah and St. Paul, Augustine and Bernard,

Raffaëlle and Handel, Leibnitz and Newton, Luther and Cople-ridge—to express and deepen their intense consciousness of the personal Spirit of God. But all these powers, when religiously employed, have been employed in one temper of mind,—a temper essentially belonging to the conviction that the grounds of spiritual life are in God, not in man; that our religion must overrule us, not we our religion. And it is this wide divergence between the spiritual and unspiritual mode of using the same weapons that we intend to illustrate in the present paper.

Spiritual and unspiritual religion both consist in a transformation. the former, in a transformation of the various intractable impulses and desires of man into the likeness of God's will, the latter, of the image of God's will into the likeness of the intractable impulses and desires of man. And the point of divergence occurs wherever men take their own faith as the final transforming power, instead of looking directly to the Spirit of God as the power which works the transformation—a power of infinitely wider reach, and of infinitely deeper influence,—a power which can, indeed, work through our belief, but often works without it, and, again, is often absent where human belief is in some sort most triumphantly present. Nay, so far as we believe in our own belief, and let it take equal rank amongst the other forces of our nature, it not only does not elevate them, but adds to their disorders as a kind of wealth of which the supply is not equal to the demand, a special grace distinguishing the chosen few, it inspires holy exclusiveness; and while covering, to the private conscience, discovers alike to divine and human spectators “a multitude of sins.” Faith so conceived, acts, in fact, as a kind of spiritual diploma, in the serene consciousness of which a man has no fear of becoming a detected impostor, but there, on the calm heights, may conspicuously kneel in prayer for the as yet unaccepted world. In short, this delusion, that our human belief is commensurate with the spiritual influences of God,—nay, is a sure pledge, and the only pledge, of those influences,—constitutes not merely the essence of bigotry and pride, but almost all the other far from capricious peculiarities which distinguish the inquisitorial school of theological controversy. This it is which makes theologians so eager to find, in marks of *bare power*, some grounds for God's authority quite distinct from His *character*; because, having an idolatrous regard for faith, they want to find some iron foundation for it sufficiently unspiritual to remain unshaken when God Himself is hidden from the heart. This too it is which, by the imaginary gulf it opens between belief and unbelief, between the stronghold of conviction and the desolation of doubt, engenders the scoffing spirit in the place of that

genial laughter which interprets the weakness of others by the weakness not yet subdued within. And this, again, it is which, by narrowing the field of God's providence, and the infinitely various modes of His access to man's spirit, replaces the full considerate thought of comprehensive wisdom by the petty pride of logical alternative and the shallow raptures of ostentatious dilemma.

Mr. Rogers's book exemplifies, as we have said, very painfully all these characteristics of unspiritual religion. It is devoid of charity and humility. It sets up *belief* in the place of God. It teems with the implied notion that God is really non-existent wherever He is not recognised,—that He cannot deal with any one in any way without bringing him by such paths as those Mr. Rogers's understanding approves to the point that Mr. Rogers's understanding has reached. Spiritual doubts spring only from the weak and evil parts of man's nature according to this writer; none from the good. Now all large and genuine charity arises, and can only arise, from an intense depth of conviction that God is greater than man, and that what seems to us at first sight poor and evil in our fellow-men, may be, and often must be, in some way bound up with threads of good invisible to us. That is but spurious and maudlin charity which hesitates to condemn what it distinctly knows, and knows to be wrong. But it is of the essence of charity to *presume* that all the faith which men profess honestly and with cordial conviction is more or less a result of God's influence over their mind. If we believe in the Spirit of God, we must presume this; if we believe only in our own belief, we shall presume the contrary, unless what they affirm seems in accordance with that belief. Now, as a large part of what men express honestly and with a cordial sincerity, tested by much persecution, is of the nature of doubt, we ought to find that men's doubts, or at least what are doubts *in appearance*, spring very largely from the direct teaching of God. And accordingly we firmly believe that more false faith is removed by insight into doubt, more spurious confidence thereby sapped, more true trust eventually engendered through learning not only to hear but to sympathise with many of its grounds, than can ever be gained by entrenching yourself timidly or insolently in your own position. This is only another way of saying that the better part of all human doubt is only a latent species of moral trust, which is staggered by the rash and presumptuous formula of artificial theological systems. It is from the want of this conviction that thinkers like Mr. Rogers, *practically* at least, substitute belief in their own belief for belief in the universal influence of the Spirit, who ought to be the object of it. They prize their own belief; they be-



lieve it unassailable; they think that wherever God acts at all, they should recognise Him by this mark; they look out for that mark; if they do not see it, they scold and say, "God is not with you, on the contrary, corrupt human nature is with you; what you struggle to express is wholly opposite in nature to what I have attained; my belief is even more certain to me than any conviction I could possibly have that God has any part in your belief or no-belief, you are either a liar or an idiot." This is no exaggeration of the—uncharitableness, we will not say—but rather unlimited insolence, of temper which characterises this unspiritual religion. It is an insolence almost impossible to mere nature, an insolence essentially due to the artificial combination between natural arrogance and this evil idolatry of belief. It is the exaggerating of the native dogmatism of human nature, caused by fancying for oneself a private monopoly in God. It cannot but spring up, if one holds with equally absolute certainty that He is *not* present with another, and that He is endorsing one's own opinions. We quote the following letter from Mr. Rogers's new work in illustration of what we have been saying:

"MY DEAR SIR,—I cannot offer a single word of apology to your 'secular' guest for what I said. You know he distinctly affirmed, in consistency with some of the 'secularist' authorities of our time, that he believed it was desirable to get rid of the conception of a presiding Deity under any possible modifications—and that the absence of any such notion was more favourable to human virtue and morality than its presence. This opinion is asserted, as in some other athistical works (all obscure enough, to be sure), so in a little one which proposes it as the 'task of to-day to annihilate the—Deity! No doubt it will be the task of to-morrow also, and, I should think, the day after that. You will recollect, that when your 'secularist' acquaintance affirmed the above strange dogmas, I gave him a fair opportunity of retracting, by saying that if he merely meant that *such* a God as millions had worshipped,—a Belial, a Moloch,—an obscene and cruel Deity,—even a Venus or a Bacchus,—might possibly be as bad as none (or worse), many might agree with him; but if he meant *such* a Deity as implied perfection of wisdom, justice, power, and goodness, none but a liar or a madman would. He positively re-affirmed, however, his opinion that, under *any* modification, the idea of a God was pernicious; that Atheism was better than Theism; and particularly appealed to those great 'authorities' M. Comte, Mr ——— and Miss ———. It was then I said, if you recollect (what I still say, and am prepared to maintain), that I hold myself absolved from arguing with any one who can affirm that the idea of a perfectly holy, invisible, ever present, infallible Governor (sincerely entertained), is *more* unfavourable to virtue than the notion that there is no God at all; or that, so far as it has any conceivable bearing on human conduct, it can be other than auxiliary

to every imaginable motive to morality ; that I was convinced, so long as the human intellect was constituted as it is, that the man who asserted such a paradox must be regarded by ninety-nine men out of every hundred as a liar, and that the hundredth would only shield him from *that* by supposing him *mad*. I still hold to every syllable of that declaration. It is impossible, constituted as we are, that we can believe any man other than a hypocrite or an idiot, who tells us that, if you *add* a motive or two motives *coincident* with ten others to these last, the whole will be diminished in force : that the supposition of an unseen judge over the *thoughts* as well as *actions*, and who will infallibly reward or punish them in accordance with what even your 'secularist' acquaintance himself *believes* to be true principles of human conduct, will be an impediment to right-doing ! Would it not be just as easy to believe that two and two make five ? . . . I am quite ready to argue with any candid atheist, if such there be (of which I have my doubts), as to whether there is a God or not ; I am sure he will not descend to this sort of knavish or idiotic paradox. -If sincere, he will say, 'Well, if there be *no* such God as you have described, so much the worse for the world. I admit *that*, one must confess that it is *desirable* there should be such a one ; but that does not prove that there *is* one' This is what I should call intelligent and candid ; and the argument might go on. As to what he says of my want of charity—but let the man say what he pleases. If he be a liar, who would, and if an idiot, who could, reason with him ? And that he is either one or the other, is beyond doubt with me. . . . Yours very truly,

R. E. H. G."

Now did it ever occur to Mr Rogers, that if almost all great minds have passed through a stage of the darkest scepticism, there must be not only a discipline in such scepticism, but such a discipline, that to some, at some periods of their career, it might well seem to be true that religion is wholly hurtful ? Nay, are there not stages of mental and moral life in which religion *must* disappear altogether in order to become real and living in the future ? If, instead of proclaiming from the heights of his supposed Christianity that this atheist was either a "liar or an idiot," Mr. Rogers had taken the pains to elicit the state of mind which could alone render such a paradox honest and real, might he not have gained something of valuable conviction, even for his own Christianity ? At least we have met with those who, being neither liars nor idiots, have enunciated the same astounding paradox, and who, we deeply believe, were at that very time under the mysterious pressure of a Divine discipline. We could even conceive it most natural that the passage from a narrow and confidently selfish system of belief to that large and tasking form of Christianity, whose only infinite certainty is the unveiled holiness and love of God, should lie through such a period of vehement scepticism as this. For is

it not, in fact, good that some men should know what it is to the heart to believe itself *alone*? is it not even desirable that if man could find his highest purity and virtue in self-reliance, he should do so? is it not a most Divine discipline that he should be robbed, not only of the "motives" to virtue which religion gives, but of the living help which trust gives, if he can indeed fancy himself a self-dependent being? Is he not even *better* when he is trying for himself how firmly he can walk alone through the dark mystery of life, than when leaning only on the false supports of a selfish and degraded theology? And may not the destined experiences of that "dim and perilous way" teach him something truer far of the spiritually-dependent nature of man,—of what he has falsely mistaken for God,—of what God really is,—than Mr Rogers himself can ever learn while he kicks against the pricks of Atheism, and instead of striving to see whether that too may not sometimes be a Divine as well as a Satanic discipline, brutally offers an opponent his choice between the epithets of a "liar" or an "idiot"?

To us Mr Rogers and his school seem to evince a most melancholy ignorance of the true meaning and history of doubt, when they meet it as they do. Were they devil's advocates, they could do no better. To jeer and taunt a doubter with the shallowness of his thoughts, even if they be shallow, can have but one of two effects—to scare him into apparent concession without solving his real perplexity; or to fortify him in his resistance, not from any deeper appreciation of his own position, but from irritation at yours. The insolent method proceeds, as we have said, from complete distrust that God's realities are any wider or more various than the self-confident understanding of man. Now the method which is really pursued with our minds, if dogmatists would only take the trouble to note it, is totally opposite. Often, no doubt, temporary scepticisms do arise in moral weakness, as well as in moral strength. But in all cases we are made to feel and sound the whole depth of our doubts before there is any progress to their removal. We are not dragged away from them, or mocked out of them, by the spiritual providence of God. We are taught *all* they mean before we are taught the true solution. Superficial doubt becomes real and searching before it passes away. Real and searching doubt itself often brings on, or else is guided into, a practical crisis in the outward life before it is laid to rest. At the very time when the coarse and insolent theologian is telling the sceptic that his brains "must be a mere lump of cotton-wool,"\* or that his difficulty is of no account whatever "in the estimation of any body who does not deserve to be shut

\* Vol. II. p. 322.

up in Bedlam,"\* the spiritual experience of life may often be expressly adapted to exhaust and then solve the problem by which He whom the theologian professes to confess and defend has tasked and disciplined the sceptic's mind; and it is well if the arrogance of man do not counteract, or at least weaken, the efficacy of the inward experience prepared by God. It is this mean assumption, that the petty moulds of our own faith define and limit the spiritual activity of the Divine object of faith, which makes us so eager to check and punish, instead of adopting and pursuing, the line of thought by which for the first time the doubter's mind has been brought into any real contact with the spiritual world. If we really believed that God had any intercourse at all with the sceptic's mind as well as with our own, we should look upon genuine doubt as the first stirrings of genuine trust; and instead of practising the stifling art of such controversialists as Mr. Rogers, should learn from Socrates that the first great step is to make a man hold his doubts clearly and seriously, to bring them into really articulate life, to let him see their full depth, and be fairly haunted by their practical urgency; and then perhaps, but not till then, might we be able to help him to realise where the answer to those doubts had been revealed. The scolding theology of modern orthodoxy is mainly engaged in striving against the very Spirit for whose honour it is so bitter—in resisting the spiritual unfolding of difficulties which it is, in truth, its duty to assist. The reason why half the faith of Christendom is so hollow and valueless, is to be found in the mistrust of theologians lest no sounding-line, however divine, should be able to fathom the depths of honest doubt. At least they act as if the kingdom of God depended on their penning-in intellects of every kind and depth between some miserable and wearisome logical alternatives, by which they fancy their own convictions have been guided. That is, they believe in a God as large and no larger than their own capacity for faith; and hence they are never led to see whether or not, perhaps, that small capacity might be enlarged.

Mr. Rogers apparently has a conviction that the reception of Christianity is not caused by a Divine Spirit working *with and in* human nature,—subduing it into its most perfect harmony,—answering its own deepest wants,—bracing with new strength its own highest powers; but working *against* it, as he himself does,—irritating its pride, browbeating its natural faiths, disappointing its hopes with the bitterest irony of Providence, and silencing by the mere stentorian force of loud omnipotence its indigenous doubt. This is what he says of the Bible:

\* Vol. ii. p. 329.

"You cannot say that 'The Book has not given you every advantage;' for never was there one which more irritates the pride and prejudices of mankind, which presents greater obstacles to its reception, morally and intellectually;—so that it is amongst the most unaccountable things to me, not that it should be rejected by some, but that it should be accepted by any. 'It is, I grant,' said an old Deist, 'a very strange thing that Christianity should be embraced; for I do not perceive in myself any inclination to receive the New Testament.' There spake, not Deism only, but HUMAN NATURE."

The same doctrine he repeats with emphasis in other places. Christianity, he tells us, goes "desperately against the grain of human nature;" and his own writings seem in this respect to be a humble attempt to imitate this feature in his conception of Christianity. "The theories," he tells us in another place, "of Christianity and Deism are *antipodal*;" and hence clearly his attempt to identify himself exclusively with that form of Christianity which recognises least truth, and least desire for truth, in every system which it regards as extra-Christian. He seems to think that Christianity was given, not "that the thoughts of many hearts might be revealed," but that they might be suppressed and suffocated; and assumes in all his controversy that it must be by choice and of set purpose, not from any inward constraint, if any man find difficulties in the Christian evidences,—a purpose which must be put down by "strong" measures.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—That the writer of the note you have enclosed should talk of the 'dry repellent character' of the discussions involved in the question of the truth of Christianity, and say that they are more likely to make infidels than to reclaim them, is not wonderful; for he is evidently almost an infidel already—at least inclined to be one; and I never knew any young gentlemen so inclined that could not, like most people whose wills have bribed their understandings, find arguments to suit them. But that *you* should seem to give any countenance to the nonsense that is talked on the subject in the present day does, I confess, surprise me. You fear, you say, that so much 'thorny' argument as to the 'evidences,'—canvassing the historic truth of the miracles, replying to objections, harmonising 'discrepancies,' and so forth,—tends rather to nurse scepticism than to cure it; and that you 'half feel' with him on the subject. It is very natural that *he* should endeavour to evade the only mode in which, in his present condition, you can reach him;—I say the only mode; for try the other arguments on which you, and I, and every other Christian lay so much more stress than on *any* external evidence, and you will soon see how easily he will turn their edge aside. Meantime there are others he cannot evade; and he is; of course, for getting rid of them, very naturally, by this *coup-de-main*; and, by the way, *if* those arguments are thorny and intricate, he and those like him have, for their own purposes, mainly contributed to render them so. I never knew a sceptic who,

in discussing the general historic evidences, did not instantly take refuge in minute 'objections' and petty 'discrepancies;' which, however little they can affect the main points at issue, necessitate, of course, plenty of wrangling, nay, all the more for their very minuteness; and the more of such objections your adversary can discover, and the greater the intricacy of the statements which his own pertinacity renders necessary, the better he is pleased."

We do not wonder, therefore, that this being Mr. Rogers's own conception of his antagonists, he should attribute the same relative position to the revealing Spirit and the receiving minds of human beings,—that, in fact, he should consider Christianity in the light, more of a disagreeable medicine than a Gospel, administered by the benevolent compulsion of God to reluctant humanity. But the day when such a conception could have been generally accepted, if it ever were, is now long past. To the Jew, no doubt, the revelation of the purposes of God was conceived of as, in a measure, *absolute*,—as independent of his own fears or cravings,—as a Voice from the great darkness of Omnipotence, to be listened to and obeyed. But even the Jew had the strongest feeling that this voice did not merely overrule but refreshed the true nature within him, *answered* rather than silenced his questionings when he was overpowered by the mysteries of the national destinies, and made him feel that nothing true within him was crushed, but every thing elevated by the life of obedience to that Divine teaching. And assuredly St. Paul expressed the general yearning of both Jew and Gentile when he said, that the "creation groaned and travailed" for the birth of Christianity; that its new knowledge and its new power were not useful and wholesome remedies forced on reluctant minds, but a Divine fountain, springing up after long expectation to assuage the burning thirst of nations and of centuries. Had St. Paul thought with Mr. Rogers that in the words, "I perceive in myself no inclination to receive the New Testament," HUMAN NATURE itself was speaking, he would scarcely have spoken with so much confidence, to an audience of Greek philosophers, of all nations as "seeking the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him and find Him," or have proved that confidence by his eagerness to proclaim, alike to the rude idolaters of Lycaonia, the trained intellects of Athenian schools, the Jewish people and king, Roman præfects, the Roman emperor, and the Spanish barbarians, truths which Human Nature, as such, had neither longing nor inclination to accept. And if this were so *then*, assuredly every century of the subsequent eighteen has made it more and more, not only true, but obvious, that the deepest evidence of all Divine truth is in the intimations and cravings of the ordinary human heart. As human history un-

folds, it becomes more and more obvious that wants which seem completely finite and earthly often break their limits by the force of an inward and irrepressible inspiration, and give their witness for a spiritual world,—that the most patient and plodding industry will burst into the most passionate excitement if denied the sense of a spiritual freedom it would never practically desire to use,—that the disinterested social and political ties for which men suffer and die absorb a larger and larger proportion of the most ordinary daily duties,—that even the lowest and commonest of human appetites acquire by their association with politics and science countless associations and ties with deathless Art, with the ceaseless success and endeavour of the human intellect, with the greatness of spiritual virtues and spiritual sins, with the belief in infinite suffering, the agony of despair, and the joy of trust. It is literally true that, as human history goes on, spiritual disorders and wants descend deeper and deeper into the core of physical life ; responsibilities are distributed over society at large which were concentrated on one or two points,—and are not only distributed, but more generally understood and felt ; the social and political bearings of individual selfishness or unselfishness are more and more deeply realised ; spheres of life that were formerly conceived as totally unconnected with the spiritual world, are now seen to be poisoned by spiritual rather than physical diseases, poetry and art penetrate more and more homely retreats, drawing out every where the latent forces of voluntary evil and good, and the full expressiveness of human beauty and deformity. even our very laughter comes from fuller springs than that of the ancient world, and has in it a deeper consciousness of all that human nature seeks to be, and all that it is. In short, the craving for a Divine religion that arises in *strictly* human inclinations—in the unsatisfied tossings of human desire and want and emotion—in the fever of restless thought, driven on to ask for infinite satisfaction, and finding only finite—in the gnawing sense of unreality and insincerity that accompanies all temporary pleasures and all temporary aims,—was never so deeply felt as in the present day. If ever there were a time when it was simply false to say that human nature, as such, has “no inclination” to receive Christianity, it is now. And certainly there never was a time when it was so hopeless to force any revelation on it from without that is not first dimly shaped forth within, for there never was a time in which, taking it in its largest sense, human nature had so much faith in *itself*. Even Atheism clings vainly and passionately to this faith ; and glorifies and worships the *Être Suprême* of humanity,—the *Einheit des Menschengeschlechts*,—after it has discarded God. And this is no sign of mere degra-

dation, but the last remnant of a true devotion. It is because even Atheism sees that a spirit draws men into one national or universal unity, of a diviner and *more* human kind than any which divides and sets them at variance, that it desires to worship humanity at large, and recoils from the notion that each should separately worship himself. And we are perfectly sure that no religion, and no so-called phase of Christianity, has the slightest chance of universal reception in the present day, which strives to bear down and silence, as Mr. Rogers would, the spiritual testimony of human nature, taken in its strictest sense, to the religious wants and pains and hopes which are already fermenting there, and which only need to be quickened into clear responsible knowledge by Divine affirmation given through the external history of man. Unless a universal Divine spirit be recognised as living *in* man, there will be no chance of recognising any as living *above* man; no revelation would be credible from a Divine king that did not reveal also the long-brooding thoughts of a Divine humanity. We do not know whether Mr. Rogers could not find some way of providing room for this concession; but we do know that almost all his writings in spirit contradict it. In his "Eight Letters to a Deist," for instance, in the present volume, his sole object is to insult Deism by an exposure of its imbecility; and to a perplexed Deist who should answer, "All this may be very true; but by showing me that I don't believe enough to have any influence with the world, you do not show me that the influence which more popular faiths have is *legitimate*,"—the natural and practical difficulty that any profound sceptic would feel,—no answer is either made or attempted. Mr. Rogers cares not at all to start from common ground, and bring men on to a higher level; his only care is to make them feel as uncomfortable and wretched as possible on the ground they occupy. He scoffs at an atheist in the vulgarest manner for affirming that "truth never in the end did any body any harm," and that "instinct tells him so," whereas any theologian who believed more deeply in the Spirit of God than in his own patent for demonstrating that Spirit would have seen at once in such an assertion the stirrings of a diviner faith, and the point of departure from which a diviner faith might have been elicited. Had Christianity been really revealed in the way in which Mr. Rogers would now help to reveal it, it would have begun by enforcing on all men, except the Jews, that they believed nothing at all, and had no capacity for judging even of what they wanted to believe,—in fact, by asking contemptuously for the surrender of all the groundless faith they had; and would then have presented them, as offensively as possible, with a series of confessedly offensive truths, demonstrated by thunder-claps of power



and by an appeal to their coming preternatural success. Was it thus, or by the fascination and development of all the faith that the world still retained, that Christ and his apostles riveted the ears of Jew and Greek and Roman? Had they argued with the unbelieving nations in the *spirit* in which Mr. Rogers argues with deists and atheists, and yet with the marvellous force they actually displayed, they would have produced a mighty recoil into passionate and rebellious Atheism instead of the renovation of the whole western world.

What we have termed unspiritual religion has commonly another characteristic, which is, in truth, only a deeper form of that want of faith, and consequent want of large spiritual charity, of which we have been speaking. A belief which narrows the spiritual agency of God to the narrow channels it has already sounded and marked out for itself, has neither power nor patience to estimate anxiously the deeper grounds of other men's difficulties, or to go with them their full mile of common road before breaking off into the diverging path of private opinion. But this narrowness of spiritual trust often generates a still more marvellous characteristic of theological discussion. It shows the excessive unreality of much religious conviction, that, even in discussing the grounds of all reality,—the very nature and living influences of God,—nothing is more common than to catch eagerly at the mere accidental weaknesses of an opponent's *statement*, as distinguished from his *meaning*, so as to achieve a logical victory over his form of expression without touching the body of his thought. That sane men should profess to believe in the universal Spirit of God, and yet in controversy concerning that Spirit should ever be glad to stop short of encountering an opponent's *fullest* thought, is perhaps the most extraordinary example in existence of the power which men possess to distort the spiritual world into the image of their own littleness. Of course there is no full consciousness of the self-deception; a logical fencer strikes too eagerly at the weak point to consider whether the victory he gains is one of words or of thoughts. But this is just the very sign that his creed is in fact only a beaten track of thought in his own mind, not a trust which goes out of himself into a real presence upon God. If the object be to measure intellectual strength with an adversary, of course the detection of a deficiency in expression is of some moment. But if the object be, by comparing mutually a real mental experience, to obtain a clearer insight into what God's ways with us are, a theologian would be eager to strengthen by every means in his power the force of his opponent's case, that he might as fully as possible reach that mental reality in which alone the Divine Spirit could have had any participation. It is a sure sign that a man's religion is rather

a codified mass of opinions concerning God than a personal relation, or even a *desire* for personal relation, to Him, if he be not eager to remove as completely as possible the film of confusion which words interpose between the religious life of men and any thoughtful comparison of the convictions to which that life gives rise. If controversialists had any deep trust that God were really with them *all*, they would be much more anxious than they are to get over imperfections of expression in order to grasp the reality behind. Look at the skill and patience with which in human affairs any one who believes that there is something of *real fact* to elicit, and is eager to elicit it, will question and cross-question, and probe the very depths of another's memory. And ordinary religious controversy shows its real unspirituality in this, that the disputant has not, in fact, the slightest conviction that there is any background of *fact* to elicit; he does not really believe God has any living relation at all to the mind of others, and therefore he makes no effort to see what that relation is. He simply wishes to confute a troublesome opinion; he conceives it is all matter of distant *inference*, not of moral *experience*; he avails himself eagerly of weak exposition, because, while he has no belief that thorough and fair exposition would add in the least to the data or premises in dispute, he has a very just and rational belief that it would give him a great deal more trouble; and hence the rareness of bold and eager thought in theological controversy. You see it in science, because each party really assumes that the other also is in contact with the *facts*, though perhaps judging of them hastily. You see it in psychological and moral disputes, because again the same capacity for personal observation and study is conceded, and the object is really to arrive at what the other has got a certain hold of, and reconcile it with what we ourselves have a certain hold of, and not to compare the arbitrary meanderings of the vaguest possible inferences from the vaguest possible data. But you do not see it in theology, because so few fairly admit that there is any living spring of *independent* conviction in every distinct mind; so that the boldness and eagerness which are in place in any real collision with *facts*, are utterly out of place when you only see a new combination of troublesome words without any new combination of realities. It is the absence of true faith in a universally Revealing Mind that destroys altogether the only possible *field* of theological discussion, since only phantom combatants can fight in phantom lists. Did we believe that all have the same *access* to the Divine Mind as ourselves, we must recognise in all religious impressions and difficulties that have the stamp of profound *sincerity* at least *indications* of approach to some pro-

found *reality*. It is only unspiritual religion that can care to criticise and triumph over logical forms of error, instead of trying to appreciate the facts which those logical forms more or less inarticulately express.

This seems to us, however, to be the pervading fault of Mr. Rogers's writings. He is not, we think, consciously unfair, but excessively *unreal*; grappling with the hasty statements instead of the mental tendencies of his opponents; impatient to confute and to trample upon an adversary, utterly careless as to the comprehension of his fullest meaning. The tone of the letters in this book is enough at once to convince any one that he does not strive to understand before he answers. The blows fall thick on the weakest points of weak assailants; and he triumphantly quells objections which may very likely be real, but certainly are not adequate, exponents of deep popular perplexities on the subject of religion. He has not the smallest conviction that there can be any spiritual depth and reality in an antagonistic opinion, which he ought first to take pains to apprehend; he despises it, he derides it, he "exposes" it *from outside* before he has tried to feel its full significance. Nothing, for example, can be much more disgusting than the following portion of a letter to a younger friend on the philosophy of prayer. Directly a real spiritual difficulty is started, Mr. Rogers sets up just such a hue and cry as if he were a slave-catcher sighting a runaway negro, instead of a theologian grappling with the most mysterious of all subjects; and in place of desiring to see into the depths of the perplexity, he seems to dance round it with half-ferocious exultation, discharging blunt missiles at it from time to time.

"MY DEAR YOUTH,—I have heard (need I say with dismay?) from your relative, and my dear friend, Mr. W —, that you have become such a 'philosopher' as to have discovered the inutility of all 'prayer,' and that you have resolved to give it up!

Pardon me for saying, that it would have been better if you had given up your 'philosophy'—*such* philosophy, I mean; for it is a 'philosophy falsely so called.' True philosophy demands no such sacrifice; and I hope, from the regard you have for me, you will at least read with patient attention what I have to say to you.

Philosophy! why, my dear youth, one *fact*, which, I am told, you acknowledge to be still a *puzzle* to you, is enough to show that a genuine philosophy,—the philosophy of Bacon,—the philosophy you profess to revere so much,—distinctly condemns your conclusion as utterly *unphilosophical*. You confess, it seems, that seeing the clear inutility of prayer, from the impossibility of supposing God to contravene the 'order of antecedents and consequents,' or to infringe His own laws (of all which babble by and by), it is to you a great 'puzzle' that the overwhelming majority of the race in all ages,—of philosophers and

peasants,—of geniuses and blockheads,—of the refined and the vulgar,—the bulk even of those who plead for the doctrine of ‘moral necessity’ itself,—have contended for the propriety, the efficacy, the necessity of prayer! that man, in trouble, seems naturally to resort to it! that, for the most part, it is only in prosperity that those who deny its value can afford to do so; that when they come to a scene of distress, or a deathbed, even they, in the greater number of cases, break out,—if they believe, as you do, in a presiding deity at all,—into cries for help, and supplications for mercy; just as naturally as they weep when sorrowful, or rejoice when happy!

You call these facts a *puzzle*; they seem a curious example of human ‘inconsistency,’—of the tardiness of man to embrace a genuine philosophy! Ha! ha! ha!

I fancy there is another explanation that smacks a little more of a *genuine* philosophy. Surely, if the great bulk of mankind, all their lives long, whimsically admit in theory the propriety and efficacy of prayer, even while they daily neglect it in practice,—if multitudes, who would *like* very well to have a burdensome and unwelcome duty which they neglect proved to be no duty at all, are still invincibly convinced that it is such,—must not a genuine inductive philosophy confess that such a concurrence of wise and vulgar, of philosophy and instinct, and all too against seeming interest and strong passions,—is an indication that the *constitution of human nature itself* favours the hypothesis of the efficacy and propriety of prayer?—and if so, ought not that to be taken into account in your philosophy? I contend that it is decisive of the controversy, if you are really to philosophise on the matter at all. Meantime it seems, you account it merely a great *puzzle*, amidst that *clear demonstration* you have, of the inutility and absurdity of prayer!

If you say, ‘I have confessed it is a puzzle; what does it prove?’ I answer, ‘Prove? my fine fellow; why it proves *this*,—that the fact which ought to determine your philosophy on this question is against you. Yes;—the fact which a Bacon would take principally into account, utterly refutes you. Stick fairly to your *induction*, and I will give you leave to infer as long as you will. The facts you call a ‘puzzle’ prove that the normal constitution of human nature pleads distinctly both for the propriety and efficacy of prayer. Such facts say as plainly of man he was made to do this or that,—it is his *nature* to do this or that,—as the fire to burn or the sun to shine.”

And when at length he vouchsafes a reply to his opponent’s difficulty, it is this:

“Let us suppose—and I am confident I may defy you to disprove it—(I indeed believe it is the absolute truth), that amongst other ‘pre-arrangements’ of Divine wisdom, and to the maintenance of which, therefore, all that ‘immutability’ on which you found so much is pledged,—it has been decreed that prayer shall be one of the indispensable conditions of the stable enjoyment of God’s favour; let us suppose He has decreed, and for ever, that only *he* shall be truly happy, get what

he hopes, and receive what he needs, who seeks 'His face;'—let us suppose, I say, all this (and I am very certain you cannot show its improbability or absurdity), what then? Why just this, that if this *be* a condition of the Divine conduct towards us, if it *be* one of the 'wise pre-arrangements,' one of the 'unvarying laws,' your philosophy, my young friend, is still very true, but unluckily confutes your conclusion: I have introduced, you see, but another of your pleasant antecedents, and your little syllogism holds no longer."

After this explanation, which he offers as, in his conviction, the absolute truth, Mr. Rogers goes on to explain, that this "antecedent condition" of Divine favour—prayer—may therefore be regarded as in the nature of a "peppercorn-rent" to God for all his blessings.

"I have not thought it of moment to reply to the logical refinement sometimes urged, that even if it be granted that prayer is an indispensable *pre-condition* of the Divine favour, its inefficacy as a *proper cause* may still be maintained; for I am convinced that you would not urge it seriously. As to the *event*, it is all one, and I do not think it worth while to discuss such subtleties.

If a man were to offer you an estate on the payment of a peppercorn-rent (and our 'prayers' are worth not so much to the Deity), it is certain that the man's bounty, and not the peppercorn, would be the *cause* of your good fortune; but as without the peppercorn you would be without the estate, I imagine you would have little inclination to chop logic with him about its being 'causal' or otherwise."

We certainly have seldom read a theological argument showing so utter a want of moral appreciation of the thought, so painful and contemptuous a disposition to mere logical fencing. To us, at least, the difficulty is left just where it was; but by the closing illustration presented in the harshest possible form. It is the oppression of the thought that man's eager life, his love, his anguish, his piercing cries, *are* mere "pre-arranged conditions," "peppercorn-rents" to the great proprietor of the universe—hinges in an inexorable system of pre-established forces—inevitable in one vast frame of inevitability,—which robs us wholly of the desire to pray. If communion with God be not the free interchange of a living trust for a living love, if it be not a voluntary appeal looking for a voluntary reply, if the imploring agony be a mere flash of vital forces pre-ordained to precede a fixed proportion of the Divine blessings, if, in short, individual prayers do not individually affect the Divine Spirit except as determinate signals in a mighty plan upon the appearance of which an act of love becomes due,—then, we say, the true difficulty remains, that with such a conviction intensely stamped upon the mind, it would be totally impossible to pray. Prayer can never be the fulfilment of a "pre-arranged condition," the "payment

of a peppercorn-rent," without utterly ceasing to be prayer. It is, and can only be, possible 'on the assumption that it is a real influence with God; that whether granted or denied, it is *efficient* as an expression of our spiritual want and resolution; that the breath of power which answers it is a living response, and, like all living responses, the free utterance of the moment, not the pre-ordained consequent waiting for a pre-ordained antecedent; that there is a sphere beyond all necessary law, in which both the Divine and human life are not constrained by immutable arrangements, but *free*. This, we say, is the only intellectual assumption on which prayer can be a natural act; and though any intellectual assumption at all is far from needful to most persons in a sphere of being so mysterious, it is the only one which meets the real moral perplexity which the opening reason of man will frequently start. Whether Mr. Rogers's reply be true or false, it leaves the real heart of the spiritual problem quite untouched, while attaining a barren victory over its logical form.

We will quote only one other instance of the same kind, though the writings of our author seem to us to present instances on almost every religious subject he touches: it is on the subject of the Atonement, and is, we are glad to say, free from the vulgar jocularity which disfigures so much of the theological disquisition in these volumes. The faith of Mr. Rogers requires that Christ's *suffering* should be regarded as, for some reason or other, a real *substitute* for human suffering, and an indispensable condition to God's forgiveness. He argues on it thus:

"We can only reason a little way; but as far as we *can* reason, I do not flinch from saying that every *fact* we know is against the theory of your simple unconditional forgiveness.

We can but reason in reference to a subject so vast, and in all its bearings so infinitely transcendental to our comprehension, by *analogy*. Now it is certain, that in any moral government with which we are acquainted, or of which we can form any conception,—in any government whose subjects are ruled by *motives* only, and where *will* is unconstrained,—the principle of the prompt unconditional pardon of crime on profession of repentance and purpose of amendment would be most disastrous; as we invariably see it is in a family, in a school, in a political community. Now, have we any reason to believe that in a government most emphatically *moral*,—a government of which all the moral governments with which we are acquainted are but imperfect imitations, and which are, indeed, founded on a very partial application of the laws which a perfect moral government implies,—similar easy good-natured lenity would be attended with less ruinous effects? If we have none, then, since we cannot think that God's government will or can *cease* to be moral, or that He ever will physically constrain His creatures to be happy or holy,—indeed the very notion involves a contradiction in terms,—would not the proposed course of universally

pardoning guilt on profession of penitence prove in all probability most calamitous? Let us, then, suppose (no difficult thing) that God foresaw this ;—that such a procedure would be of pernicious consequences, not to this world only, but, for aught we know, to many ; that it would diminish His authority, relax the ties of allegiance, invite His subjects to revolt, make them think disloyalty a trivial matter ? If so, —and I defy you to prove that it may not be so,—then would there not be benignity as well as justice, mercy as well as equity, in refusing the exercise of a weak compassion which would destroy more than it would save ? Let us suppose further, that knowing all this, God knew also that His yearning compassion for lost and guilty man might be safely gratified by such an expedient as the Atonement ; that so far from weakening the bonds of allegiance, such an acceptance of a voluntary propitiation would strengthen them ; that it would flash on all worlds an indelible conviction no less of His justice than of His mercy—of His justice, that He could not pardon without so tremendous a sacrifice ; of His mercy, that He would not, to gratify it, refrain even from this ; that it would crush for ever that subtle sophism so naturally springing in the heart of man, and which gives to temptation its chief power—that God is too merciful to punish ;—I say, if all this be so,—and I fancy you will find it difficult to prove that it *may* not be so,—does not the Atonement assume a new aspect ? Is it any longer chargeable with absurdity or caprice ? May it not be justly pronounced a device worthy of Divine wisdom and benignity ? Is it not calculated to secure that which is its proposed end ?—at once to make justice doubly venerable and mercy doubly dear ?—justice more venerable, that it could not be lightly assuaged ; mercy more dear, that it would be gratified though at such a cost ?”

We take it that the real difficulty sincerely felt by most Christians who have doubted or rejected the doctrine of Christ’s vicarious sufferings is here completely evaded ; for the analogy drawn from human affairs has two main features : one, that it grounds the necessity for inflicting suffering before granting pardon on the uncertain nature of human *professions* of penitence ; the other, that it grounds the same necessity on the danger that any omission to vindicate the majesty of law on those who have *themselves really* transgressed it, will bring the law itself into less respect. Now neither of these points of analogy have the slightest application to the case in point : for, with regard to the first, no one ever ventured to say that Christ’s sufferings could redeem any uncertain or superficial penitence from its full spiritual burden of misery. There is no difficulty with God in judging that which no human court of justice dare attempt to determine ; and if some absolute infliction of pain somewhere be only needful in human courts to provide for the countless cases where professed penitence is insincere or incomplete, it would not be needful before a Divine tribunal at all,

since half-penitents must suffer until they are thoroughly changed in heart, and true penitents need suffer no more. And, on the second and deeper point, that pardon could only be conditional on some display of the just severity of the law, lest the law itself should lose its awfulness,—the reply is clear that the law is not vindicated, but broken anew, by the substitution of one who has not violated it for those who had. If it is sin against the law to pardon the guilty, it is no less sin against the law to inflict suffering on the innocent; and to add that infliction to the remission of a penalty that is duly incurred, is to double the transgression of the majesty of offended law, not to cancel it. The simple truth is, that though it is one of the deepest laws of human society that we should bear each other's burdens—that when “one member suffers all the members suffer with it”—that there is no such thing as the isolation of a sin, or even of the misery that proceeds in widening circles, though with slackening force, from every centre of sin,—though it is the law of human fellowship that the good must suffer with the guilty (and the more willingly the higher they are in goodness), as the price of that fellowship,—yet this is not a law of vicarious punishment, a law by which the penalty proper to sin is borne by one who has not committed that sin, but rather a law which intensifies a hundredfold instead of removing, the sense of social responsibility, and consequently the burden of social guilt. And so the sufferings of Christ have, we believe, never truly lightened a single fear of the guilty mind by any suggestions of subtraction from the penalty in store; but rather, by revealing the true law of the social unity of humanity, have increased those fears a hundredfold. It is only by rendering true penitence possible, by emancipating us from the despair of human weakness through the revelation of a Divine power in whose might we may trample on sin and death, not by cancelling any balance of suffering due to us after true penitence, that the death of Christ can set us free. Nothing ever can, or ever ought, to dissuade the human heart from believing, that if once it can be utterly and profoundly penitent, a free pardon from God is certain, and always was certain, and needed no “forensic arrangement” of any sort to make it more certain. But how to attain that true penitence without the revelation of a triumphant power close to and even participating in our sense of human helplessness was the great problem;—the answer to which has been parodied in the hideous and pagan theory that infinite justice must inflict some punishment somewhere for every violation of law, but whether on the offender or on a voluntary proxy is comparatively unimportant. Mr. Rogers, as usual, has glanced at the most superficial aspect of the difficulty, and not at-



tempted to realise the essential meaning of objectors. What is not usual, however, in these volumes, he has glanced at it without a scoff.

We have now discussed and illustrated at some length the temper of that unspiritual religion which fixes the eye rather on private demonstrations of God and of His revelation than on God Himself and the substance of His revelation; which is so occupied with its fancied monopoly in the art of defending God's ways, that it forgets the great object of faith in the expertness of its endeavours to fortify the approaches; and which never practically realises that all private modes of believing are, if God be a living and universal Father, liable to indefinite enlargement by studying the infinite variety of His spiritual dealings with *others*. The same general temper seems to debase so remarkably the intellectual character of one or two special faculties, that we must call attention to its influence in degrading the *humour*, and in degrading the *logic*, of minds naturally not without considerable keenness and vigour, as in the case of the author before us.

There is a *humour* which may be truly said to be religious, though you rarely see it in professedly religious writers. Men with a keen sense of spiritual and supernatural realities have not always a keen sense of the minute and physical realities of life. It is the strange blending of common sense and deep insight—of the consciousness of the little petty things we have to do, and the consciousness of the marvellous supernatural universe of life which has prepared and surrounds and follows the condition of things in which we do them,—it is the measuring the detail of the moment by the purposes of eternity—which fills us with a humour of which we should be incapable were we not capable of a religion. We smile at the child whose growing pleasure in natural beauty and matured pleasure in sweet tastes urge it to store up its gingerbread for consumption in some pleasant spot—on an island-stone in the favourite brook, or in the romantic solitude of a hollow tree;—and yet all keen sense of the supernatural, if combined with what we term strong common sense, gives rise to delightful or painful incongruities of exactly the same nature. If the two are not brought into connection, you are liable either to the unreality of good sense, as it is called, which shuts out from small and common acts their intellectual and spiritual horizon; or to the unreality of an exaggerating and didactic ethics which ignores their paltry and trivial side; or else to the one-sided inspiration which, in the prophet or the bard, loses the *calmer* grasp of human things in the mysterious vision proper to a higher world. There is no writer of the present day who has exhibited

so deep a genius for this intellectual humour connected with religious insight as Mr. Carlyle. We do not consider him an eminently religious writer, for his religion is far more imaginative and intellectual than personal and moral; nor do we consider him at all a practical writer, for his *judgment* is not proportioned to his *hold* on the facts of life, and he does not distinguish for us things we had confused before, but rather indefinitely magnifies the *colours*—the general tone of feeling—in the subjects he paints, than gives any new accuracy to the forms. But he has a most remarkable power of realising in close combination the spiritual and physical, the infinite and finite elements of whatever he sees, and this it is which gives the great charm to his writings and to his disquisitions on character; as, for example, to his wonderful description of the metaphysical conversation of Coleridge. Here, for instance, in this passage from *Sartor Resartus*, which paints night in a crowded city, there is ample illustration of this closeness with which vast intellectual realities and the smallest physical details of fact lie together in his mind :

“*Ach mein Lieber!*” said he once, at midnight, when he had returned from the coffee-house in rather earnest talk, ‘it is a true sublimity to dwell here. These fringes of lamp-light, struggling up through smoke and thousand-fold exhalation, some fathoms into the ancient reign of Night, what thinks Boötes of them, as he leads his hunting-dogs over the zenith in their leash of sidereal fire? . . . .

‘Upwards of five hundred thousand two-legged animals without feathers lie around us in horizontal position; their heads all in night-caps, and full of the foolishbest dreams. Riot cries aloud, and staggers and swaggers in his rank dens of shame; and the mother, with streaming hair, kneels over her pallid, dying infant, whose cracked lips only her tears now moisten. All these heaped and huddled together, with nothing but a little carpentry and masonry between them; crammed in like salted fish in their barrel; or weltering, shall I say, like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers, each struggling to get its *head* above the others;—*such* work goes on under that smoke-counterpane!—But I, *mein Werther*, sit above it all; I am alone with the stars.’

We looked in his face to see whether in the utterance of such extraordinary night-thoughts, no feeling might be traced there; but with the light we had, which, indeed, was only a single tallow light, and far enough from the window, nothing save that old calmness and fixedness was visible.”

The same faculty is shown in almost every page of Mr. Carlyle's writings. No one can forget, for instance, how ironically he throws the intellectual meaning into Dandyism in another part of the same book: “Is there not in this life-devotedness to clothes, in this so willing sacrifice of the immortal to the perishable, something (though in reverse order)

of that blending and identification of eternity with time, which, as we have seen, constitutes the *prophetic character*?" Now there is an opposite kind of—humour we will not call it, but rather—jocularity, which consists in an intellectual process, the very reverse of Mr. Carlyle's. Instead of making visible to us the mysterious and eternal lights which really lie upon the face of the commonest, most customary facts, we meet with men whose talent delights in emptying our deeper associations of their depth of meaning, and suddenly presenting them as bare shells of commonplace. The mental shock is of the same sort as that produced by genuine humour, but from an influx of exactly opposite feeling. Instead of making us aware for the first time of the real depth of what seems commonplace, or, what in fact comes to the same thing, instead of clothing again with actual and historical reality that which we have too exclusively regarded as purely ideal and spiritual,—the joking faculty of which we speak owes whatever effectiveness it has to a power of forcibly suggesting poverty and shallowness in that which hitherto had always seemed rich and deep,—in short, to the power and love of *parody*. This is Mr. Rogers's peculiar taste; and writing as he does chiefly on religious subjects, there is scarcely any talent so completely inappropriate and vulgar. The following, for example, is Mr. Rogers's parody of the Ten Commandments, invented in answer to one who asserted that the story of the temptation by which Adam fell is improbable from the *arbitrary* character of the command relative to the forbidden fruit. Can any thing be more silly and vulgar?

"I think you forget that, in Adam's condition, an 'arbitrary' command (as you call it) was a more appropriate test of obedience than what *you* would call a 'moral' command. This subject, if I mistake not, is judiciously touched in some part of Butler's *Analogy*. At all events, what we now ordinarily call a 'moral' command would have insufficiently tested the absolute obedience of one whose whole original condition is represented as such that no moral command could have involved any great temptation to disobey. Imagine a being, all whose faculties are as yet in harmony and equilibrium, who does not know what 'evil' is,—in blissful ignorance of the conflict of the passions and the reason, the appetites and the conscience,—whose outward condition is that of perfect health and exemption from all want;—pray, which of the commands of the Decalogue would seem very formidable to *him*?"

I remember hearing of an Irish lecturer, who supposed those commands addressed by an angel to an Irish Adam. The answers were given, I was told, in a truly Irish manner; yet, I think, very naturally. As I did not hear the lecturer myself, I cannot precisely report the Irish Adam's answers; nor can I imitate the true paradisaic 'brogue'; but I believe they would very reasonably run something like this:

*Thou shalt have no other gods before me.*

'Arrah, thin, your honour, I never as much as heard of any other at all at all.'

*Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, nor the likeness of any thing, to bow down thereunto, to worship.*

'Why, thin, plase your honour's glory, I cannot say I ever felt the laste taste of a temptation in life for that same. Do ye think I'd be affther making a brute baste of myself?

*Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.*

'And wouldn't it be mighty *quere* if I did, your honour?'

*Thou shalt honour thy father and thy mother.*

'By the powers, did ye never know that my father and mother are not yet born? and how thin would I dishonour them?'

*Thou shalt not steal.*

'And is it stealing you'd be affther keeping me from? How can I steal what is my own entirely?' (N.B. Adam could *not* say this, when the 'command' about the 'tree' ('arbitrary,' as you call it) was given him; so that, you see, he is condemned for 'eating' even by the Decalogue. But to go on with his catechism.)

*Thou shalt not commit adultery.*

'Sure it would be sthirange if I committed adultery with my own wife; for sorra ~~another~~ woman do I see here; and she's enough, any way.' (N.B. Too much, in one sense, Adam soon found her.)

*Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's goods—*

'Covet? and havn't I told you its all my own,—from a peach to a porcupine?'

*Thou shalt do no murder.*

'Murder? and who is there to murder except the mistress? And what for should you think I should murder her? Is it just for a thrifle of pacc and quietness? And is it she, the sweet crathur, that's part of myself? And saix, wouldn't that be flat suicide? Throth, your honour, I wonder what the angels,—no offence in life,—can be made of; for niver a commandment of the tin has any thing to do with paradise!'

Mr. Rogers has defended the use of irony in religious controversy; and we perfectly agree with him, if only the irony be of the right kind—if, that is, it be employed to indicate the true deep contrasts of human life, the contrasts of want and power within man, the contrasts of what is great and what is trivial, of human evil and human good. But if instead of irony we are to have parody,—if instead of flashes of deeper truth, piercing the thickest clouds which drift across the heavens, we are only to have it suggested how easily the clouds may be mock-clouds, and the whole vision a pasteboard theatrical *spectacle*, got up for mean purposes by vanity and ignorance,—if the possibility of this is to be demonstrated and re-demonstrated to us by a set exhibition of sham lightning and thunder,—then we say this is no religious irony, but irreligious jeering. It does not tend to make us grapple with deeper thoughts, but

only to suspect every seemingly deep thought of a false bottom. It does not raise the sad smile with which men admit and wonder at their inconsistencies, nor even the bitter laugh with which they recognise in themselves what they hate, and yet despair to mend; but the shallow mirth with which they detect a juggler in a trick they have long known. No key in the hardest Deism, shrill and discordant as its notes often are, is more jarring than that of Mr. Rogers's sneering pleasantry in putting it down.

"You know Christians are often praised for uniting in a common cause by merging their minor differences (would to God they did it more frequently!). Now how easily could many of your friends do the like; some of whom deem all the differences of all the religions of the world *minor* differences, and hold that the 'absolute religion' is latent in them all! What differences might *they* not consider minor who think Hindooism and Mahometanism tolerable! And what a delightful exhibition of charity would it be to find Mr. D— declaring that, as Christians all agreed in subscribing to the Bible Society, though they were not quite unanimous in the interpretation of the Bible, so he was willing to support the great 'Parent Deism-Propagation Society,' and cheerfully waive his opinions on the trivial points of a future life and the immortality of the soul, in which he did not coincide with his 'brethren'! Mr. T— humbly hoping that he should never allow his heart to be divided from his co-religionists by such a dubious thing as the doctrine of man's responsibility, of which he had strong doubts; Mr. W— nobly giving to the winds his peculiar sentiments on the subject of a special Providence; and Mr. P—, in a similar strain, saying that, though he thinks all men will be saved at last, yet, conscious of the noble projects of his benevolent friends for the amelioration of the human race, he will cheerfully contribute his annual guinea as a homage to the spirit of deistical philanthropy! 'Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!'

\* \* \* \* \*

Let me remind you that there are still many islands in the Pacific quite at the service of the 'Deism-Propagation Society.' Or what say you to the African tribes? Plenty of them still living in a complete state of Troglodytish simplicity; as St. Clair says, 'not many notions to eradicate;' all in a fair condition to receive the new doctrines. Only think of the triumph of having to say that the group of the 'Taboo' islands, recently inhabited by a set of idolatrous cannibals, or that the tribe of 'Quashee Caffres,' in a similar condition, had been converted to a pure Deism, their language analysed and reduced to alphabetical notation, a grammar and dictionary constructed, and the great Herbert's writings translated by the indefatigable and self-denying labours of the agents of the 'Herbert Society!' Who knows what further efforts this might lead to, if you did not become weary in well-doing? At all events, you are quite welcome to my subscription."

The harsh tone of this spurious irony is clearly given by

the temper of faith we have before indicated, the absolute stiffness of creed, which cannot even *wish* to enlarge itself by studying the very various approaches through which the Spirit of God finds access to other men's minds. Instead of believing in a God who enlarges the scope and geniality of our creed, we are all too apt to believe in a creed which gradually obscures and overshadows God. But Mr. Rogers's banter is tinged with something more unpleasant even than narrowness and contempt. There is an unsuccessful affectation of the scornful pleasantry of men of the world. Mr. Rogers seems to us to have in this respect much will, but little capacity, to be "all things to all men," that he may win some. Cultivated men of the world do not talk like Mr. Rogers; he often falls into sheer vulgarity when he attempts what he terms in another work "refined ridicule." Is there a shadow of humour in speaking of vice with jocular familiarity, as "Madam Vice"? Is there a grain of cleverness in reproaching truth for her inaccessibility at the bottom of the well, by terming her "Truth the jade"? Is there a touch of any thing but vulgarity in speaking of a poor young atheist as a "sucking philosopher"? Vulgarities and affectations of this kind constantly disfigure the writings, and dilute the vigour, of a writer who, thoroughly as we disapprove his temper and differ from many of his principles, would otherwise at least be simple and vigorous. Humour cannot be manufactured to order; the deeper and graver sort that is inseparably connected (as in the genius of Carlyle) with the imaginative side of religious insight, might, and probably would, grow, even without genius, through the common culture of the sense of the supernatural and of the natural—of faith and works. But that lighter kind of humour which springs out of a large unfastidious nature,—the happy mirth that delights in sympathy with the unambitious feelings and instincts of men, and in bringing them into broad contrast with the "sublime" affections,—this cannot be cultivated at all. Still in a religious writer there should at least be less tendency to expose and caricature human nature than in a professed satirist. Yet there are passages in this book where even Thackeray, that acute detective of human meanness, would read to advantage beside Mr. Rogers. Thackeray seldom or never "exposes" men without a conscious bitterness and self-accusing severity towards himself. Mr. Rogers often does so with a cold giggling laughter. What tone of pain or bitterness of any kind is there here?

"There is one improvement still required on Dr. Hassall's instrument. One would like to see a 'moral solar microscope,' that should lay bare in similar manner all the 'foreign ingredients, the adulterate

mixtures, which enter into the composition of spurious virtue. How amusing the report of 'analyses' into these would read! How should we find, on examination, a hundred pound donation to — Hospital by Alderman — prompted by only two per cent of charity combined with ninety-eight per cent of vanity and ostentation; a fine specimen apparently of devotion turning out, on being closely inspected, little else than chips of rites and ceremonies and the saw-dust of formality, with scarcely one per cent of genuine devotion in it; a parcel of zeal—of the true vermilion dye to all appearance—plainly consisting, when subjected to a high power, of the vulgar blood-red counterfeit of hatred and intolerance; a huge mass of unctuous religious talk utterly destitute of a single particle of sincerity, the article being entirely composed of rancid 'cant,' scented with essence of hypocrisy; an eloquent discourse of the Rev. Mr. Blarney discerned to have but five per cent of genuine emotion in it,—the tears and pathos warranted real being nothing but old 'theatrical properties;' the decorous sorrows of an undertaker seen at a glance, and with scarcely a higher power than that of common spectacles, to be nothing but downright hilarity painted black; the deep dejection of an heir to a large estate discerned to be similarly constituted; the tears of a whole party in a mourning-coach found to exhibit the merest tincture of genuine grief for the deceased, what other emotion there was being the result of disappointed expectations!"

Mr. Thackeray is always writing on the same subject, and with real keenness of irony; but there is a bitterness of spirit in what he writes that at least makes one feel that if he be too hopeless to fight against Pharisaism, he *feels* the taint and the depth of its influence in the world. It has been said of Mr. Thackeray's irony, in the words of Tennyson,

"Out of that mood was born  
Self-scorn, and then laughter at that self-scorn."

But Mr. Rogers gets at once to the laughter, and never connects it with this bitterness of self-scorn. Unspiritual religion, guarded by its sense of triumphant orthodoxy, is even more unspiritual than unspiritual morality. We should not speak thus severely if we spoke of the tone of one or two passages only; but this tone of hard mockery pervades Mr. Rogers's writings.

Again, as to his *logic*. There is no thinker of whom Mr. Rogers speaks with more frequent respect than Bishop Butler; and yet there is no thinker from whom in the grasp and manner of his logic he is more entirely different. Mr. Rogers is a great opponent of German rationalism; yet one of the worst and most fundamental faults of German rationalism, the vanity of perpetually using *exhaustive* logical divisions and dilemmas in the discussion of concrete spiritual problems, is completely imbedded

in the dogmatism of his mind. There is no more foolish or more useless vanity in spiritual reasoning. It is as impossible to exhaust the various shades of moral and spiritual possibility in matters of this kind, as to exhaust the various characters of men ; and to each type of character various sides of moral and intellectual evidence will necessarily assume various degrees of persuasive importance. To be proving to a man at a given stage of moral or intellectual life that *logical* laws will not permit him to stand where he does stand, that there is no shelf of rock even there, and that he is in fact standing (if he only knew it) in the air, is only to betray ignorance of the proportions of the moral world in which the mind of that man really lives, and to apply the system of weighing moral probability which the reasoner has himself adopted to the case of a man who has adopted different principles. In a world so deep and large as that of spiritual life, the *only* really true method is to attempt to *widen* the data or premises on which a man is judging. It is as irritating as it is useless to try to argue him into renouncing any given premiss altogether which is rooted in his mind. Yet this is the wisdom of the alternative logic of Mr. Rogers ; and this certainly was not the wisdom of Bishop Butler. That great thinker, severe and unimpulsive as he was, always *judged* rather than *reasoned* on the principles of religion. He admitted in mass all the different human tendencies and convictions which bear upon a given problem ; and thus tried to reduce them to their true relative importance, attempting to bring out into prominence those which he considered were in general too little regarded. This is the only wise, as it is the only generous, logic on deep questions which gather up into them *all* the various characteristics of human nature. The poor pride of dividing out the moral universe into exhaustive departments, each adequately labelled by the higher reason, is one on which Mr. Rogers does not spare his ridicule. Yet it is just the pride which he himself evinces in the lower sphere of estimating religious evidences. He will have his Deist explain how St. Paul was "*either so knavish or so cracked* : so knavish if he propagated, without believing, that false system of doctrines by which he has deluded men ; so cracked, if he propagated *because* he believed it." It is miserable policy to try and drive men into logical positions which they themselves cannot see any moral necessity in assuming. If he could have touched one new chord in his opponent's mind that vibrated to deep admiration and reverence for St. Paul, he would have done infinitely more than he would ever accomplish by this excruciating logic. As if any Deist of sense could not see an infinite number of possible shades of moral character, all consistent, as



he would consider, with what is known of St. Paul,—and exciting in his own mind all possible shades of feeling, from the highest respect down to the deepest pity,—between the two imaginary alternatives thrust upon him by Mr. Rogers with an antiquated semblance\* of logical severity that never yet succeeded in rousing any thing but an irritated sense of unfair treatment in the mind of an antagonist. Again, the greater part of his argument with the Deist consists in taunting him with the dilemma that *either* man's "spiritual apparatus" should have been developed steadily by the evolution of natural laws,—in which case he would not have fallen into perverse idolatries, but naturally embraced the philosophic theory of "Lord Herbert of Cherbury,"—*or*, he has, apart from the revealed explanation of the Fall, no ground for believing in a trustworthy "spiritual apparatus" at all. Yet Mr. Rogers must know that it is quite as possible for a Deist to admit the *fact* of sin, and the supernatural effects of abused as well as of faithfully-used moral freedom throughout the whole history of man, as for the believer in the fidelity of the Jewish tradition to accept the story of the origin of that fact given in the book of Genesis. What does religion gain by the manufacture of these imaginary logical straits? If you wish a man to keep what you hold to be the safest middle channel of thought, point out to him the various soundings and the risk of hidden rocks as carefully as you will; but it is weak, nay, it would be dishonest, if it were not the weakness of self-deception, to *invent* a yawning Scylla and Charybdis on each side in order to terrify him into acquiescence.

Again, in the argument with a Neologist, Mr. Rogers discovers another imaginary dilemma of the same kind. He will admit that man may judge of degrees of external evidence, but not of degrees of internal evidence. *Either* we must accept the supernatural as valid, on external testimony alone, *or* reject it as invalid on the deficiency of that testimony; but "admitting the supernatural to have occurred at all, I am no judge in the world as to the *modes* in which God may have permitted it to appear." Could there possibly be a more arbitrary alternative? Why are the great proportion of apocryphal books rejected? Is it because they have less external, or less internal, evidence than those which are received? Partly, no doubt, for both reasons; but assuredly the *character* of the supernatural events related in the book of Tobit or the gospel of Nicodemus has far more weight with all sober critics than the deficiency of an external evidence which, in the case of not a few of the canonical books, is scarcely more abundant. And how can it be regarded as any thing more than a logical ruse,

to insist on regarding in the mass facts and histories which when separately scanned have separate characteristics? It is no doubt in many respects a convenient method, thus to tie the less certain to the more certain, and insist on your taking all as equally credible, or renouncing all as equally false; because the average specific weight of the whole must be high if that of the majority be very high, even though a few almost incredible facts be thrown in. But it is no more than a logical ruse. You may try to believe in one or other of these mutually exclusive alternatives; but the mind refuses, and is found believing the demonstrated impossibilities which lie between the two. It separates for itself facts which, as it was peremptorily warned, constituted one inseparable unity. It finds its way to the *tertium quid* of which Mr. Rogers has denied the abstract possibility.

In truth, the alternative logic of which our theologians are so fond is not based in human nature. It is true that in the voluntary life there are these sharp distinctions—these branching ways—the absolutely right or wrong; but even then, though the right way is “strait and narrow,” it is not unbending, it crosses many tracks, and takes different courses in different minds, though it takes them to the same goal. The principles of human nature are too complex for the chart of individual duty to be easy or simple: and if the *lives* of men be so various in course and colouring, how can their appreciation of Divine truth be cramped into these stunted moulds? Mr. Rogers has shown in some of these letters that he is not without a genial charity in cases where his logic is necessarily suppressed; but he reserves it for affliction and deathbeds. Intellectual charity is far more rare than this mere charity of pity, and quite as needful to enlarge the mind. We cannot forget God’s universality when the pressure of His hand is heavy. But the intellect is not in this way called out of itself; it stays in its own little pathways of habit: it is proud of its ways and of its thoughts, and forgets that there are “higher ways” and “higher thoughts.” And when we read these books of small confident logic on subjects so high as to task our nature to the full, we sometimes ask, Is not scepticism the next stage for the culture of such confidence as this? Is it not likely that such thinkers must pass through some discipline in the “blinding night,—some groping, some “feeling after” God, to teach them that He proves *His own* presence, and is not amenable to their small proofs,—before they can gain any permanent hold of those great spiritual realities to which they have made it their triumphant occupation to pave these narrow and guarded ways?

## ART. VI.—ALEXANDER SMITH'S POETRY.

*City Poems.* By Alexander Smith, Author of "A Life-Drama," and other Poems. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co., 1857.

*Poems.* By Alexander Smith. London: David Bogue, 1853.

It is easy to misjudge an original new poet. He is a surprise upon the critics. They have nothing at hand wherewith to try him, and are apt to use the old measurements and find him ill-proportioned. When Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, Keats bared the freshness of their genius to the world, it is not surprising that they should at first meet with some coldness, even some opposition, and that this should be more or less directly proportioned, both in degree and duration, to the true value of what they had to communicate. Men can scarcely help underrating what they have not yet learned to understand. But it is not so easy to be deceived by a new claimant who appears in a track already well beaten, and who you see at a glance brings nothing but a little more, either better or worse, of the kind of thing we are already thoroughly familiar with. Such a writer admits of immediate comparison with his fellows in the same school; their writings serve as a test for his, and it is not difficult to say whether his works fall below or transcend theirs. We are not afraid of being corrected by posterity when we say that Mr. Smith's popularity is likely to be as brief as it has been sudden.

Tennyson is a great poet, but a dangerous master. He occupies new ground; but he occupies all the safe and wholesome part of it, perhaps rather more, and leaves but unfirm foundations and dangerous quicksands for his followers to build on round about him. The characteristic defects of his disciples—of those who may be said to represent most typically the modern popular school of poetry—are an absence of intellectual strength and cultivation, a want of acquaintance and sympathy with the higher and more arduous forms of human life. More curtly they may be described as ignorance and weakness. There are exceptions, no doubt; yet there are few indeed of whom we can say that a taint of effeminacy does not mingle in their writings. Our space forbids us to enter upon any discussion of the national experiences and social conditions which connect themselves with this phenomenon. We must confine ourselves to a brief critical examination of one who exhibits in its most advanced form what may be called the debased style of Tennysonian poetry. We select Mr. Alexander Smith because he has published the most lately, and moreover most aptly exemplifies the feebleness of sub-

stance and outline, joined to the luxuriance and beauty in the decorative details which almost invariably accompany the decadence of an art in any of its branches. We do not mean to say that poetry in England is dying out—that would be a shallow prophecy; no doubt her root is green, and may even now, though unobserved, be springing fresh and vigorous from the ground;—we only mean, that some of her branches are pushing shoots so luxuriant, soft, and feeble, that it is clear they can never ripen, but must perish with the first frost. \*

The broad characteristic of Tennyson may be said to be, that he deals less with life, circumstance, and character, than with some of their detached and special aspects,—less with men than with the moods and sentiments to which men are subject on special occasions; and that the poetical form in which his ideas are conveyed is sensuous and pictorial. Tennyson gives us more than this; he takes a wide range both in the directions of thought, feeling, and observation. But it was as the poet of abstract moods and sentiments that he parted company most markedly from those who had preceded him,—from poets of observation, like Crabbe—of meditation, like Wordsworth—of witty comment, action, and passion, like Byron—of direct expression of feeling and humour, like Burns. Now this is precisely the sort of poetry which admits of being written with the least possible demand on the poet. If a man be destitute of scholarship and the knowledge that belongs to it; ignorant of men and manners; without insight into character either by sympathy or study; without depth or fertility of thought, and either with feeble powers of observation or a limited sphere on which to employ them,—it is still not impossible for him to find a subject on which to exercise his gift of marshalling words and arraying imagery. He must be a poor preacher indeed who cannot descant upon himself; and he must have a poor gift of fancy and language who cannot ring the changes upon the sentiments, moods, and passions which he has himself experienced, and which he possesses in common with all mankind. The introspective character of much of our modern poetry is due, we apprehend, much less to a substantive taste for metaphysical analysis than to the absence in the poet of the self-cultivation and experience necessary for the command of other themes. This is the more probable, because we find these forms always so managed as to avoid the exercise of thought; it is only in a very narrow sense they can be called metaphysical, they rarely if ever deal with the phenomena of any high degree of mental activity, but with a crude delineation of emotions and the passing thoughts which accompany them; most of all with that which is most near to themselves—the emotional experiences of the poet himself. There have been great poets without great

knowledge, one or two without either knowledge or experience; but their sphere has been proportionally restricted, and they have possessed deep feelings, with the power of giving them full expression in their verse. This, however, is a higher and more difficult thing than the description of feeling in language, however picturesque and felicitous. All poetical literature bears out the assertion, that it is an easier and lower exercise of art to describe a feeling than to give a truthful and adequate imaginative utterance.

That there is a field for the poet in dealing indirectly and descriptively with abstract human emotions, no one will be disposed to deny; what we assert is, that it is one which it requires rare powers to deal with successfully, and very feeble and uncultivated ones to deal with in some sort or other; hence, for one man of real genius who dignifies it, it is occupied and degraded by a hundred of the inept. Moreover, its limited area has been explored (at least in all the more obvious directions) thoroughly, and the theme has lost its freshness. Things which were, and will ever continue to be, poetry in the mouth of the man who first gave them voice became tiresome when re-echoed "with a difference" through half a dozen imitative throats.

The poems before us are remarkable for a great abundance of a certain sort of beauty, and for an entire absence of strength or substance. They droop with their combined feebleness and sweetness. To read them is like eating water-ices, which, with a fleeting deliciousness, dissolve away in the mouth, and become warm water in the stomach. They confine themselves exclusively to these two topics: the weaknesses and morbid aspects of the poetical temperament, and the passion of love. The *Life Drama* sets forth the career of a modern poet. He is represented as a man absolutely destitute of any other characteristics than those of a passion for poetry and a passion for women; and his life is displayed simply as an utterly unrestrained indulgence of them. His love is merely sensuous; we say sensuous rather than sensual, because it is elevated above brutality by the adoration for beauty which mingles with it, but by that alone; it has not one trace of the dignity, the self-sacrifice, the grace, and purity of love in noble hearts, nor is there any where throughout Mr. Smith's works any power of representing that feeling with those nicer distinctions with which it manifests itself in individual men. The hero of the drama is represented as seducing a woman of the highest loveliness of person and character that the poet can conceive, and protected moreover by her station in society, in a manner and with an ease of which Posthumus's coarse image of the German boar conveys the only adequate idea; and as instantly deserting her for the purpose of "rushing mad through

pleasure and through devildom, till he falls down exhausted." We know not how a career of mad debauchery has come to be considered an essential ingredient in the education of the ideal poet, indeed, as the only course of training to which he is bound to subject himself. Milton did not think it an advisable preparation; on the contrary, he recommends a sober and stedfast devotion, and conceives that the higher a man's aim is, the more complete and self-denying must be his devotion. But the modern poet Walter has no notion of this sort; if he cannot be a poet by simply screaming after it, he will "curse God and die;" and, indeed, is sadly blasphemous on slight occasions, and seems to think that his Creator exists to give strength to his language. When satiated with "kissing the painted charm off pleasure's lips," Walter sits down and writes a poem which takes captive the world, and which we are carefully informed was "done at a dash." After this, of course, he does the proper thing—we are all familiar with it. He is purified, God knows how; for he has all his life been indulging and debasing a character whose original weakness is its only moral characteristic: he now sees great duties before him, and proposes to go forth "'mong men, not mailed in iron, but in the armour of a pure intent," &c. Now if a man had been represented subjected to all the elements of temptation to which a vivid imagination and strong passions might subject him, but possessed of some inner strength and nobility of character which left him open to redeeming influences, and so enabled him, through steps in some way indicated by the poet, to attain to the threshold of a higher life, this might have been a worthy theme; but to represent in one page a man weaker than water, sinful, remorseful, and weary, but never repentant, and in the next the same individual with the sentiments and intentions of an apostle, is at once shocking and senseless. His previous state of mind may be judged of from the following expression of his feelings after he wrote his poem, and before his hey-presto! repentance:

"Weariness feeds on all.  
That vampire, Time, shall yet suck dim the sun.  
God wearies, and so makes a universe,  
And gathers angels round Him.—He is weak;  
I weary, and so wreak myself in verse.  
Which but relieves me as a six-inch pipe  
Relieves the dropsied sea. Oh, for mad War!  
I'd give my next twelve years to head but once  
Ten thousand horse in a victorious charge.  
Give me some one to hate, and let me chace  
Him through the zones, and finding him at last,  
Make his accursed eyes leap on his cheeks,  
And his face blacken, with one choking gripe."

The volume of *City Poems* has one advantage over the earlier

one—it is less turgid and bombastic. The taste is improved, the tone softened, the beauty chastened. The matter, we regret to say, is as it was. It lurks in the ostentatious verse like a mouse in an Elizabethan mansion. "Horton" is, with much entirely disconnected matter pinned on to it, an attempt to describe the fate and character of a man of genius who has become the star of a pothouse. It is not to be supposed that there is any insight into, or power of delineating such a man. It is nothing but vague outline and washy hues: as usual, moral weakness is his characteristic; but beyond this it is clear the poet has never had before his mind any distinct image of a whole man. What he has got, and what he values, is a subject for saying fine things about; and if fine things occur, he says them, quite irrespectively of their being consistent or applicable. The most convincing proof of the author's incapacity of appreciating sense is, that he seems quite insensible of any distinction between its presence and absence, and that what he writes as a specimen of stale trash is at least as new and as true as any thing else in the volume.

The poem of "Squire Maurice" tells how a lawyer leaves his chambers for a three days' holiday; describes the country he sees with many most felicitously expressed commonplace reflections, and in a little inn sits him down to read his brother's (Squire Maurice's) letter. This letter, which occupies about three hundred and fifty lines of blank verse, simply describes the irresolute self-communings of a feeble and vacillating mind as to whether or not he shall marry a peasant-girl who is in love with him: he comes to no decision. His brother, who we are told is a strong-minded man, can come to no decision about it either. He thinks, Perhaps Maurice had better marry her, and perhaps he had better not; and the whole poem comes to no decision either, and to no conclusion except that the lawyer thinks he must soon go back to his chambers. Yet to those who seek in poetry only a passing titillation of imagination and feeling, we can understand that this and the equally incoherent and purposeless piece called "A Boy's Poem," may have a great charm. Those to whom the palate is all in all might seek far for more delicate confectionery. It would even be possible to select a number of brief passages or lines from Alexander Smith's book which a competent person reading them would say were the production of a great poet, and he would only be undeceived by seeing them in their connection. The author is a man who evidently receives vivid impressions from Nature, and he has a wonderful power of seizing and reproducing the minutiae of her picturesque aspects. His peculiar skill lies in making innumerable little vignettes, sometimes of exquisite beauty; and all his poems seem to be written for the purpose of introducing these, as the beauty-books are written to

the engravings. The best poetry in these volumes is the poetry of small pieces of landscape scenery. Now the face of Nature is no doubt always fair; but every man who is capable of admiring it knows that there must arise some harmony between his own mind and the scene he gazes at before he can appreciate and thoroughly enjoy it. Either he brings a mood sufficiently strong and active to give its colouring to the inanimate beauties at his feet, or they, in his more susceptible moments, awaken feelings in unison with their own aspects. This requires time, more or less; we cannot grasp the varied aspects of scenery as we can the changes in a kaleidoscope. Tennyson, the greatest of pictorial poets, knows this; his unfailing preservation of a deeply-based harmony between his scenes from Nature and the subject in hand constitutes one of his greatest charms—they come like some sweet accompaniment to give force and richness to his song; but Alexander Smith has no idea whatever of harmonising the different elements of poetry. His is a fragmentary genius. His poems are a mass of little glimpses of scenery, and of similes heaped together like gravel that does not bind. He has no idea of beauty except in small detached atoms, as Keats said. He “worships a fine phrase.” He seems not to be ignorant where his weakness lies; for in one place he describes the opinions which he supposes to be passed by those whom he calls “critic worms” upon a dead poet who evidently stands as a figure for himself.

The first worm is supposed to say.

“This poet was  
An April tree whose vermeil-loaded boughs  
Promised to Autumn apples juiced and red,  
But never came to fruit.”

From this expression of vermicular opinion we differ; for if the first volume might leave a doubt whether there might not be real strength in the tree, though wasted in exuberance of foliage, the second makes it clear that there is an inherent feebleness which can scarcely allow the most sanguine to entertain the hope of fruit.

The second worm asserts, aptly enough,

“He is to us  
But a rich odour, a faint music swell.”

The third worm it is who has crawled to the idea of the characteristic want of coherence and unity in these poems. He says:

“Poet he was not in the larger sense;  
He could write pearls, but he could never write  
A poem round and perfect as a star.”

Both the affirmation and the negation, however, are on somewhat too large a scale; it might have been better to say he could



write glittering grains of sand, but could never succeed in spinning a rope from them. We repeat, however, that Mr. Smith has a facile pictorial imagination, and a brilliant and luxuriant fancy, which would go far to make him a great poet if he had any thing to exercise them on. As it is, he is so ardent in the pursuit of the body of beauty, that he is blind to the perception of her higher charms; and those things which were meant to give a grace and softness to nobler things, or to furnish a more complete vehicle of the great truths of insight, entirely lose their value when they are gathered for their own sakes and flung at our feet in indiscriminating profusion. It is as if a heaped basket of unarranged flowers could vie with one or two selected and arranged so as to lend their charm to a lovely head and face. And the admirers of Mr. Smith can as little be said to be reading poetry, as the sultan in his harem can be said to be enjoying the society of women.

This keen sense of beauty Mr. Smith exercises not only in the field of Nature but in that of Art; he cannot shake off what has thus touched him: a cadence, a felicitous alliteration, a happy adjective, a new rhythm, even a touch of thought, when he can grasp it, haunt him, and re-appear in his verse. His ideas have most of them been too repeatedly employed to be claimed as direct plagiarisms from any particular author, but in these minor points he is deeply indebted to others. Every where you feel the influence of the modern masters with whom you are familiar, stray whiffs of old association rise from the pages; Byron, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Keats, Coleridge, the American Poe, ring in your ears, and your memory is puzzled and occupied by the endeavour to trace many of the expressions to their original sources. Old expressions, indelibly connected with a particular poem, re-appear in mutilated forms, and in the most incongruous connection. For an instance, we will quote the following verses, whose obligations to Tennyson's "Lotus-eaters" and Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" are, we think, sufficiently obvious:

"Didst look last night upon my native ~~isles~~,  
 Thou Sun! that from the drenching sea hast clomb?  
 Ye demon winds! that glut my gaping sails,  
 Upon the salt sea must I ever roam,  
 Wander for ever on the barren foam?  
 O happy are ye, resting mariners,  
 O Death, that thou wouldst come and take me home!  
 A hand unseen this vessel onward steers,  
 And onward I must float through slow moon-measured years.  
 Ye winds! when like a curse ye drove us on,  
 Frothing the waters, and along our way,  
 Nor cape, nor headland, through red mornings shone,  
 One wept aloud, one shuddered down to pray,  
 One howled, 'Upon the deep we are astray.'

On our wild hearts his words fell like a blight :  
In one short hour my hair was stricken gray,  
For all the crew sank ghastly in my sight  
As we went driving on through the cold starry night.

Madness fell on me in my loneliness,  
The sea foamed curses, and the reeling sky  
Became a dreadful face which did oppress  
Me with the weight of its unwinking eye.  
It fled, when I burst forth into a cry—  
A shoal of fiends came on me from the deep :  
I hid, but in all corners they did pry,  
And dragged me forth, and round did dance and leap ;  
They mouthed on me in dream, and tore me from sweet sleep.

Strange constellations burned above my head,  
Strange birds around the vessel shrieked and flew,  
Strange shapes, like shadows, through the clear sea fled,  
As our lone ship, wide-winged, came rippling through,  
Angering to foam the smooth and sleeping blue."

This sort of poetry is not so much imitative as parasitic. In the second volume the poems are openly and ostentatiously modelled on Tennyson, and hang about his firm and self-sustained trunk and noble foliage, as some fragile, pendent, tropical creeper sustains itself by the strength, and nourishes its life on the juices, of some tree of stronger and maturer growth. In his crowded blossoms he rivals his supporter,\* and in that alone. Sometimes his incapacity makes sad work of his worship, as in one or two poems in which, because his master is sometimes profound, and therefore difficult, he has thought to imitate him in being unintelligible without being profound.

We hear much of the propriety of reflecting an actual present life in our poetry ; and some of our poets seem to think we approach the solution of this problem by representing Jones and Robinson or Harry and Sam in a tavern or an office discoursing trivial commonplaces in exalted language as remote from their own as any of the Papuan dialects. With Mr. Smith's power of thought and powers of expression, his attempts to give the ideas and forms of modern life in poetry could have but one result. The most insipid observations, the disjointed chat of clerks, and the hesitations of feeble gentlemen, are expressed in metaphors natural only as the language of deeply-moved passion ; and a little factory-boy, disappointed in his attachment to the coquettish daughter of his master, gives vent to his distress in all the pomp of imagery, and mingles his grief with the profoundest philosophical reflections the author can muster. A quotation from his soliloquy will afford an average sample of the *City Poems* :

"I ground between my teeth, 'The day has come  
That progressed like a monarch with his court :

Of whose approach each courier hour that passed,  
 Brought sweetest tidings, like gay winds that sing  
 In the delighted cars of sunny May,  
 Sitting among the golden buttercups.  
 'June drowned with roses, come;' to which my thoughts  
 Arose, as from the earth a thousand larks,  
 In salutation to the dawn. And now  
 I sit degraded. Palaces of dream  
 Shivered around; uncounted wealth that stuffed,  
 This morn, the coffers of my heart, all false  
 And base as forgers' coin.

A merchant with his fortune on the deep—  
 A mother with her brave and precious boy  
 Flung where the wave of battle breaks in death—  
 Ventures no more than we do when we love,  
 What sweet enchantments hover round Love's name!  
 Far out to sea, from off her syren isles,  
 Steal wandering melodies, and he in wait  
 To lure the sailor to her fatal shores  
 Within the crimson sunset. 'Tis our doom  
 To sit unhappy in the round of self.  
 From our necessities of love arise  
 Our keenest heartaches and our miseries.  
 When death and change are flying in the sky,  
 Our spirits tremble like a nest of doves,  
 Beneath the falcon's wing. Each time we love,  
 We turn a nearer and a broader mark  
 To that keen archer, Sorrow, and he strikes.  
 O that the heart could, like a housewife, sit  
 By its own fire, and let the world go by  
 Unheeded as the stream before the door!  
 Love cannot look upon a dingy cloud,  
 But straightway there's a rainbow; and we walk  
 Blind with a fond delusion in our eyes,  
 Which paints each gray crag, rose. Whene'er we meet  
 A giddy girl—a mountain beck that sings  
 And sparkles from its shallowness, ourselves  
 Its glorifying sun—her heart an inn,  
 Or caravanserai amid the sands,  
 With new guests every night,—to Love she gleams  
 A daughter of the dawn. She flings, in sport,  
 The jewel of our happiness away:  
 To her,—each bubble blown by Idleness,  
 Lolling with peacock's feather in the sun,  
 An ever-radiant wonder,—night. To us,  
 The change between bright Spring's exuberant lark,  
 And Autumn's shy and solitary bird;  
 Instead of dancing to our graves in sheen,  
 Walking in sober gray.

A growing wind  
 Flutters my sails, and my impatient prow  
 Is plunging like a fiery steed reined in;  
 It hears the glee of billows. Blow, thou wind,  
 And let me out upon my seething way,  
 Crushing the waves to foam! My cooped-up life  
 Is pained by fullness, and would seek relief

In reckless effort. When the heart is jarred,  
 'Tis vain to sit and feed a slothful grief;  
 Out of ourselves, as an infected house,  
 We come; then Nature heals—she is our guide.  
 By her eternal dial, which keeps time  
 With the invariable and dread advance  
 Of midnight's starry armies, must we set  
 Our foolish wandering hours."

How fine seem these last lines; what a sound in that

. . . . . "invariable and dread advance  
 Of midnight's starry armies!" . . . . .

What a magnificent simile it might have made even for some of Milton's purposes! But here is it any thing but a sound, or an idle stirring of the imagination, and of our sleeping associations with the night season? What is Nature's eternal dial, which keeps time with the revolutions of the stars; and how are we to set our hours by it? He cannot mean we are to keep astronomical time. "When the heart is jarred," it is true that "Nature heals," we do not hear that for the first time; but in what sense is she "our guide," and to what? Or is she only so for the nonce, to fill the line well? Nature may soothe our feelings; but how is she to regulate our time, or our conduct, if the expression admit this latter broader meaning? The more you ponder on it, the more the no-meaning becomes apparent. Most characteristically does this soliloquy end. The last paragraph begins, "As a wild mother, when her child is dead," &c.; but there is no sequence to this "as;" the poet loses himself in the new picture, and the passionate lover fades away in the course of his own self-communings into a lamenting woman, originally introduced as a simile.

The deepest failing of this sort of poetry is its ingrained untruthfulness. Love of display haunts it like an evil spirit. Language used *instead* of thought; the metaphors of deep feeling hung about shallow sentiment like purple about a beggar; volcanic pseudo-passions set forth in pyrotechnic phrasology; just conceptions of only one human trait, weakness, and beauty dedicated to it like a slave; a total disregard of the real and essential congruity of things,—make up verse which is to true poetry what sentimentality is to feeling, or sophistry to *simple truth-seeking*; and the more popular it is, the more urgent the demand that its claims should be strictly and unsparingly examined.

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ART. VII.—POPULAR LEGENDS AND FAIRY TALES.

*Kinder und Hausmärchen.* Gesammelt durch die Brüder Grimm. 2 Bände. Göttingen, 1843. (*Children's Tales and Popular Legends.* Collected by the Brothers Grimm. 2 vols. Göttingen, 1843.)

*Kinder und Hausmärchen.* Gesammelt durch die Brüder Grimm. Dritter Band. Göttingen, 1856. (*Children's Tales and Popular Legends.* Collected by the Brothers Grimm. Third vol. Göttingen, 1856.)

*The Pentamerone; or, The Story of Stories.* By Giambattista Basile. Translated from the Neapolitan by John Edward Taylor. Second Edition. David Bogue, 1850.

*Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland.* John Murray.

*Russian Popular Tales.* Translated from the German version of Anton Dietrich. With an Introduction by Jacob Grimm. Chapman and Hall, 1857.

LEGENDS and fairy tales would seem to be the natural form in which simple minds and simple ages instinctively express the workings of their rich imagination and their unsophisticated moral sense. The ideas and feelings which arise from their intercourse with Nature and with each other, and their first dim perceptions of spiritual truths, are moulded by the poetic genius of a rude people into symbolic characters and circumstances, and are given forth in mythic story and in legendary song,—song and story, in which the moral is always strictly subordinated to the dramatic element. The infancy of nations and the infancy of individuals display similar mental characteristics: in both we discern the same tendency to clothe thought in figure, and to embody feeling and opinion in invented action,—the same boundless imagination, the same insatiable love of marvellous adventure. As years advance, and culture spreads and deepens, our mental disposition changes; mere story loses its hold upon us; and ideas, as such, acquire a new and specific value in our sight: we begin to estimate outward things rather according to the amount of meaning they suggest, than according to the intrinsic worth or beauty they contain. Even poets and prose writers of fiction, who alone are expected to retain in the midst of advanced civilisation the qualifications which belong to *all* in primitive and ruder times,

succumb to the universal law; the subjective element becomes obtrusively prominent, and the dramatic part of a story is obscured or disguised by the reflective and moralising drapery so profusely thrown around it. The greatest excess in this direction is to be found in the German literature of the present day, and most especially in works like those of Auerbach, which mingle legends and metaphysics in a most unchildlike fashion. In *The Bare-footed Maiden*, for example, the whole interest of the book consists in the delicate perception with which the analogies between nature and the human mind are seized upon, and the felicity with which the hidden types and meanings of the outer world are laid bare. It is obvious that this process, however interesting in itself, is inherently antagonistic to the natural workings of a child's mind, and, if understood at all, must promote in it a morbid and undesirable condition.

It is difficult to define the limits of traditional literature. The early literature of every country partakes largely, if it does not consist entirely, of the legendary element; that is to say, it results from the working of no single mind, but is the joint production of a whole people, and grows by the successive contributions of many generations. A time comes when these national legends are collected and moulded into epic shape by one or more individuals; and thus they reach us in the form of an *Odyssey*, an *Edda*, a *Kalewala*, or a *Nibelungen Lied*. The contents of these poems, as far as we have the means of judging, are almost entirely based upon legendary materials; but they have lost much of the distinctive legendary character. In an artistic point of view, they are improved; but we miss the thoroughly unconscious treatment and the *naïveté* of expression which constitute the great charms of the people's literature. It is only from such works as the *Kinder und Hausmärchen* of the Brothers Grimm that we can form any complete estimate of the genuine popular legend. The authors of that valuable and interesting collection gathered its stories from the lips of the German peasantry, and have given them to us unaltered and unembellished, as nearly as possible in the words in which they were narrated, preserving even the *patois* of the originals. We are thus in possession of a complete and truthful version of one of the richest and most poetical of popular literatures. In the concluding volume of their work, published last year, the Brothers Grimm have entered upon a wider field; and, for the purposes of comparative criticism, have narrated some of the corresponding *Marchen* of other countries, besides giving a succinct account of the various collections that have from time to time been made. These are very numerous, but differ widely in their value, the tendency too often having been to manufacture pretty and ingenious stories out of the

popular materials, instead of recording the latter in all their native simplicity and vigour.

One very curious fact, which has always furnished matter of surprise, is incontrovertibly established by the volumes we are reviewing, viz. the universal diffusion of the same stories, not only in distant parts of the same country, but in different countries and among different races of men. That those ideas which are common to mankind should every where form the kernel of popular tales, is natural; but it is curious to find them clothed exactly in the same garb, and handled with the same dramatic treatment. Thus we can easily understand that the obvious advantages of skill and activity over mere size and strength should have given rise to that hero of world-wide celebrity, the valiant Tom Thumb. Once created, the humour of the people has found endless enjoyment in depicting the mishaps that arise from the discrepancy between him and the general order of the creation. The German Tom Thumb inquires one day of Frau Mama what is being cooked for dinner. She tells him to look; whereupon he peeps on tiptoe into the pot, is caught off his feet by the steam and floated up the chimney. By his ingenuity, however, he saves the parson's house from a gang of burglars, drives a cart by sitting in the horse's ear, and extricates himself most dexterously from the various plights in which he is placed by his diminutive stature. A poet of Cos tells us that the Greek Tom Thumb wore lead in his shoes for fear of being whisked away by the wind; and Aristarchus asserts that he was of the weight of one obolus. In Denmark the same hero lived for some time in a snuff-box, and married a wife three ells and three-quarters tall.

Again, the virtue of hospitality has in all ages been sung by men and rewarded by the gods. Philemon and Baucis have a place in the legends of every country. There is much similarity between the German *Märchen* of "The Rich Man and the Poor Man" and the corresponding Chinese legend. In the latter Fo comes down upon earth to try the hearts of men, and is hospitably received by a poor widow. She sits up all night to make him a new shirt, and on leaving next morning Fo pronounces the following blessing: "May God reward you for what you have done to me; and may the first thing that you begin to do after I leave, not cease till the sun sets." Thoughtless of the meaning of his words, the widow begins measuring her cloth to see how much is left; and she measures on and on till sunset before coming to the end of the piece. The room is then full of linen, and she has become a rich woman. Hearing of this good luck, a miserly neighbour places herself at her door, in the hope of finding an opportunity of doing an equally remunerative deed of charity. Fo appears in rags, as before, and is treated in the same way.

On leaving next morning, he repeats the blessing. Her pig at that moment begins to grunt, and she thinks to herself: "I shall be measuring linen all day and unable to feed him; I had better give him some water before beginning." She takes up her pail, and begins to pour; but she soon finds she has not the power of stopping. There she stands and pours on and on till sunset, when the whole village is inundated, and she has to bear the ill-will of her neighbours. The German version is more complicated, but contains many of the same features. The reward is bestowed in the shape of three wishes, which in the case of the poor man are wisely, and in the case of the rich man are foolishly, chosen. Grimm records an Indian legend which contains a moral essentially the same, but differently treated.

One of the richest and most interesting fields of legendary lore that has been explored is that of the negroes of Bornou. A German of the name of Külle, who lived five years at Sierra Leone, and mastered the Bornou language, made a collection of all he could gather from the natives; and it is astonishing to find how, even among that remote and isolated people, we encounter the familiar elements of European story, and, indeed, with one exception, the same dramatic machinery. That exception consists in the almost entire absence of supernatural agencies, such as giants, dwarfs, elves, and fairies, and the restriction of interest therefore to human and animal life. The latter greatly preponderates; the fables are very numerous, and of a high order. Each animal has, as in our European fables, his distinct character, and his place in society; and a certain humour is conveyed by the assumption that the community is swayed by human motives and governed by human laws. The few Bornou legends recorded by Külle which treat of men, and of their sayings and doings, contain many delicate touches of satire and feeling. The following is a good specimen: There was once upon a time a man of God who had a wife with one eye and a horse. He understood the language of the beasts of the field and the birds of the air. One day a bird flew by him, and he began to laugh at what it said. His wife inquired the cause of his merriment. "I cannot tell you," answered he. "But I know," said she; "you are laughing because I have only one eye." "Nay," replied the husband, "that I saw before I fell in love with you and married you." This answer satisfied his wife for the time; but one night it happened that a rat and his spouse were laughing and joking so boisterously on the roof that they both lost their footing and fell to the ground. "That was a sorry joke," said the female rat, "I have broken my back." The man, who was lying in bed and had overheard their conversation, could not refrain from laughing at this mishap; whereupon his wife started



up, held him fast, and declared that he should not leave the house until he had told her the cause of his laughter. "Let me go," cried he; but his wife persisted in her demand, and he was at length forced to confess his secret. The next morning, when he went to see his horse, and it began to neigh, he found to his astonishment that he understood not a single word, nor could he make out what the other animals were talking about. Then he sat himself down in his house, hung his head, and said to himself: "God punishes the man who opens his heart and betrays his innermost thoughts. I understood the language of the animals, but now the devil has drawn me aside from the right path. The Lord has closed my ears because I have betrayed my secret to a woman." There is a story in the *Arabian Nights* which has the same beginning as this; but its conclusion is not so happy, and contains a different and less original and significant moral. When the man is on the point of betraying his secret, he overhears a cock remarking that he can keep fifty hens in order, and that it is very strange his master cannot manage one wife. It then suggests that a good beating would be the proper remedy. This advice is followed, and the wife ceases her importunities. It must be remembered, that a resemblance between the African and European legends is a circumstance of more import than a like resemblance between the legends of Europe and those of some parts of Asia. Though the bond may be very remote, still within the circle of the great Indo-Germanic family a similarity of fundamental ideas and a coincidence of facts can be explained.

Remarkable as is this identity in the legends of different countries, as showing the universal prevalence of certain ideas, and the tendency to express them in the same manner, the variety and differences of those legends form a subject still more suggestive and interesting. Not only is the distinctive character of a people to be traced in its popular tales, but from them we can judge in some rough way of the degree of civilisation to which it has attained. Through the labours of the Brothers Grimm, and other painstaking collectors, we are now in possession of sufficient materials to institute an elaborate comparison between the legendary literature of many different countries and ages; but the task would require great research, as well as considerable critical acumen. We can in this article only point out certain broad lines of demarcation, and notice a few striking characteristics.

Among the most genuine records of very primitive legends, are those which we possess of the North-American Indians,—the general features of which will be found to be reproduced in all the earliest poetry that has reached us;—while the constant intercourse with Nature in her grandest and wildest aspects has

infused a breadth and boldness into the legends in question which may be considered to constitute their special features. The characteristics which mark the position of these Indian tribes in the scale of civilisation, and which proceed from the fact that their communion with Nature is as intimate as their communion with their fellow-men, are the personification of the natural objects by which they are surrounded, and the restriction of interest to the simplest wants and pleasures of man. Thus we hear of the air being still when the winds give themselves over to sleep. The goddess of the everlasting snow, whose breath is icy-cold, receives life, warmth, and feeling when she becomes the wife of a mortal man; on his death she returns to the northern light. The sun, called the great day-star, is a man with wife and children; when he closes his eyes it is night. These early legends give us endless versions of the creation, and accounts of the first man—how he supplies the world with sun and moon, and contrives by some awkward mischance to bring misery, sickness, and death into it. In one legend he climbs for many days up a sun-ray, and at length arrives at the great day-star, one of whose daughters he gains for his wife. Equal breadth of conception and equally gigantic imagery are to be found in the legend of Gesser Khan, which exists in the Mongol language; but probably, as Grimm remarks, had its origin in Thibet, and certainly bears traces of the influence of Hindoo mythology. Gesser is the incarnation of a deity. Superhuman strength, and the power of metamorphosing himself into any other being, are the attributes which prove his origin: "The earth trembles when Gesser weeps."

The mythic element is equally strong in the legends of Finland, as they are known to us through the *Kalewala*. The dramatic interest of that poem consists in the acquisition of a beautiful bride; and the heroes are of the same Titanic mould as those familiar to us in the North-American tales. Among the Esthonian Fins are to be found many legends containing features somewhat similar to those of the *Kalewala*, that is to say, features arising out of the same state of civilisation, or non-civilisation; but here the peculiar character of the people has thrown a milder tone over their mythical conceptions. There is a grace and tenderness in their legends more akin to the soft fancies of the South; they remind us of many of the early Greek myths. Grimm records one in which the Great Father gives the light which burns in his halls to the care of two immortal servants, a youth and a maiden. To the latter, whose name is Ammarik (*Abendröthe*), he says, "My daughter, to thee I confide the sun; put it out, and see that no harm comes of the fire." Then to

the youth, whose name is Koit (*Morgenröthe*), he says, "My son, thy office is to give light to the sun, and to set it again on its course." The sun never fails to appear; in winter its rest is long; in summer it has but a short time for repose. In the latter season Ammarik gives it directly into the hands of Koit, who relights it at once. On one of these occasions they look into each other's brown eyes, their hands touch, and their lips meet; the Great Father sees and says: "Be happy as man and wife." They answer: "Father, disturb not our present happiness; let it suffice, and our love will be ever young and fresh." During four weeks in the year they meet, and then Ammarik lays the extinguished sun into Koit's hand; Ammarik's cheek flushes pink, and a rosy reflection plays on the sky until the time comes for Koit to relight the sun. When Ammarik stays too long, the nightingale mockingly upbraids her, and sings, "Thou lingering maiden, the night is too long." It must not be thought that legends of this description are mere fanciful creations; there is a strong admixture of belief in all such personifications of Nature, and they are always closely connected with, if they do not entirely compose, the religion of a primitive people. This faith is the natural result of simple minds coming into direct contact with the marvels of Nature, and only dies out when experience has somewhat defined the limits of the actual and the ideal—the possible and the impossible. Mythical conceptions of this primitive class go on multiplying and acquiring precision and development until the age for their creation draws to a close; they are then fixed and embodied by the national poets, and constitute the early literature, especially the great epic poems, of a people.

The fable is another form of legend that takes its rise in an uncivilised state of society, and naturally so from the constant intercourse of men with the animal creation. In the North-American collection the fables do not form a separate class of stories; but animals are raised to the same footing as human beings, understand their language, join in their pursuits, and associate in their daily life. The reason is expressly stated why some among them lost the power of understanding the human speech. In the *Bornou* collection fables form a distinct class; but their character is still strictly popular and unconscious. Not so in the great *Hindoo* collection imported into Persia in the sixth century, and known in England as the *Pilpay Fables*, in which the didactic purpose is very prominent. Indeed, among the *Hindoos*, fables were regarded as about the most important vehicles for conveying practical lessons of wisdom and morality. Still these possess one great charm wanting in most of the more modern productions of this kind; the wise saws proceed from

the animals themselves, instead of appearing in the form of dry and polished aphorisms at the end of the tales: the effect is irresistibly comic. The fables of Æsop and his imitators cannot, of course, be reckoned among *popular* productions; they are the conscious expression of what the Germans term the *Thiermärchen*, the finest European type of which is to be found in "Reynard the Fox," and have, like almost every form of literature, their unconscious germ in the early creations of the people.

The most interesting and amusing legends are, however, those which appear in a more advanced state of society, which treat of human intercourse and of feelings and events which readily excite our sympathy. This field of popular entertainment is boundless. Each province and each village has its own tales and traditions, all strongly tinged with local colouring, yet presenting a certain universal character, which makes the remotest seem like old and familiar friends. Many good collections have from time to time been made of the most noteworthy among them. *The Arabian Nights' Entertainment*; *Il Pentamerone*, published at Naples, by Giambattista Basile, in the seventeenth century; Perrault's French fairy tales; Anton Dietrich's *Russian Popular Tales*; *The Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland*; and Grimm's collection of German *Märchen*, are all genuine works; that is to say, they give us the real popular tales, unadulterated by any addition of the author's invention. Of all these collections, Grimm's is the most pleasing and the most valuable; pleasing on account of the merry honest humour, kindly feeling, and sound morality it contains, and valuable as displaying an unusual variety of motive and character, which is probably as much due to the collectors as to the German people. By more careful research, they have given a completeness to the subject in which most of the other works are deficient. In the *Kinder und Hausmärchen* every phase of the popular mind is expressed; piety, pathos, humour, and poetry, all play their part, and we feel that the tales give us an entire knowledge of the people, and carry us completely behind the scenes. Their comparative deficiency, therefore, in two elements, the terrible and the malignant, which form the principal ingredients of so many popular tales, is a fact of some significance. In the few *Märchen* in which our imagination is wrought up to a painful pitch, or our hatred and indignation strongly excited, the effect is never allowed to last long, but is neutralised by some touch of pleasantry or kindly stroke of fate. Thus the most ghastly and terrible story in the collection, "The Legend of One who went out into the World to learn Fear," is rendered almost comic by the imperturbable calmness and *sang-froid* of the hero, who never knew

what it was to shudder. When he sleeps under the gallows, he takes down the dead bodies at midnight and sets them upright round the fire to warm them. In the enchanted castle he sleeps for the same benevolent purpose with his cousin's corpse, fights and subdues in turn all the evil spirits of the place, and destroys the spell that hung over the castle. Of course the castle belongs to a king, and the king has a daughter, and the hero marries the daughter. But, much as he loves his wife, he is not happy, but keeps saying to himself, "O, that I knew what it is to shudder!" The king's daughter, annoyed at her husband's discontent, sends one day for a pail of water full of little gudgeons, and throws it over him while he is asleep. He wakes suddenly, and cries out, "I shudder! I shudder! Thank God, my wife, I have known what it is to shudder!"

Similar horrors are to be encountered in the enchanted castle which Bruder Lustig delivers from the spell of a malignant power; but he is provided with his magical knapsack, and when the imps get fierce and kick too hard, he has merely to wish them into the knapsack, and in they jump, and the lock is turned upon them. Even death appears in the kindly form of a generous godfather, and is a great contrast to the weird mournful Banshee of the Irish legends. The dwarfs, who are supposed to be the incarnations of malignity, are made so ridiculous that they become subjects for amusement rather than for dislike. Rumpelstilzchen is to carry off the queen's child if she does not guess his name in three days. She sends out messengers to collect all the names in the kingdom; and by chance they hear Rumpelstilzchen repeating his as he dances round his fire in the wood. When he comes next day to carry off his prize, the queen guesses right. Thus balked, the little man gets into a terrible rage, and stamps so hard with his right foot that he thrusts his leg into the ground. Then in his passion he seizes his left leg with such violence that he tears himself in two. In "Snow-white and Rose-red" the malicious little dwarf gets caught in a tree which he is trying to split with an axe; the wood closes together and holds him fast by the end of the beard. On another occasion, when he is fishing, the beard gets entangled in his line. A large fish bites;—then comes the tug of war; and had not the good children come to the rescue of the vicious little creature, it is more probable that the fish would have drawn him into the water than that he would have drawn the fish out.

The delineation of certain simple characters forms an endless vehicle for the humour and pleasantry of a people. Bruder Lustig, with his easy careless kindness, hearty good-humour, rough coarse nature, and utter want of principle, is a splendid creation. Round

the thoughtless simpleton and the incorrigible booby gather in the German imagination a host of ridiculous blunders and adventures. Thus Frieder goes out to work, and tells his wife Catherlieschen to have his dinner ready when he comes back. She puts a sausage on the fire to fry, stands over it and thinks to herself, "While the sausage is frying I may as well draw the beer;" so she takes a jug and goes down into the cellar. While the beer is running, Catherlieschen suddenly remembers that the dog is not tied up, and may get hold of the sausage. In a twinkling she is up-stairs; but the dog has got hold of the sausage, and is running away with it as fast as he can. Catherlieschen, being an active woman, runs after him; but the dog is faster than she, and the sausage goes bounding over the fields. "What's done can't be undone," says Catherlieschen; so being tired, she returns home at a leisurely pace. But all the time she is away the beer keeps running, until the barrel is empty and the cellar full. "O!" cries Catherlieschen when she sees the mishap, "what shall I do to prevent Frieder finding it out?" At length she remembers that at the last fair they bought a sack of wheat-flour; so she fetches it, and strews it on the ground to dry up the beer. Another day, when she is going out, her husband tells her to secure the door of the cottage; she therefore takes it off its hinges and carries it with her.

We have numberless instances of inveterate laziness, and of the inconveniences which sloth will submit to rather than stir a limb; all of the same character as the old story in which a fellow, sooner than move, lies under the droppings of the roof, with the water running in at one ear and out at the other. Ingenious exaggerations form another class of popular tales, much richer in invention and more varied in incident than the famous Münchhausen stories. A king promises his daughter in marriage to him who can tell the most amusing fibs; and forthwith follows a string of absurdities, in which the imagination runs riot with such readiness and daring that the mere perusal of them takes away our breath.

Grimm's collection contains a good many directly moral stories; but in the German *Märchen* the didactic purpose is never exclusively prominent: they all contain stories interesting in themselves, and the moral is thrown into the bargain. Such, for instance, is the legend of "The Rich Man and the Poor Man," the Chinese version of which we have narrated; and the story of "King Thrushbeard," in which a beautiful princess scornfully rejects all the suitors that appear at her father's court. She is very severe on a certain good-natured king, whose chin she declares to be like the beak of a thrush. At last her father waxes wrath, and

vows she shall marry the first man who comes to his gates. A few days after a strolling musician stops and sings under the window. The princess is married to him and taken off to his cottage, where she has to scrub the floor, cook the dinner, and take pottery-ware to market. But this poetic justice is too severe for the kindly German Muse. When the pride is taken out of her by hard work, she discovers her beggar-husband to be the good king Thrushbeard in disguise. The wedding is again celebrated with every pomp and circumstance, and "they live happily for the rest of their days." But besides these direct and commonplace morals, there often occur in the German *Märchen* finer touches of thought and feeling; indications of deeper and less obvious truths; dim gropings of the popular mind after a higher class of realities. Thus, in *Das Mädchen ohne Hände*, a miller sells his child to the devil; but the latter cannot approach her, although she has become his property, on account of her goodness and purity. In *Der Gevatter Tod*, a poor man chose Death as the godfather of his twelfth child; and when the child was grown up, Death conferred on him a gift by which to make his fortune. He showed him a herb, and said, "When you hear of any one being sick, go to their bedside, and if you see me standing at the head you can promise that they will recover; give them of this herb, and it will cure them. But if you see me standing at the feet of the sick man, he is mine; say that there is no hope, for there is not a doctor in the world who could save him." In this way the youth became a renowned doctor; and when the king was taken ill he was sent for to cure him. But on approaching the royal bed, he saw Death standing at the feet of the king. Then he thought to himself, "I will outwit Death for once; he is my godfather, and will not take it amiss." So he turned the patient round with his head to where Death was standing and administered the herb. The king recovered; but Death looked black, and said, "This time it has gone well with you because I am your godfather, but beware of attempting such a thing again." Now it happened some time after, that the king's daughter became very ill; and the king promised her in marriage to whoever should cure her. The doctor came, and saw Death standing at her feet. His godfather looked at him with a threatening countenance: but the beauty of the princess so entranced him that he noticed nothing else; he turned her round on the bed, administered the herb, and she recovered. But Death was not to be disregarded a second time: he seized the doctor with his icy hand, and dragged him into a subterranean cavern. There were flaming in endless rows thousands upon thousands of candles of different sizes; every moment some went out, and others burnt

up again, so that the little lights seemed to be dancing up and down in constant change. "These are the life-lights of men," said Death; "the big ones belong to children, the middle-sized to people in the prime of life, and the small ones to old people: but it often happens that children and young people have small lights too." Then the doctor asked to see his light; and Death pointed to a little flame that was flickering very feebly. "O, my godfather," cried the astonished doctor, "be good to me and grant me a new light, in order that I may enjoy life, become a king, and have the beautiful princess for my wife." "I cannot," answered Death, "one must be extinguished before a new one can be lighted." "Then set the old one on a new one, and the new one will go on burning as soon as the old one is extinguished," cried the doctor. Death fetched a large new light, as if he were going to comply with his wish; but to revenge himself he purposely knocked down the little light, and it went out. Then the doctor sank down, and fell himself into the hands of Death.

The Bornou legend that we mentioned above is of the same thoughtful character. The special gift of the man of God, the one secretly-treasured power that has been bestowed upon him, vanishes the moment he confesses it to another mortal. In one of the Russian tales, called "The Story of the Duck with Golden Eggs," Krutchina, the personification of Sorrow, takes away the crust of bread from a poor family, but gives them a duck instead which every day lays a golden egg. This may or may not be typical of the rich return that Sorrow gives for her spoiliations; but when features of this description occur frequently in a popular literature, we are inclined to believe that they are not all the mere aimless productions of imagination, but that they result from an endeavour to express certain definite feelings and distinct ideas.

The few Russian legends that are known to us were collected in Moscow some years ago by a German, and have lately been translated into English. M. Anton Dietrich did not, like the Brothers Grimm, gather them from the people, but translated them from the rough, illustrated, and ill-spelt copies which he found in the picture-shops of Moscow. In this form they are published in countless numbers all over Russia, and are exempt from the control of the censorship as the inalienable heritage of the people. They are worthy of the heroic type, and they show a fine martial spirit, but we miss the humour and the tenderness of the German *Märchen*; there are unmistakable national features in all of them. Some few are, indeed, similar in incident to the legends of other countries. The "Seven Brothers Simeon" is the same as the German "Six who got through the whole World,"



and the Italian tale of "The Flea." "The Winged Wolf" is the same as the German "Waters of Life;" and "Emelyan the Fool" is the story of "Peruonto" in the *Pentamerone*. But the entirely Russian style in which they are told points to an independent Slavonic origin, and ranges them among those universal legends that seem indigenous to every variety of people. Of the Neapolitan fairy tales recorded in the *Pentamerone*, as far as difference from and similitude to the German *Märchen* are concerned, we can say the same. In soundness, simplicity, and naturalness, they are, however, inferior both to these and to the Russian. They proceeded from a people ignorant and illiterate enough for the legendary stage of literature; but surrounded by a vicious and luxurious civilisation, that has to a certain extent changed their simplicity into puerility, their humour into coarseness, and their poetry into idle unhealthy fancy. There are some few that are interesting and pleasing, but the manner in which they are told is throughout strained in the extreme. Thus, when Cinderella's slipper is brought to the prince, he addresses it as follows: "If the basement indeed is so beautiful, what must the building be? O beauteous candlestick, where is the light that consumes me? O tripod of the bright boiler in which life simmers! O beautiful cork, fastened to the angling-line of Love, with which he has caught my soul, lo, I embrace you, I press you to my heart; and if I cannot reach the plant, I adore at least the roots; if I cannot possess the capital of the column, I kiss the base! You, who until now were the prison of a white foot, are now the fetters of an unhappy heart." An unfortunate princess "lets fly the falcon of her soul after the quail of grief." In "Nennillo and Nennella" we have the following: "But at the hour when all creatures, summoned by the constables of night, pay to nature the tax of needful repose, the two little children began to feel afraid at remaining in that lonesome place, where the waters of a river, which was thrashing the impertinent stones for obstructing its course, would have frightened even a Rodomonte." This is an exaggeration of the style we meet with in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainment*, and is to a certain extent natural to the people of the east and of the south. The Italian stories have another feature too in common with the *Thousand and one Nights*. Many things in them are defined, which in the German legends are left vague and uncertain. Thus the king's son, instead of simply "going forth" in search of a beautiful wife, walks to the coast of France, there takes a Genoese boat to the Straits of Gibraltar, and thence sails in a larger vessel to the Indies, where he at length finds her in the island of the Ogresses. These details somewhat destroy the poetic atmosphere of the tales. The

English translation is worthy of all praise: it shows a thorough knowledge of Neapolitan *patois*, and the popular mind of the seventeenth century, both of which were necessary to a full understanding of the *Pentamerone*.

*The Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland* have familiarised us with a large class of Celtic tales, and introduced us to one of the most complicated systems of fairy machinery. There is about these Irish traditions a wild, mournful, imaginative character common to all Celtic legends. Those of Bretagne are of a similar kind. They never contain any purely human interest, but treat of the intercourse of men with the world of spirits. Nor is that intercourse, as in the German legends, easy and comfortable; there is no mutual understanding, no intimacy, no interchange of kindly services. We cannot calculate on satisfactory conclusions, and entertain the cheerful conviction in the midst of overwhelming troubles that all will come right, that the youngest brother will marry the princess, and that they will live happily for the rest of their days. There is something *uncanny* about them. We have no good collection of Anglo-Saxon traditions; Tabart's work is merely a compilation from the *Arabian Nights*, Perrault, the Countess Aulnoy, and others. It contains, however, three legends, two of which are exclusively English, and one of which has an independent English existence, viz. "Jack the Giant-killer," "Jack and the Beanstalk," and "Tom Thumb." We deeply regret that the birth-place of Jack the Giant-killer, the Cornishman, forbids us to cherish the belief that that hero was an Anglo-Saxon *pur sang*. Still it is impossible that the plucky little man who made our youthful hearts bound with sympathetic heroism, and who has ever since lived in our minds as the ideal of valour and enterprise, should have had nothing but Celtic blood in his veins. We prefer to believe that his Cornish father sallied forth into the neighbouring counties in search of a wife, and found her in the shape of an honest sturdy Anglo-Saxon farmer's daughter, who became the mother of our hero. For Jack is highly practical as well as chivalrous; he uses his brains as well as his fists, which is not common in legends of the heroic cast. He knows that the Giant Cormoran, who was eighteen feet high and three yards round, was not to be slain by the simple strength of his arm, so he condescends to make use of his wits as well, digs a pitfall, and gets the monster into it before attacking him. But we know not what rash presumption has led us to analyse the character of Jack the Giant-killer. He is a great living fact, to be received whole; a creed, to be accepted thankfully and without question or criticism. Suffice it to say, for the gratification of our national pride, that

the corresponding German hero, "The Brave Tailor," bears about the same relation to Jack that the shrill false little squeak of a penny whistle does to the sound bold note of the huntsman's horn.

We will not dwell upon the large class of fairy tales that have been manufactured in modern days for the amusement of the young. Inventions of this kind are not, as we before remarked, the natural occupations of cultivated minds, and are therefore never very successfully treated by them. Nor is the attempt to produce fresh stories at all necessary, while we have so rich a crop ready for the sickle. It would be equally wise to spend our time and minds upon the cultivation of the field-daisy. Fairy tales of this class generally run into one of two extremes : either they contain no moral at all, and are the mere vapid and senseless creations of an unbridled imagination ; or they are so closely bound down to their moral that they become dull and straight-laced, and we lose all pleasure in the tale. One chief characteristic of the popular legend is the way in which, even where the didactic purpose is prominent, the story at times takes the bit between its teeth, and bounds off in defiance of all restraint and careless of all consequences. Thus, in the Russian legend that we noticed above, after Krutchina takes the bread from the poor people and gives them the duck with the golden eggs, the latter becomes the cause of a series of comical adventures perfectly irrelevant to the main gist and meaning of the story. It is this freedom, this utter disregard of all artistic claims, by which we may always recognise the genuine productions of a people's fancy. These deficiencies, if they be such, are more than compensated for by the artlessness and simplicity with which they are accompanied, and the entire absence of any thing like trick. Long may they remain the chief mental food of the child ! It is no easy task to amuse ; and we know of what value to the mind is the capacity of entertainment. We should cherish every thing that encourages and strengthens that useful faculty. Besides the amusement too, more strong, sound, broad morality will sink into a child's heart from the study of the best fairy tales than from the wisest of homilies or the most instructive of books ; and while appreciating their value as a means of education, we must not overlook their interest as the most genuine expression of a people's character, and one of the most trustworthy records we possess of their habits and customs, and their tone of thought, in different ages and countries.

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## ART. VIII.—BERANGER.

*Œuvres complètes de C.-J. de Béranger. Nouvelle édition revue par l'Auteur, contenant les Dix Chansons nouvelles, le facsimile d'une Lettre de Béranger; illustrée de cinquante-deux gravures sur acier, d'après Charlet, D'Aubigny, Johannot Grenier, De Lemud, Pauquet, Penguilly, Raffet, Sandoz, exécutées par les artistes les plus distingués, et d'un beau portrait d'après nature par Sandoz. 2 vols. 8vo, 1855.*

THE invention of books has at least one great advantage. It has half-abolished one of the worst consequences of the diversity of languages. Literature enables nations to understand one another. Oral intercourse hardly does this. In English a distinguished foreigner says not what he thinks, but what he can. There is a certain intimate essence of national meaning which is as untranslatable as good poetry. Dry thoughts are cosmopolitan; but the delicate associations of language which express character, the traits of speech which mark the man, differ in every tongue, have not even cumbrous circumlocutions that are equivalent in another. National character is a deep thing—a shy thing; you cannot exhibit much of it to people who have a difficulty in understanding your language; you are in strange society, and you feel you will not be understood. "Let an English gentleman," writes Mr. Thackeray, "who has dwelt two, four, or ten years in Paris, say at the end of any given period how much he knows of French society, how many French houses he has entered, and how many French friends he has made. Intimacy there is none; we see but the outsides of the people. Year by year we live in France, and grow grey and see no more. We play *écarté* with Monsieur de Tréfle every night; but what do we know of the heart of the man—of the inward ways, thoughts, and customs of Tréfle? We dance with Countess Flicflac Tuesdays and Thursdays ever since the peace; and how far are we advanced in her acquaintance since we first twirled her round a room? We know her velvet gown and her diamonds; we know her smiles and her simper's and her rouge, but the real, rougeless, *intime* Flicflac we know not."\* Even if our words did not stutter, as they do stutter on our tongue, she would not tell us what she is. Literature has half mended this. Books are exportable; the essence of national character lies flat on a printed page. Men of genius with the

\* We have been obliged to abridge the above extract, and in so doing have left out the humour of it.

impulses of solitude produce works of art, whose words can be read and re-read and partially taken in by foreigners to whom they could never be uttered, the very thought of whose unsympathising faces would freeze them on the surface of the mind. Alexander Smith has accused poetical reviewers of beginning as far as possible from their subject. It may seem to some, though it is not so really, that we are exemplifying this saying in commencing as we have commenced an article on Béranger.

There are two kinds of poetry, which one may call poems of this world, and poems not of this world. We see a certain society on the earth held together by certain relations, performing certain acts, exhibiting certain phenomena, calling forth certain emotions. The millions of human beings who compose it have their various thoughts, feelings, and desires. They hate, act, and live. The social bond presses them closely together; and from their proximity new sentiments arise which are half superficial and do not touch the inmost soul, but which nevertheless are unspeakably important in the actual constitution of human nature, and work out their effects for good and for evil on the characters of those who are subjected to its influence. These sentiments of the world, as one may speak, differ from the more primitive impulses and emotions of our inner nature as the superficial phenomena of the material universe from what we fancy is its real essence. Passing hues, transient changes have their course before our eyes; a multiplex diorama is for ever displayed; underneath it all we fancy—such is the inevitable constitution of our thinking faculty—a primitive immovable essence, which is modified into all the ever-changing phenomena we see, which is the grey granite whereon they lie, the primary substance whose *débris* they all are. Just so from the original and primitive emotions of man, society—the evolving capacity of combined action—brings out desires which seem new, in a sense are new, which have no existence out of the society itself, are coloured by its customs at the moment, change with the fashions of the age. Such a principle is what we may call social gaiety: the love of combined amusement which all men feel and variously express, and which is to the higher faculties of the soul what a gay running stream is to the everlasting mountain, a light, altering element which beautifies while it modifies. Poetry does not shrink from expressing such feelings; on the contrary, their renovating cheerfulness blends appropriately with her inspiriting delight. Each age and each form of the stimulating imagination has a fashion of its own. Sir Walter sings in his modernised chivalry,

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
 On the mountain dawns the day ;  
 All the jolly chase is here,  
 With hawk and horse and hunting-spear.  
 Hounds are in their couples yelling,  
 Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,  
 Merrily, merrily, mingle they :  
 Waken, lords and ladies gay.

Louder, louder chant the lay,  
 Waken, lords and ladies gay ;  
 Tell them youth and mirth and glee  
 Run a course as well as we.  
 Time, stern huntsman, who can balk ?  
 Stanch as hound and fleet as hawk ;  
 Think of this, and rise with day,  
 Gentle lords and ladies gay.

The poet of the people, "*vilain et très vilain*," sings with the pauper Bohemian,

Voir c'est avoir. Allons courir !  
 Vie errante  
 Est chose enivrante.  
 Voir c'est avoir. Allons courir !  
 Car tout voir c'est tout conquérir.

Nous n'avons donc exempts d'orgueil,  
 De lois vaines,  
 De lourdes chaînes ;  
 Nous n'avons donc exempts d'orgueil,  
 Ni berceau, ni toit, ni cercueil ;  
 Mais croyez-en notre gaité,  
 Noble ou prêtre,  
 Valet ou maître ;  
 Mais croyez-en notre gaité,  
 Le bonheur est la liberté.  
 Oui, croyez-en notre gaité,  
 Noble ou prêtre,  
 Valet ou maître ;  
 Oui, croyez-en notre gaité,  
 Le bonheur est la liberté.

The forms of these poems of social amusement are, in truth, as various as the social amusement itself. The variety of the world, singularly various as it every where is, is nowhere so various as in that. Men have more ways of amusing themselves than of doing any thing else they do. But the essence—the characteristic—of these poems every where is, that they express more or less well the lighter desires of human nature ;—those that have least of unspeakable depth, partake most of what is perishable and earthly, and least of the immortal soul. The objects of these desires are social accidents ; excellent, perhaps essential, possibly—so is human nature made—in one form and variety or another, to the well-being of the soul, yet in

themselves transitory, fleeting, and in other moods contemptible. The old saying was, that to endure solitude a man must either be a beast or a god. It is in the lighter play of social action, in that which is neither animal nor divine, which in its half-way character is so natural to man, that these poems of society, which we have called poems of amusement, have their place.

This species does not, however, exhaust the whole class. Society gives rise to another sort of poems, differing from this one as contemplation differs from desire. Society may be thought of as an object. The varied scene of men,—their hopes, fears, anxieties, maxims, actions,—present a sight more interesting to man than any other which has ever existed, or which can exist; and it may be viewed in all moods of mind, and with the change of inward emotion as the external object seems to change: not that it really does so, but that some sentiments are more favourable to clear-sightedness than others are; and some bring before us one aspect of the subject, and fix our attention upon it, others a different one, and bind our minds to that likewise. Among the most remarkable of these varied views is the world's view of itself. The world, such as it is, has made up its mind what it is. Childishly déceivable by charlatans on every other subject,—imposed on by pedantry, by new and unfounded science, by ancient and unfounded reputation, a prey to pomposity, overrun with recondite fools, ignorant of all else,—society knows itself. The world knows a man of the world. A certain tradition pervades it; a *disciplina* of the market-place teaches what the collective society of men has ever been, and what, so long as the nature of man is the same, it cannot and will not cease to be. Literature, the written expression of human nature in every variety, takes up this variety likewise. Ancient literature exhibits it from obvious causes in a more simple manner than modern literature can. Those who are brought up in times like the present, necessarily hear a different set of opinions, fall in with other words, are under the shadow of a higher creed. In consequence, they cannot have the simple *naïveté* of the old world; they cannot speak with easy equanimity of the fugitiveness of life, the necessity of death, of goodness as a mean, of sin as an extreme. The theory of the universe has ceased to be an open question. Still the spirit of Horace is alive, and as potent as that of any man. His tone is that of prime ministers; his easy philosophy is that of courts and parliaments; you may hear his words where no other foreign words are ever heard. He is but the extreme and perfect type of a whole class of writers, some of whom exist in every literary age, and who give an expression to what

we may call the poetry of equanimity, that is, the world's view of itself; its self-satisfaction, its conviction that you must bear what comes, not hope for much, think *some* evil, never be excited, admire little, and then you will be at peace. This creed does not sound attractive in description. Nothing, it has been said, is so easy as to be "religious on paper:" on the other hand, it is rather difficult to be worldly in speculation; the mind of man, when its daily maxims are put before it, revolts from any thing so stupid, so mean, so poor. It requires a consummate art to reconcile men in print to that moderate and insidious philosophy which creeps into all hearts, colours all speech, influences all action. We may not stiffen common sense into a creed; our very ambition forbids:

"It hears a voice within us tell  
Calm's not life's crown, though calm is well:  
'Tis all perhaps which man acquires;  
But 'tis not what our youth desires."

Still a great artist may succeed in making 'calm' interesting. Equanimity has its place in literature; the poetry of equipoise is possible. Poems of society have, thus, two divisions: that which we mentioned first, the expression of the feelings which are called out by the accidents of society; next, the harmonised expression of that philosophy of indifference with which the world regards the fortunes of individuals and its own.

We have said that no modern nation can produce literature embodying this kind of cool reflection and delineation as it was once produced. By way of compensation, however, it may be, it no doubt is, easier now to produce the lyrical kind of poems of society—the light expression of its light emotions—than it was in ancient times. Society itself is better. There is something hard in Paganism, which is always felt even in the softest traits of the most delicate society in antiquity. The social influence of women in modern times gives an interest, a little pervading excitement, to social events. Civilisation, besides, has made comfort possible; it has, at least in part, created a scene in which society can be conducted. Its petty conveniences may or may not be great benefits according to a recondite philosophy; but there can be no doubt that for actual men and women in actual conversation it is of the greatest importance that their feet should not be cold; that their eyes and mouth should not be troubled with smoke; that sofas should be good, and attractive chairs many. Modern times have the advantage of the ancient in the scenery of flirtation. The little boy complained you could not find "drawing-room" in the dictionary. Perhaps even because our reflections are deeper, our inner life



less purely pagan, our apparent life is softer and easier. Some have said, that one reason why physical science made so little progress in ancient times was, that people were in doubt about more interesting things; men must have, it has been alleged, a settled creed as to human life and human hopes, before they will attend to shells and snails and pressures. And whether this be so or not, perhaps a pleasant society is only possible to persons at ease as to what is beyond society. Those only can lie on the grass who fear no volcano underneath, and can bear to look at the blue vault above.

Among modern nations it is not difficult to say where we should look for success in the art of social poetry. "Wherever," said Mr. Lewes the other day, "the French go, they take what they call their civilisation—that is, a *café* and a theatre." And though this be a trifle severe, yet in its essence its meaning is correct. The French have in some manner or other put their mark on all the externals of European life. The essence of every country remains little affected by their teaching; but in all the superficial embellishments of society they have enjoined the fashion; and the very language in which those embellishments are spoken of, shows at once whence they were derived. Something of this is doubtless due to the accidents of a central position, and an early and prolonged political influence; but more to a certain neatness of nature, a certain finish of the senses, which enables them more easily than others to touch lightly the light things of society, to see the *comme-il-faut*. "I like," said a good judge, "to hear a Frenchman talk; he strikes a light." On a hundred topics he gives the bright sharp edge, where others have only a blunt approximation.

Nor is this anticipation disappointed. Reviewers do not advance such theories unless they correspond with known results. For many years the French have not been more celebrated for memoirs which professedly describe a real society than they have been for the light social song which embodies its sentiments and pours forth its spirit. The principle on which such writings are composed is the taking some incident—not voluntarily (for the incident doubtless of itself takes a hold on the poet's mind)—and out of that incident developing all which there is in it. A grave form is of course inconsistent with such art. The spirit of such things is half-mirthful; a very profound meaning is rarely to be expected; but little incidents are not destitute of meaning, and a delicate touch will delineate it in words. A profound excitement likewise such poems cannot produce; they do not address the passions or the intuitions, the heart or the soul, but a gentle pleasure, half

sympathy, half amusement, is that at which they aim. They do not please us equally in all moods of mind : sometimes they seem nothing and nonsense, like society itself. We must not be too active or too inactive, to like them ; the tension of mind must not be too great ; in our highest moods the little-nesses of life are petty ; the mind must not be obtusely passive ; light touches will not stimulate a sluggish inaction. This dependence on the mood of mind of the reader makes it dangerous to elucidate this sort of art by quotation ; Béranger has, however, the following :

*\* Laideur et Beauté.*

Sa trop grande beauté m'obsède ;  
C'est un masque aisément trompeur  
Oui, je voudrais qu'elle fût laide,  
Mais laide, laide à faire peur.  
Belle ainsi faut-il que je l'aime !  
Dieu, reprends ce don éclatant ;  
Je le demande à l'enfer même :  
Qu'elle soit laide et que je l'aime autant.

A ces mots m'apparaît le diable ;  
C'est le père de la laideur :  
'Rendons-la, dit-il, effroyable,  
De tes rivaux trompons l'ardeur :  
J'aime assez ces métamorphoses.  
Ta belle ici vient en chantant ;  
Perles, tombez ; fanez-vous, roses.  
La voilà laide et tu l'aimes autant.'

Laide ! moi ! dit-elle étonnée ;  
Elle s'approche d'un miroir,  
Doute d'abord, puis, consternée,  
Tombe en un morne désespoir.  
'Pour moi seul tu jurais de vivre,  
Lui dis-je, à ses pieds me jetant :  
A mon seul amour il te livre.  
Plus laide encore, je t'aimerais autant.'

Ses yeux éteints fondent en larmes,  
Alors sa douleur m'attendrit :  
Ah ! rendez, rendez-lui ses charmes.  
Soit ! répond Satan qui sourit.  
Ainsi que naît la fraîche aurore,  
Sa beauté renaît à l'instant.  
Elle est, je crois, plus belle encore ;  
Elle est plus belle, et moi je l'aime autant.

Vité, au miroir elle s'assure  
Qu'on lui rend bien tous ses appas ;  
Des pleurs restent sur sa figure  
Qu'elle essuie en grondant tout bas.  
Satan s'envole, et la cruelle  
Fuit et s'écrie en s'en allant :  
Jamais fille que Dieu fit belle  
Ne doit aimer qui peut l'aime autant."

And this is even a more characteristic specimen:

*"La Mouche."*

Au bruit de notre gaité folle,  
 Au bruit des verres, des chaisons,  
 Quelle mouche murmure et vole,  
 Et revient quand nous la chassons ? (*bis.*)  
 C'est quelque dieu, je le soupçonne,  
 Qu'un peu de bonheur rend jaloux.  
 Ne souffrons point qu'elle bourdonne, } *bis.*  
 Qu'elle bourdonne autour de nous.

Transformée en mouche hideuse,  
 Amis, oui, c'est, j'en suis certain,  
 La Raison, déité grondeuse,  
 Qu'irrite un si joyeux festin,  
 L'orage approche, le ciel tonne ;  
 Voilà ce que dit son courroux.  
 Ne souffrons point qu'elle bourdonne,  
 Qu'elle bourdonne autour de nous.

C'est la Raison qui vient me dire :  
 'A ton âge on vit en reclus.  
 Ne bois plus tant, cesse de rire,  
 Cesse d'aimer, ne chante plus.'  
 Ainsi son beffroi toujours sonne  
 Aux lueurs des feux les plus doux.  
 Ne souffrons point qu'elle bourdonne,  
 Qu'elle bourdonne autour de nous.

C'est la Raison ; gare à Lisette !  
 Soit dard la menace toujours.  
 Dicux ! il perce la collerette :  
 Le sang coule ! accourez, Amours !  
 Amours, poursuivez la félonne ;  
 Qu'elle expire enfin sous vos coups.  
 Ne souffrons point qu'elle bourdonne,  
 Qu'elle bourdonne autour de nous.

Victoire ! amis, elle se noie  
 Dans l'ai que Lise a versé.  
 Victoire ! et qu'aux mains de la Joie  
 Le sceptre enfin soit replacé.  
 Un souffle ébranle sa couronne ;  
 Une mouche nous troublait tous.  
 Ne craignons plus qu'elle bourdonne,  
 Qu'elle bourdonne autour de nous."

To make poetry out of a fly is a difficult operation. It used to be said of the Lake school of criticism, in Mr. Wordsworth's early and more rigid days, that there was no such term as 'elegant' in its nomenclature. The reason is that, dealing, or attempting to deal, only with the essential aboriginal principles of human nature, that school had no room and no occasion for those minor contrivances of thought and language which are

necessary to express the complex accumulation of little feelings, the secondary growth of human emotion. The underwood of nature is "elegant;" the bare ascending forest tree despises what is so trivial,—it is grave and solemn. Of such verses, on the other hand, as have been quoted "elegance" is essential; the delicate finish of fleeting forms is the only excellence they can have.

The characteristic deficiencies of French literature have no room to show themselves in this class of art. "Though France herself denies," says a recent writer, "yet all other nations with one voice proclaim her inferiority to her rivals in poetry and romance, and in all the other elevated fields of fiction. A French Dante, or Michael Angelo, or Cervantes, or Murillo, or Goethe, or Shakespeare, or Milton, we at once perceive to be a mere anomaly; a supposition which may, indeed, be proposed in terms, but which in reality is inconceivable and impossible." In metaphysics, the reason seems to be that the French character is incapable of being mastered by an unseen idea, without being so tyrannised over by it as to be incapable of artistic development. Such a character as Robespierre's may explain what we mean. His entire nature was taken up, and absorbed in certain ideas; he had almost a vanity in them; he was of them, and they were of him. But they appear in his mind, in his speeches, in his life, in their driest and barest form; they have no motion, life, or roundness. We are obliged to use many metaphors remotely and with difficulty to indicate the procedure of the imagination. In one of these metaphors we figure an idea of imagination as a living thing, a kind of growing plant, with a peculiar form, and ever preserving its identity, but absorbing from the earth and air all kindred, suitable, and, so to say, annexable materials. In a mind such as Robespierre's, in the type of the fanatic mind, there is no such thing. The ideas seem a kind of dry hard capsules, never growing, never enlarging, never uniting. Development is denied them; they cannot expand, or ripen, or mellow. Dogma is a dry hard husk; poetry has the soft down of the real fruit. Ideas seize on the fanatic mind just as they do on the poetical; they have the same imperious ruling power. The difference is, that in the one the impelling force is immutable, iron, tyrannical; in the other the rule is expansive, growing, free, taking-up from all around it moment by moment whatever is fit, as in the political world a great constitution arises through centuries, with a shape that does not vary, but with movement for its essence and the fluctuation of elements for its vitality. A thin poor mind like Robespierre's seems pressed and hampered by the bony fingers of a skeleton-hand; a poet's is expanded and warmed at the same time that

it is impelled by a pure life-blood of imagination. The French, as we have said, are hardly capable of this. When great remote ideas seize upon them at all, they become fanatics. The wild, chimerical, revolutionary, mad Frenchman has the stiffest of human minds. He is under the law of his creed; he has not attained to the higher freedom of the impelling imagination. The prosing rhetoric of the French tragedy shows the same defect in another form. The ideas which should have become living realities, remain as lean abstractions. The characters are speaking officials, jets of attenuated oratory: But exactly on this very account the French mind has a genius for the poetry of society. Unable to remove itself into the higher region of imagined forms, it has the quickest detective insight into the exact relation of surrounding superficial phenomena. There are two ways of putting it: either, being fascinated by the present, they cannot rise to what is not present; or, being by defect of nature unable to rise to what is not present, they are concentrated and absorbed in that which is so. Of course there ought not to be, but there is, a world of *boudoirs*, of *salons*, of *esprit*. Living in the present, they have the poetry of the present. The English genius is just the opposite. Our cumbersome intellect has no call to light artificialities. We do not excel in punctuated detail or nicely-squared elaboration. It puts us out of patience that others should. A respectable Englishman murmured in the *Café de Paris*, "I wish I had a hunch of mutton." He could not bear the secondary niceties with which he was surrounded. Our art has the same principle. We excel in strong noble imagination, in solid stuff. Shakespeare is tough work; he has the play of the rising energy, the buoyant freedom of the unbounded mind; but no writer is so destitute of the simplifying dexterities of the manipulating intellect.

It is dangerous for a foreigner to give an opinion on minutiae of style, especially on points affecting the characteristic excellencies of national style. The French language is always neat; all French styles somehow seem good. But Béranger appears to have a peculiar neatness. He tells us that all his songs are the production of a painful effort. If so, the reader should be most grateful; he suffers no pain. The delicate elaboration of the writer has given a singular currency to the words. Difficult writing is rarely easy reading. It can never be so when the labour is spent in piecing together elements not joined by an insensible touch of imagination. The highest praise is due to a writer whose ideas are more delicately connected by unconscious genius than other men's are, and yet who spends labour and toil in giving the production a yet cunninger finish, a still smoother connection. The character-

istic aloofness of the Gothic mind, its tendency to devote itself to what is not present, is represented in composition by a want of care in the pettinesses of style. A certain clumsiness pervades all tongues of German origin. Instead of the language having been sharpened and improved by the constant keenness of attentive minds, it has been habitually used obtusely and crudely. Light loquacious Gaul has for ages been the contrast. If you take up a pen just used by a good writer, for a moment you seem to write rather well. A language long employed by a delicate and critical society is a treasure of dextrous felicities. It is not, according to the fine expression of Mr. Emerson, "fossil poetry;" it is crystallised *esprit*.

A French critic has praised Béranger for having retained the *refrain*, or burden, "*la rime de l'air*," as he calls it. Perhaps music is more necessary as an accompaniment to the poetry of society than it is to any other poetry. Without a sensuous reminder, we might forget that it was poetry; especially in a sparkling, glittering, attenuated language, we might be absorbed as in the defined elegancies of prose. In half trivial compositions we easily forget the little central fancy. The music prevents this: it gives oneness to the parts, pieces together the shavings of the intellect, makes audible the flow of imagination.

The poetry of society tends to the poetry of love. All poetry tends that way. By some very subtle links, which no metaphysician has skilfully tracked, the imagination, even in effects and employments which seem remote, is singularly so connected. One smiles to see the feeling recur. Half the poets can scarcely keep away from it: in the high and dry epic you may see the poet return to it. And perhaps this is not unaccountable. The more delicate and stealing the sensuous element, the more the mind is disposed to brood upon it; the more we dwell on it in stillness, the more it influences the wandering hovering which we term imagination. The first constructive effort of imagination is beyond the limit of consciousness; the faculty works unseen. But we know that it works in a certain soft leisure only: and this in ordinary minds is almost confined to, in the highest is most commonly accompanied by, the subtlest emotion of reverie. So insinuating is that feeling, that no poet is alive to all its influences; so potent is it, that the words of a great poet, in our complex modern time, are rarely ever free from its traces. The phrase "stealing calm," which most naturally and graphically describes the state of soul in which the imagination works, quite equally expresses, it is said, the coming in and continuance of the not uncommon emotion. Pass-

ing, however, from such metaphysics, there is no difficulty in believing that the poetry of society will tend to the most romantic part of society,—away from aunts and uncles, antiquaries and wigs, to younger and pleasanter elements. The talk of society does so, probably its literature will do so likewise. There are, nevertheless, some limiting considerations, which make this tendency less all-powerful than we might expect it to be. In the first place, the poetry of society cannot deal with passion. Its light touch is not competent to express eager intense emotion. Rather, we should say, the essential nature of the poetry of amusement is inconsistent with those rugged, firm, aboriginal elements which passion brings to the surface. The volcano is inconsistent with careless talk; you cannot comfortably associate with lava. Such songs as those of Burns are the very antithesis to the levity of society. A certain explicitness pervades them :

“ Come, let me take thee to my breast,  
And pledge we ne’er shall sunder;  
And I shall spurn as vilest dust  
The world’s wealth and grandeur.”

There\* is a story of his having addressed a lady in society, some time after he came to Edinburgh, in this direct style, and being offended that she took notice of it. The verses were in English, and were not intended to mean any thing particular, only to be an elegant attention; but you might as well ask a young lady to take brandy with you as compliment her in this intense manner. The eager peasant-poet was at fault in polished refinements of the half-feeling drawing-room. Again, the poetry of society can scarcely deal with affection. No poetry, except in hints, and for moments, perhaps ever can. You might as well tell secrets to the town-crier. The essence of poetry somehow is publicity. It is very odd when one reads many of the sentiments which are expressed there,—the brooding thought, the delicate feeling, the high conception. What is the use of telling these to the mass of men? Will the grocer feel them?—will the greasy butcher in the blue coat feel them? Are there not some emphatic remarks by Lord Byron on Mr. Sanders (“ the d—d saltfish-seller” of Venice), who could not appreciate *Don Juan*? Nevertheless, for some subtle reason or other, poets do crave, almost more than other men, the public approbation. To have a work of art in your imagination, and that no one else should know of it, is a great pain. But even this craving has its limits. Art can only deal with the universal. Characters, sentiments, actions, must be described in what in the old language might be called

their conceptual shape. There must always be an idea in them. If one compares a great character in fiction, say that of Hamlet, with a well-known character in life, we are struck almost at once by the typical and representative nature of the former. We seem to have a more *summary* conception of it, if the phrase may be allowed, than we have of the people we know best in reality. Indeed, our notion of the fictitious character rather resembles a notion of actual persons of whom we know a little, and but a little,—of a public man, suppose, of whom from his speeches and writings we know something, but with whom we never exchanged a word. We generalise a few traits; we do what the historian will have to do hereafter; we *make* a man, so to speak, resembling the real one, but, more defined, more simple and comprehensible. The objects on which affection turns are exactly the opposite. In their essence they are individual, peculiar. Perhaps they become known under a kind of confidence; but even if not, nature has hallowed the details of near life by an inevitable secrecy. You cannot expect other persons to feel them; you cannot tell your own intellect what they are. An individuality lurks in our nature. Each soul (as the divines speak) clings to each soul. Poetry is impossible on such points as these: they seem too sacred, too essential. The most that it can do is, by hints and little marks in the interstices of a universalised delineation, to suggest that there is something more than what is stated, and more inward and potent than what is stated. Affection as a settled subject is incompatible with art. And thus the poetry of society is limited on its romantic side in two ways: first, by the infinite intense nature of passion, which forces the voice of art beyond the social tone; and by the confidential, incomprehensible nature of affection, which will not bear to be developed for the public by the fancy in any way.

Being so bounded within the ordinary sphere of their art, poets of this world have contrived or found a substitute. In every country there is a society which is no society. The French, which is the most worldly of literatures, has devoted itself to the delineation of this outside world. There is no form, comic or serious, dramatic or lyrical, in which the subject has not been treated: the burden is—

“Lisette, ma Lisette,  
Tu m’as trompé toujours;  
Mais vive la grisette,  
Je veux, Lisette:  
Boire à nos amours.”

There is obviously no need of affection in *this* society. The whole plot of the notorious novel, *La Dame aux Camélias*,—and



a very remarkable one it is,—is founded on the incongruity of real feeling with this world, and the singular and inappropriate consequences which result if by any rare chance it does appear there. Passion is almost *à fortiori* out of the question. The depths of human nature have nothing to do with this life. On this account, perhaps, it is that it harmonises so little with the English literature and character. An Englishman can scarcely live on the surface; his passions are too strong, his power of *finesse* too little. Accordingly, since Defoe, who treated the subject with a coarse matter-of-factness, there has been nothing in our literature of this kind—nothing at least professedly devoted to it. How far this is due to real excellence, how far to the *bourgeois* and not very outspoken temper of our recent writers, we need not in this place discuss. There is no occasion to quote in this country the early poetry of Béranger, at least not the sentimental part of it. We may take, in preference, one of his poems written in old, or rather in middle, age :

“*Cinquante Ans.*”

Pourquoi ces fleurs ? est-ce ma fête ?  
Non ; ce bouquet vient m'annoncer  
Qu'un demi-siècle sur ma tête  
Achève aujourd'hui de passer.  
Oh ! combien nos jours sont rapides !  
Oh ! combien j'ai perdu d'instants !  
Oh ! combien je me sens de rides !  
Hélas ! hélas ! j'ai cinquante ans.

A cet âge, tout nous échappe :  
Le fruit meurt sur l'arbre jauni.  
Mais à ma porte quelqu'un frappe,  
N'ouvrons point : mon rôle est fini.  
C'est, je gage, un docteur qui jette  
Sa carte où s'est logé le temps.  
Jadis, j'aurais dit : C'est Lisette.  
Hélas ! hélas ! j'ai cinquante ans.

En maux cuisants vieillesse abonde :  
C'est la goutte qui nous meurtrit ;  
La cécité, prison profonde ;  
La surdité dont chacun rit.  
Puis la raison, lampe qui baisse,  
N'a plus que des feux tremblotants.  
Enfants, honorez la vieillesse !  
Hélas ! hélas ! j'ai cinquante ans.

Ciel ! j'entends la mort qui, joyeuse,  
Arrive en se frottant les mains.  
A ma porte, la fossoyeuse  
Frappe, adieu, messieurs les humains !  
En bas, guerre, famine et peste ;  
En haut, plus d'astres éclatants.  
Ouvrons, tandis que Dieu me reste.  
Hélas ! hélas ! j'ai cinquante ans.

Mais non ! c'est vous ! vous, jeune amie !  
 Sœur de charité des amours !  
 Vous tirez mon ame endormie  
 Du cauchemar des mauvais jours.  
 Semant les roses de votre âge.  
 Partout, comme fait le printemps,  
 Parfumez les rêves d'un sage.  
 Hélas ! hélas ! j'ai cinquante ans."

This is the last scene of the *grisette*, of whom we read in so many songs sparkling with youth and gaiety.

A certain intellectuality, however, pervades Béranger's love-songs. You seem to feel, to see, not merely the emotion, but the mind, in the background viewing that emotion. You are conscious of a considerateness qualifying and contrasting with the effervescing champagne of the feelings described. Desire is rarified ; sense half becomes an idea. You may trace a similar metamorphosis in the poetry of passion itself. If we contrast such a poem as Shelley's "Epipsychidion" with the natural language of common passion, we see how curiously the intellect can take its share in the dizziness of sense. In the same way, in the lightest poems of Béranger we feel that it may be infused, may interpenetrate the most buoyant effervescence.

Nothing is more odd than to contrast the luxurious and voluptuous nature of much of Béranger's poetry with the circumstances of his life. He never in all his productive time had more than 80*l.* a-year ; the smallest party of pleasure made him live, he tells us himself, most ascetically for a week ; so far from leading the life of a Sybarite, his youth was one of anxiety and privation. A more worldly poet has probably never written, but no poet has shown in life so philosophic an estimate of this world's goods. His origin is very unaristocratic. He was born in August 1780, at the house of his grandfather, a poor old tailor. Of his mother we hear nothing. His father was a speculative sanguine man, who never succeeded. His principal education was given him by an aunt, who taught him to read and to write, and perhaps generally incited his mind. His school-teaching tells of the philosophy of the revolutionary time. By way of primary school for the town of Peronne, a patriotic member of the National Assembly had founded an *institut d'enfants*. "It offered," we are told, "at once the image of a club and that of a camp ; the boys wore a military uniform ; at every public event they named deputations, delivered orations, voted addresses : letters were written to the citizen Robespierre and the citizen Tallien." Naturally amid so great affairs there was no time for mere grammar ; they did not teach *Latin*. Nor did Béranger ever acquire any knowledge of that language ;

and he may be said to be destitute of what is in the usual sense called culture. Accordingly it has in these days been made a matter of wonder by critics, whom we may think pedantic, that one so destitute should be able to produce such works. But a far keener judge has pronounced the contrary. Goethe, who certainly did not undervalue the most elaborate and artful cultivation, at once pronounced Béranger to have "a nature most happily endowed, firmly grounded in himself, purely developed from himself, and quite in harmony with himself." In fact, as these words mean, Béranger, by happiness of nature or self-attention, has that *centrality* of mind which is the really valuable result of colleges and teaching. He puts things together; he refers things to a principle; rather, they group themselves in his intelligence insensibly round a principle. There is nothing *distract* in his genius; the man has attained to be himself; a cool oneness, a poised personality, pervades him. "The unlearned," it has been said, "judge at random." Béranger is not unlearned in this sense. There is no one who judges more simply, smoothly, and uniformly. His ideas refer to an exact measure. He has mastered what comes before him. And though doubtless unacquainted with foreign and incongruous literatures, he has mastered his own literature, which was shaped by kindred persons, and has been the expression of analogous natures; and this has helped him in expressing himself.

In the same way, his poor youth and boyhood have given a reality to his productions. He seems to have had this in mind in praising the "practical education which I have received." He was bred a printer; and the highest post he attained was a clerkship at the university, worth, as has been said, 80*l.* per annum. Accordingly he has every where a sympathy with the common people, an unsought familiarity with them and their life. Sybarite poetry commonly wants this. The aristocratic nature is superficial; it relates to a life protected from simple wants, depending on luxurious artifices. "Mamma," said the simple-minded nobleman, "when poor people have no bread, why do not they eat buns? they are much better." An over-perfumed softness pervades the poetry of society. You see this in the songs of Moore, the best of the sort we have; all is beautiful, soft, half-sincere. There is a little falsetto in the tone, every thing reminds you of the drawing-room and the *pianoforte*; and not only so—for all poetry of society must in a measure do this—but it seems fit for no other scene. Naturalness is the last word of praise that would be suitable. In the scented air we forget that there is a *pavé* and a multitude. Perhaps France is of all countries which have ever existed the one in which we might seek an exception for this luxurious limitation. A cer-

tain *égalité* may pervade its art as its society. There is no such difference as with us between the shoeblack and the gentleman. A certain refinement is very common; an extreme refinement possibly rare. Béranger was able to write his poems in poverty: they are popular with the poor.

A success even greater than what we have described as having been achieved by Béranger in the first class of the poems of society—that of amusement—has been attained by him in the second class, expressive of epicurean speculation. Perhaps it is one of his characteristics that the two are for ever running one into another. There is animation in his thinking, there is meaning in his gaiety. It requires no elaborate explanation to make evident the connection between scepticism and luxuriousness. Every one thinks of the Sadducee as in cool halls and soft robes; no one supposes that the Sybarite believes. Pain not only purifies the mind, but deepens the nature. A simply happy life is animal; it is pleasant, and it perishes. All writers who have devoted themselves to the explanation of this world's view of itself are necessarily in a certain measure Sadducees. The world is a Sadducee itself; it cannot be any thing else without recognising a higher creed, a more binding law, a more solemn reality—without ceasing to be the world. Equanimity is incredulous; impartiality does not care; an indifferent politeness is sceptical. Though not a single speculative opinion is expressed, we may feel this in *Roger Bontemps*;—

“ *Roger Bontemps.*

Aux gens atrabilaires  
Pour exemple donné,  
En un temps de misères  
Roger Bontemps est né,  
Vivre obscur à sa guise,  
Narguer les mécontents;  
Eh gai ! c'est la devise  
Du gros Roger Bontemps.

Du chapeau de son père  
Coiffé dans les grands jours,  
De roses ou de lierre  
Le rajeunir toujours;  
Mettre un manteau de bure,  
Vieil ami de vingt ans;  
Eh gai ! c'est la parure  
Du gros Roger Bontemps.

Posséder dans sa hutte  
Une table, un vieux lit,  
Des cartes, une flûte,  
Un broc que Dieu remplit,

Un portrait de maîtresse,  
Un coffre et rien dedans;  
Eh gai ! c'est la richesse  
Du gros Roger Bontemps.

Aux enfants de la ville  
Montrer de petits jeux;  
Être un faiseur habile  
De contes graveleux;  
Ne parler que de danse  
Et d'almanachs chantants;  
Eh gai ! c'est la science  
Du gros Roger Bontemps.

Faute de vin d'élite,  
Sabler ceux du canton:  
Préférer Marguerite  
Aux dames du grand ton;  
De joie et de tendresse  
Remplir tous ses instants;  
Eh gai ! c'est la sagesse  
Du gros Roger Bontemps.

Direr au ciel : Je me fie,  
Mon père, à ta bonté;  
De ma philosophie  
Pardonne la gaité;  
Que ma saison dernière  
Soit encore un printemps;  
Eh gai ! c'est la prière  
Du gros Roger Bontemps.

Vous, pauvres pleins d'envie,  
Vous, riches désireux  
Vous, dont le char dévie  
Après un cours heureux;  
Vous, qui perdrez peut-être  
Des titres éclatants,  
Eh gai ! prenez pour maître  
Le gros Roger Bontemps."

At the same time, in Béranger the scepticism is not extreme. The skeleton is not paraded. That the world is a passing show, a painted scene, is admitted; you seem to know that it is all acting and rouge and illusion: still the pleasantness of the acting is dwelt on, the rouge is never rubbed off, the dream runs lightly and easily. No nightmare haunts you, you have no uneasy sense that you are about to awaken. Persons who require a sense of reality may complain; pain is perhaps necessary to sharpen their nerves, a tough effort to harden their consciousness: but if you pass by this objection of the threshold, if you admit the possibility of a superficial and fleeting world, you will not find a better one than Béranger's world. Suppose all the world were a *restaurant*, his is a good *restaurant*; admit that life is an effervescing champagne, his is the best for the moment.

In several respects Béranger contrasts with Horace, the poet whom in general he most resembles. The song of *Roger Bon-temps* suggests one of the most obvious differences. It is essentially democratic. As we have said before, Béranger is the poet of the people; he himself says, *Le peuple c'est ma muse*. Throughout Horace's writings, however much he may speak, and speak justly, of the simplicity of his tastes, you are always conscious that his position is exceptional. Every body cannot be the friend of Mæcenas; every cheerful man of the world cannot see the springs of the great world. The intellect of most self-indulgent men must satisfy itself with small indulgences. Without a hard ascent you can rarely see a great view. Horace had the almost unequalled felicity of watching the characters and thoughts and tendencies of the governors of the world; the nicest manipulation of the most ingenious statesmen; the inner tastes and predilections which are the origin of the most important transactions; and yet had the ease and pleasantness of common and effortless life. So rare a fortune cannot be a general model; the gospel of Epicureanism must not ask a close imitation of one who had such very special advantages. Béranger gives the accepters of that creed a commoner type. Out of nothing but the most ordinary advantages—the garret, the almost empty purse, the not over-attired *grisette*—he has given them a model of the sparkling and quick existence for which their fancy is longing. You cannot imagine commoner materials. In another respect Horace and Béranger are remarkably contrasted. Béranger, sceptical and indifferent as he is, has a faith in, and zeal for, liberty. It seems odd that he should care for that sort of thing; but he does care for it. Horace probably had a little personal shame attaching to such ideas. No regimental officer of our own time can have “joined” in a state of more crass ignorance than did the stout little student from Athens in all probability the army of Brutus; the legionaries must have taken the measure of him, as the sergeants of our living friends. Any how he was not partial to such reflections; zeal for political institutions is quite as foreign to him as any other zeal. A certain hope in the future is characteristic of Béranger—

“ Qui découvrit un nouveau monde ?  
Un fou qu'on raillait en tout lieu.”

Modern faith colours even bystanding scepticism. Though probably with no very accurate ideas of the nature of liberty, Béranger believes that it is a great good, and that France will have it.

The point in which Béranger most resembles Horace is that which is the most essential in the characters of them both

—their geniality. This is the very essence of the poems of society; it springs in the verses of amusement, it harmonises with acquiescing sympathy the poems of indifference. And yet few qualities in writing are so rare. A certain malevolence enters into literary ink; the point of the pen pricks. Pope is the very best example of this. With every desire to imitate Horace, he cannot touch any of his subjects, or any kindred subjects, without infusing a bitter ingredient. It is not given to the children of men to be philosophers without envy. Lookers-on can hardly bear the spectacle of the great world. If you watch the carriages rolling down to the House of Lords, you will try to depreciate the House of Lords. Idleness is cynical. Both Béranger and Horace are exceptions to this. Both enjoy the roll of the wheels; both love the glitter of the carriages; neither is angry at the sun. Each knows that he is as happy as he can be—that he is all that he can be in his contemplative philosophy.—In his means of expression, for the purpose in hand the Frenchman has the advantage. The Latin language is clumsy. Light pleasure was an exotic in the Roman world; the terms in which you strive to describe it, suit rather the shrill camp and the droning law-court. In English, as we hinted just now, we have this too. Business is in our words; a too heavy sense clogs our literature: even in a writer so apt as Pope at the *finesse* of words, you feel the solid Gothic roots impede him. It is difficult not to be cumbrous. The horse may be fleet and light, but the wheels are ponderous and the road goes heavily. Béranger certainly has not this difficulty; nobody ever denied that a Frenchman could be light, that the French language was adapted for levity.

When we ascribed an absence of bitterness and malevolence to Béranger, we were far from meaning that he is not a satirist. Every light writer in a measure must be so. Mirth is the imagery of society; and mirth must make fun of somebody. The nineteenth century has not had many shrewder critics than its easy natured poet. Its intense dullness particularly strikes him. He dreads the dreariness of the Academy; pomposity bores him; formalism tires him; he thinks, and may well think, it dreary to have

“Pour grands hommes des journalistes;  
Pour amusement l’Opéra.”

But skilful as is the mirth, its spirit is genial and good-natured. “You have been making fun of me, Sydney, for twenty years,” said a friend to the late Canon of St. Paul’s, “and I do not think you have said a single thing I should have wished you not to say.” So far as its essential features are concerned, the nineteenth century may say the same of its musical satirist.

Perhaps, however, the Bourbons might a little object. Clever people have always a *little* malice against the stupid.

There is no more striking example of the degree in which the gospel of good works has penetrated our modern society, than that Béranger has talked of "utilising his talent." The epicurean poet considers that he has been a political missionary. Well may others be condemned to the penal servitude of industry, if the lightest and idlest of skilful men boasts of being subjected to it. If Béranger thinks it necessary to think he has been useful, others may well think so too; let us accept the heavy doctrine of hard labour; there is no other way to heave the rubbish of this world. The mode in which Béranger is anxious to prove that he made his genius of use is in diffusing a taste for liberty, and expressing an enthusiasm for it; and also, as we suppose, in quizzing those rulers of France who have not shared either the taste or the enthusiasm. Although, however, such may be the idea of the poet himself, posterity will scarcely confirm it. Political satire is the most ephemeral kind of literature. The circumstances to which it applies are local and temporary; the persons to whom it applies die. A very few months will make unintelligible what was at first strikingly plain. Béranger has illustrated this by an admission. There was a delay in publishing the last volume of his poems, many of which relate to the years or months immediately preceding the Revolution of 1830; the delay was not long, as the volume appeared in the first month of 1833, yet he says that many of the songs relate to the passing occurrences of a period "*déjà loin de nous.*" On so shifting a scene as that of French political life, the jests of each act are forgotten with the act itself; the eager interest of each moment withdraws the mind from thinking of or dwelling on any thing past. And in all countries administration is ephemeral; what relates to it is transitory. Satires on its detail are like the jests of a public office; the clerks change, oblivion covers their peculiarities; the point of the joke is forgotten. There are some considerable exceptions to the saying that foreign literary opinion is a "contemporary posterity;" but in relation to satires on transitory transactions it is exactly expressive. No Englishman will now care for many of Béranger's songs which were once in the mouths of all his countrymen, which coloured the manners of revolutions, perhaps influenced their course. The fame of a poet may have a reference to politics; but it will be only to the wider species, to those social questions which never die, the elements of that active human nature which is the same age after age. Béranger can hardly hope for this. Even the songs which relate to liberty



can hardly hope for this immortality. They have the vagueness which has made French aspirations for freedom futile. So far as they express distinct feeling, their tendency is rather anti-aristocratic than in favour of simple real liberty. And an objection to mere rank, though a potent, is neither a very agreeable nor a very poetical sentiment. Moreover, when the love of liberty is to be imaginatively expressed, it requires to an Englishman's ear a sound bigger and more trumpet-tongued than the voice of Béranger.

On a deeper view, however, an attentive student will discover a great deal that is most instructive in the political career of the not very business-like poet. His life has been contemporaneous with the course of a great change; and throughout it the view which he has taken of the current events is that which sensible men took at the time, and which a sensible posterity (and these events will from their size attract attention enough to insure their being viewed sensibly) is likely to take. Béranger was present at the taking of the Bastille, but he was then only nine years old; the accuracy of opinion which we are claiming for him did not commence so early. His mature judgment begins with the career of Napoleon; and no one of the thousands who have written on that subject has viewed it perhaps more justly. He had no love for the despotism of the Empire, was alive to the harshness of its administration, did not care too much for its glory, must have felt more than once the social exhaustion. At the same time, no man was penetrated more profoundly, no literary man half so profoundly, with the popular admiration for the genius of the Empire. His own verse has given the truest and most lasting expression of it:

*" Les Souvenirs du Peuple.*

On parlera de sa gloire  
 Sous le chaume bien long-temps.  
 L'humble toit, dans cinquante ans,  
 Ne connaîtra plus d'autre histoire.  
 Là viendront les villageois  
 Dire alors à quelque vieille:  
 Par des récits d'autrefois,  
 Mère, abrégez notre veille.  
 Bien, dit-on, qu'il nous ait nui,  
 Le peuple encor le révère,  
 Oui, le révère.  
 Parlez-nous de lui, grand'mère;  
 Parlez-nous de lui. (*bis.*)  
 Mes enfants, dans ce village,  
 Suivi de rois, il passa.  
 Voilà bien long-temps de ça:  
 Je venais d'entrer en ménage.

A pied grimant le coteau  
Où pour voir je m'étais mise,  
Il avait petit chapeau  
Avec redingote grise.  
Près de lui je me troublai;  
Il me dit : Bonjour, ma chère,  
    Bonjour, ma chère.  
—Il vous a parlé, grand'mère!  
    Il vous a parlé!

L'an d'après, moi, pauvre femme,  
A Paris étant un jour,  
Je le vis avec sa cour:  
Il se rendait à Notre-Dame.  
Tous les cœurs étaient contents;  
On admirait son cortège.  
Chacun disait : Quel beau temps!  
Le ciel toujours le protége.  
Son sourire était bien doux;  
D'un fils Dieu le rendait père,  
    Le rendait père.  
—Quel beau jour pour vous, grand'mère!  
    Quel beau jour pour vous!

Mais, quand la pauvre Champagne  
Fut en proie aux étrangers,  
Lui, bravant tous les dangers,  
Semblait seul tenir la campagne.  
Un soir, toute comme aujourd'hui,  
J'entends frapper à la porte;  
J'ouvre, bon Dieu! c'était lui  
Suivi d'une faible escorte.  
Il s'asseyait où me voilà,  
S'écriant : Oh! quelle guerre!  
    Oh! quelle guerre!  
—Il s'est assis là, grand'mère!  
    Il s'est assis là!

J'ai faim, dit-il; et bien vite  
Je sers piquette et pain bis;  
Puis il sèche ses habits,  
Même à dormir le feu l'invite.  
Au réveil, voyant mes pleurs,  
Il me dit : Bonne espérance!  
Je cours de tous ses malheurs,  
Sous Paris, venger la France.  
Il part; et comme un trésor  
J'ai depuis gardé son verre,  
    Gardé son verre.  
—Vous l'avez encor, grand'mère!  
    Vous l'avez encor!

Le voici. Mais à sa perte  
Le héros fut entraîné.  
Lui, qu'un pape a couronné,  
Est mort dans une île déserte.  
Long-temps aucun ne l'a cru;  
On disait : Il va paraître.

Par mer il est accouru ;  
 L'étranger va voir son maître.  
 Quand d'erreur on nous tira,  
 Ma douleur fut bien amère !  
 Fut bien amère !  
 —Dieu vous bénira, grand'mère ;  
 Dieu vous bénira."

This is a great exception to the transitoriness of political poetry. Such a character as that of Napoleon displayed on so large a stage, so great a genius amid such scenery of action, insures an immortality. "The page of universal history" which he was always coveting, he has attained; and it is a page which, from its singularity and its errors, its shame and its glory, will distract the attention from other pages. No one who has ever had in his mind the idea of Napoleon's character can forget it. Nothing too can be more natural than that the French should remember it. It has the primary imagination, the elementary conceiving power, in which they are deficient. So far from being restricted to the poetry of society, he would not have even appreciated it. A certain bareness marks his mind; his style is curt; the imaginative product is left rude; there is the distinct abstraction of the military diagram. The tact of light and passing talk; the detective imagination which is akin to that tact, and discovers the quick essence of social things,—he never had. In speaking of his power over popular fancies, Béranger has called him "the greatest poet of modern times." No genius can be more unlike his own, and therefore perhaps it is that he admires it so much. During the Hundred Days, Béranger says he was never under the illusion, then not rare, that the Emperor could become a constitutional monarch. The lion, he felt, would not change his skin. After the return of the Bourbons, he says, doubtless with truth, that his "*instinct du peuple*" told him they could never ally themselves with liberal principles, or unite with that new order of society which, though dating from the Revolution, had acquired in five-and-twenty years a half-prescriptive right. They and their followers came in to take possession, and it was impossible they could unite with what *was* in possession. During the whole reign of the hereditary Bourbon dynasty, Béranger was in opposition; representing the natural sentiments of the new Frenchman, he could not bear the natural tendency of the ruling power to the half-forgotten practices of old France. The legitimate Bourbons were by their position the chieftains of the party advocating their right by birth; they could not be the kings of a people; and the poet of the people was against them. After the genius of Napoleon, all other governing minds would seem tame and contracted; and

Charles X. was not a man to diminish the inevitable feeling. Béranger despised him. As the poet warred with the weapons of poetry, the Government retorted with the penalties of state. He was turned out of his petty clerkship, he was twice imprisoned ; but these things only increased his popularity ; and a firm and genial mind, so far from being moved, sang songs at La Force itself. The Revolution of 1830 was willing to make his fortune. " Je l'ai traitée," he says, " comme une puissance qui peut avoir des caprices auxquels il faut être en mesure de résister. Tous ou presque tous mes amis ont passé au ministère : j'en ai même encore un ou deux qui restent suspendus à ce mât de cocagne. Je me plais à croire qu'ils y sont accrochés par la basque, malgré les efforts qu'ils font pour descendre. J'aurais donc pu avoir part à la distribution des emplois. Malheureusement je n'ai pas l'amour des sinécures, et tout travail obligé m'est devenu insupportable, hors peut-être encore celui d'expéditionnaire. Des médisants ont prétendu que je faisais de la vertu. Fi donc ! je faisais de la paresse. Ce défaut m'a tenu lieu de bien des qualités ; aussi je le recommande à beaucoup de nos honnêtes gens. Il expose pourtant à de singuliers reproches. C'est à cette paresse si douce, que des censeurs rigides ont attribué l'éloignement où je me suis tenu de ceux de mes honorables amis qui ont eu le malheur d'arriver au pouvoir. Faisant trop d'honneur à ce qu'ils veulent bien appeler ma bonne tête, et oubliant trop combien il y a loin du simple bon sens à la science des grandes affaires, ces censeurs prétendent que mes conseils eussent éclairé plus d'un ministre. A les en croire, tapi derrière le fauteuil de velours de nos hommes d'état, j'aurais conjuré les vents, dissipé les orages, et fait nager la France dans un océan de délices. Nous aurions tous de la liberté à revendre ou plutôt à donner, car nous n'en savons pas bien encore le prix. Eh ! messieurs mes deux ou trois amis, qui prenez un chansonnier pour un magicien, ou ne vous a donc pas dit que le pouvoir est une cloche qui empêche ceux qui la mettent en branle d'entendre aucun autre son ? Sans doute des ministres consultent quelquefois ceux qu'ils ont sous la main : consulter est un moyen de parler de soi qu'on néglige rarement. Mais il ne suffirait pas de consulter de bonne foi des gens qui conseilleraient de même. Il faudrait encore exécuter : ceci est la part du caractère. Les intentions les plus pures, le patriotisme le plus éclairé ne le donnent pas toujours. Qui n'a vu de hauts personnages quitter un donneur d'avis avec une pensée courageuse, et, l'instant d'après, revenir vers lui, de je ne sais quel lieu de fascination, avec l'embarras d'un démenti donné aux résolutions les plus sages ? Oh ! disent-ils, nous n'y serons plus repris ! quelle galère ! Le plus

honteux ajoute : Je voudrais bien vous voir à ma place ! Quand un ministre dit cela, soyez sûr qu'il n'a plus la tête à lui. Cependant il en est un, mais un seul, qui, sans avoir perdu la tête, a répété souvent ce mot de la meilleure foi du monde ; aussi ne l'adressait-il jamais à un ami."

The statesman alluded to in the last paragraph is Manuel, his intimate friend, from whom he declares he could never have been separated, but whose death prevented his obtaining political honours. Nobody can read the above passage without feeling its tone of political sense. An enthusiasm for, yet half distrust of, the Revolution of July seems as sound a sentiment as could be looked for even in the most sensible contemporary. What he has thought of the present dynasty we do not know. He probably has as little concurred in the silly encomiums of its mere partisans, as in the wild execrations of its disappointed enemies. His opinion could not have been either that of the English who *fêted* Louis Napoleon in 1855, or of those who despised him in 1851. The political fortunes of France during the last ten years must have been a painful scene of observation to one who remembered the taking of the Bastille. If there be such a thing as failure in the world, this looks like it.

Although we are very far from thinking that Béranger's claims on posterity are founded on his having utilised his talent in favour of liberty, it is very natural that he should think or half-think himself that it is so. His power over the multitude must have given him great pleasure ; it is something to be able to write mottoes for a revolution, to write words for people to use, and hear people use those words. The same sort of pleasure which Horace derived from his nearness to the centre of great action, Béranger has derived from the power which his thorough sympathy with his countrymen has given him over them. A political satire may be ephemeral from the rapid oblivion of its circumstances ; but it is not unnatural that the author, inevitably proud of its effect, may consider it of higher worth than mere verses of society.

This shrewd sense gives a solidity to the verses of Béranger which the social and amusing sort of poetry commonly wants ; but nothing can redeem it from the reproach of wanting *back* thought. This is inevitable in such literature ; as it professes to delineate for us the light essence of a fugitive world, it cannot be expected to dwell on those deep and eternal principles on which that world is based. It ignores them as light talk ignores them. The most opposite thing to the poetry of society is the poetry of inspiration. There exists, of course, a kind of imagination which detects the secrets of the universe—which fills us sometimes with dread, sometimes with hope—which

awakens the soul, which makes pure the feelings, which explains nature, reveals what is above nature, chastens "the deep heart of man." Our senses teach us what the world is; our intuitions where it is. We see the blue and gold of the world, its lively amusements, its gorgeous if superficial splendour, its currents of men; we feel its light spirits, we enjoy its happiness; we enjoy it, and we are puzzled. What is the object of all this? Why do we do all this? What is the universe for? Such a book as Béranger suggests this difficulty in its strongest form. It embodies the essence of all that pleasure-loving, pleasure-giving, unaccountable world in which men spend their lives,—which they are compelled to live in, but which the moment you get out of it seems so odd that you can hardly believe it is real. On this account, as we were saying before, there is no book the impression of which varies so much in different moods of mind. Sometimes no reading is so pleasant; at others you half-despise the idea of it and half-hate, it seems to sum up and make clear the littleness of your own nature. Few can bear the theory of their amusements, it is essential to the pride of man to believe that he is industrious. We are irritated at literary laughter, and wroth at printed mirth. We turn angrily away to that higher poetry which gives the outline within which all these light colours are painted. From the capital of levity, and its self-amusing crowds, from the elastic *vaudeville* and the grinning actors, from *chansons* and *cafés*,—we turn away to the solemn nature, to the blue over-arching sky: the one remains, the many pass; no number of seasons impairs the bloom of those hues, they are as soft to-morrow as to-day. The immeasurable depth folds us in. "Eternity," as the original thinker said, "is everlasting." We breathe a deep breath. And perhaps we have higher moments. We comprehend the "intelligible world;" we see into "the life of things;" we fancy we know whence we come and whither we go; words we have repeated for years have a meaning for the first time; texts of old Scripture seem to apply to us. . . . . And—and—Mr. Thackeray would say, You come back into the town, and order dinner at a *restaurant*, and read Béranger once more.

And though this is true—though the author of *Le Dieu des Bonnes Gens* has certainly no claim to be called a profound divine—though we do not find in him any proper expression, scarcely any momentary recognition, of those intuitions which explain in a measure the scheme and idea of things, and form the back-thought and inner structure of such minds as ours,—his sense and sympathy with the people enable him, perhaps compel him, to delineate those essential conditions which constitute the structure of exterior life, and determine with inevit-

able certainty the common life of common persons. He has no call to deal with heaven or the universe, but he knows the earth; he is restricted to the boundaries of time, but he understands time. He has extended his delineations beyond what in this country would be considered correct; *Les Cinq Etages* can scarcely be quoted here; but a perhaps higher example of the same kind of art may be so:

*"Le Vieux Vagabond.*

Dans ce fossé cessons de vivre.  
Je finis vieux, infirme et las.  
Les passants vont dire: Il est ivre.  
• Tant mieux! ils ne me plaindront pas.  
J'en vois qui détournent la tête;  
D'autres me jettent quelques sous.  
Courez vite; allez à la fête.  
Vieux vagabond, je puis mourir sans vous.

Oui, je meurs ici de vicillesse,  
Parce qu'on ne meurt pas de faim.  
J'espérais voir de ma détresse  
L'hôpital adoucir la fin.  
Mais tout est plein dans chaque hospice,  
Tant le peuple est infortuné.  
La rue, hélas! fut ma nourrice.  
Vieux vagabond, mourons où je suis né.

Aux artisans, dans mon jeune âge,  
J'ai dit: Qu'on m'enseigne un métier.  
Va, nous n'avons pas trop d'ouvrage,  
Répondaient-ils, va mendier.  
Riches, qui me disiez: Travaille,  
J'eus bien des os de vos repas;  
J'ai bien dormi sur votre paille.  
Vieux vagabond, je ne vous maudis pas.

J'aurais pu voler, moi, pauvre homme;  
Mais non: mieux vaut tendre la main.  
Au plus, j'ai dérobé la pomme  
Qui mûrit au bord du chemin.  
Vingt fois pourtant on me verrouille\*  
Dans les cachots, de par le roi.  
De mon seul bien on me dépouille.  
Vieux vagabond, le soleil est à moi.

Le pauvre a-t-il une patrie?  
Que me font vos vins et vos blés,  
Votre gloire et votre industrie,  
Et vos orateurs assemblés?  
Dans vos murs ouverts à ses armes,  
Lorsque l'étranger s'engraissait,  
Comme un sot j'ai versé des larmes.  
Vieux vagabond, sa main me nourrissait.

Comme un insecte fait pour nuire,  
 Hommes, que ne m'écrasiez-vous ?  
 Ah ! plutôt vous deviez m'instruire  
 À travailler au bien de tous.  
 Mis à l'abri du vent contraire,  
 Le ver fût devenu fourmi ;  
 Je vous aurais chéris en frère.  
 Vieux vagabond, je meurs votre ennemi."

Pathos in such a song as this enters into poetry. We sympathise with the essential lot of man. Poems of this kind are doubtless rare in Béranger. His commoner style is lighter and more cheerful ; but no poet who has painted so well the light effervescence of light society can, when he likes, paint so well the solid stubborn forms with which it is encompassed. The genial firm sense of a large mind sees and comprehends all of human life which lies within the sphere of sense. He is an epicurean, as all merely sensible men by inevitable consequence are ; and as an epicurean, he prefers to deal with the superficial and gay forms of life ; but he can deal with others when he chooses to be serious. Indeed, there is no melancholy like the melancholy of the epicurean. He is alive to the fixed conditions of earth, but not to that which is above earth. He muses on the temporary, as such ; he admits the skeleton, but not the soul. It is wonderful that Béranger is so cheerful as he is.

We may conclude as we began. In all his works, in lyrics of levity, of politics, of worldly reflection,—Béranger, if he had not a single object, has attained a uniform result. He has given us an idea of the essential French character, such as we fancy it must be, but can never for ourselves hope to see that it is. We understand the nice tact, the quick intelligence, the gay precision ; the essence of the drama we know—the spirit of what we have seen. We know his feeling :

" J'aime qu'un Russe soit Russe,  
 Et qu'un Anglais soit Anglais ;  
 Si l'on est Prussien en Prusse,  
 En France soyons Français."

He has acted accordingly : he has delineated to us the essential Frenchman.

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## ART. IX.—THE MILITARY REVOLT IN INDIA.

*Papers relative to the Mutinies in the East Indies. Presented by command of her Majesty to both Houses of Parliament. 1857. Supplement to ditto. 1857.*

THE papers placed at the head of this article relate to a mutiny which—if the numerical strength of the troops implicated, the horrors and barbarity of the attendant circumstances, the loss of property occasioned, the size and population of the territory reduced to anarchy, the vastness of the interests imperilled, be all considered together—must appear to be the most melancholy and extensive in the history, not only of our own, but perhaps also of any other country. We hope to show that it was as unprovoked and unreasonable as it was unexpected; and we anticipate that, under Providence, its repression will be as signal as its ramifications have been wide-spread. The fame of these events has been noised abroad, not only in Great Britain, but also on the Continent of Europe. While some of our continental neighbours indulge the belief that now we must lose India; that, as usual, we never appreciate the magnitude of disasters to which we ought to succumb, but do not; that such an assault ought to have driven us out of India into the sea, only it has not,—our Anglo-Saxon brethren across the Atlantic, themselves a conquering race, are the most ready to sympathise in our difficulties, and confide in our resources. With a scattered foreign empire like ours, we might have expected that share of disaster which has indeed actually befallen us. We have had Canada in a formidable revolt; the West Indies torn by dissensions between black and white races; our Cape colonies devastated by Caffre warfare; we have even had reverses in India, such as the loss of a British army in the passes of Cabul, and mutinies, such as those in the Madras Presidency;—but never since the day when the North-American colonies were severed from the British empire has our foreign dominion been threatened with such a danger as that under discussion. While the great heart of Britain is now heaving with sorrow, now beating high with resolution; while countless families are mourning the death, or trembling for the fate, of friends and relatives,—we will essay to analyse the circumstances of this military revolt in India. Such an analysis must be more or less imperfect, because in the confusion and excitement of events information must often be incomplete, and distance precludes the verification of any points that may be obscure. It

is like writing the account of a battle while the perception is still perplexed by the shock of combat, the gloom of the atmosphere, and the cries of the wounded. But as the subject generally commands such an immediate and painful interest, we will endeavour to discuss, firstly, the extent and probable prospects of this mutiny; secondly, its character, origin, and causes; thirdly, the measures for present suppression and future security.

And in undertaking this task, we must beg our readers to remember that the character of the natives of India whose conduct is to be discussed constitutes, as compared with our British standard, the very antipodes of the moral world. Only by long experience can it be known at all. Viewed from many aspects, they may appear mild, respectful, temperate, quiet, orderly, confiding, kind, charitable, and sometimes really susceptible of gratitude and fidelity. But, on the other hand, they have many opposite phases of character. They have been compared to the Indian tiger, that, often so stealthy and retiring, can yet spring so high. But the analogy will not entirely hold good; for they will spring, not like the tiger upon the ranks of surrounding foes, but upon helpless and beaten victims. They may rather be likened to the tame ourang-outang in Paris, who, happening to escape from its keeper, seized a razor, and, madly thirsting for blood, slew several spectators. They are credulous in the extreme; and the more unreasonable the thing to be believed, the more implicit their faith. With blood heated by a scorching climate, they have a temperament subject to the most fitful impulses and to the strangest inconsistencies. Their evil passion may often be dormant; but if it be awakened, they are bitterly malignant. Instances sometimes occur in which even converts to Christianity will, when disputing with each other, throw off their Christian habits for the nonce and evince a truly native maliciousness. It were needless to repeat what is so well known regarding their innate tendency to dissimulation. And, with all their mildness, they are in some respects cruel and even bloody: witness many of their religious rites, witness the sacrifice of daughters to save the expense of dowry, the drowning or the choking of aged or dying persons in the water of the Ganges, the strangling of persons by Thuggee merely to rob them with more security, the habitual murder of children for the sake of their silver bracelets, and the like. They will generally "hit a man when he is down." In our Indian campaigns, there are after every battle stories of the throats of our wounded soldiers being cut by the native enemy. Whenever European officers have been killed, their corpses have been maltreated, as in the case of Macnaghten and

Burnes at Cabul, and Agnew and Anderson at Mooltan. On the whole, persons thoroughly acquainted with the natives would have anticipated, that if by any chance a general mutiny were to break out, it would be accompanied in some cases with barbarous insolence and wild atrocity. Nor is this revolt altogether without precedent in kind, though never equalled in degree. There is much historical coincidence between the present revolt and the mutiny of Vellore in 1806. Then as now the sepoys believed that it was intended, by breaking through their caste, to bring them ultimately to Christianity. Then as now they designed to murder all Europeans, and to set up a Mohammedan pensioner of the British as king in their room. Then as now the officers, unable to believe in the treachery of their men, were startled by an outbreak threatening the stability of our power. The only difference was this, that the Madras authorities of that day insisted on the trimming of the beard and moustache, the obliteration of caste marks, and the new turban, despite the objections of the men; whereas the Indian government of the present day withdrew the obnoxious cartridges as soon as objections were raised.

Firstly, then, as to the extent and probable prospects of the mutiny. The prelude of the tempest, the "little black cloud no bigger than a man's hand" rose above the horizon when, in January last, certain sepoys in the school for musketry instruction at Dum-Dum, near Calcutta, objected that the cartridges issued for practice with the Enfield rifle had been dipped in grease of bullocks and pigs. Soon afterwards murmurings, secret incendiary fires, and other indications of a mutinous spirit, became apparent among the native infantry at Barrackpore, also close to the capital; without, however, any overt manifestation on their part. Suspicion also attached to the native portion of the garrison of Fort William itself. The Indian government promptly withdrew the cartridges which had been greased in an objectionable manner; but then objections were raised to the glazed paper of which the cartridges were made; and soon it appeared that, somehow or other, the minds of the native soldiery round Calcutta had become possessed with the idea that the British Government, by inducing or compelling them to use cartridges impregnated with grease of certain animals, intended to compromise them irretrievably with the ceremonial rules of their own religions, and thus *de-Indianising* them, to pave the way for their conversion to Christianity. Towards the end of February, the 19th Regiment of Native Infantry (at Berhampore near Moorshedabad, which, as our readers know, is about 120 miles north of Calcutta) refused to take certain cartridges, although the said cartridges were,

in fact, quite unobjectionable even to them; and then broke out into violent resistance against their officers; though no blood was shed, and the men were after some difficulty brought back to order. For this offence, in which the whole corps—native officers, rank and file—more or less participated, the regiment was marched down to Barrackpore and there disbanded. About the end of March, a murderous assault was made on the adjutant of the 34th Regiment at Barrackpore by a sepoy of that regiment; and shortly afterwards it became necessary to disband the seven companies of the regiment then at Barrackpore, the remaining three companies being elsewhere. It was justly believed that this 34th were the originators of the mutinous indications in the 19th and other corps. During April there were several isolated instances of mutiny in other corps in and near Calcutta.

Up to this point, however, the disease had shown itself only among the native troops in Lower Bengal: there was reason to hope that it would not spread further, and that it might pass off as many such affairs had passed off before. But these were but the accessory symptoms of a disease rapidly gathering strength, and about to break out with alarming intensity in another part of the body-politic. For in the beginning of May, at Meerut in Upper India, distant about a thousand miles from the scene of the first mutinies, the 3d Regiment of Native Regular Cavalry refused to fire their cartridges, and some eighty or ninety of the recusants were imprisoned in the gaol of that place. Very shortly afterwards, on the evening of Sunday 10th of May, the 3d Cavalry and two regiments of native infantry rose up in open mutiny, released the prisoners from gaol, burned many European houses and other buildings, murdered many officers, ladies, children, and other Europeans, and after having been driven out of the cantonments by the European infantry stationed there, and pursued for a short distance by the European cavalry, made good their escape during the night to Delhi, about forty miles off. Arriving at Delhi the next morning, they were immediately joined by three native infantry regiments stationed there. This band of mutineers, no European force being at the place to oppose them, then murdered all Europeans, civil or military, on whom they could lay hands, without any mercy to age or sex; burnt the cantonments; seized the guns defended by native artillerymen only; got possession of the magazines, the largest in Upper India, including some two hundred guns in store (except that portion of them which were most gallantly destroyed by the officer in charge, Lieutenant Willoughby); occupied the city, with its fortifications; drew forth from his palace the descendant of the Moguls, a pensioner of

the British Government, and proclaimed him king. Vigorous measures were immediately taken by the British authorities. The European infantry reserve in the Himalayan hills above Umballa, about a hundred miles to the north-west of Delhi, were ordered to the scene of mutiny; some European cavalry from Umballa and Meerut, some European infantry from Meerut, and some Punjabee troops were to form the attacking force. The native infantry at Agra, the seat of the government of the north-west provinces, and about ninety miles from Delhi, were paraded before the lieutenant-governor, Honourable J. Colvin, and evinced a loyal spirit. The other stations in Upper India, and the mass of the population every where, were quiet. The Rajah of Gwalior, and the native states near Agra, declared their fidelity, and offered their contingents. The Sikh states to the west of Delhi rendered active assistance against the mutineers. But it soon became evident that the mutinies would spread; especially as some days, perhaps a fortnight and upwards, would elapse before the British force could appear before Delhi. The native infantry occupying small stations near Delhi and Meerut were among the first to join the mutineers, plundering treasuries, but sparing European life. The Agra troops, which at first had protested their loyalty, soon became disaffected, were only restrained by the presence of a European regiment from repeating at Agra the scenes of Meerut and Delhi, and were then compelled to lay down their arms; but nearly all deserted afterwards. Soon after this, Agra was seriously threatened by a powerful body of mutineers from Neemuch in Central India. Their attack was warded-off by a counter-assault upon them by the European force, carried out in the most gallant style, and they proceeded onwards to Delhi; having first, however, succeeded in burning the station, and compelling the British residents, officers, and troops, to retire within the fortress, previously prepared for resistance. During the end of May and beginning of June the native troops rose at Cawnpore, on the Lucknow frontier; at Allahabad, at the junction of the Ganges and Jumna; at Benares, on the Ganges; but all these important places, after severe struggles, remained in possession of the British authorities, with a scanty European force. At Cawnpore, however, the mutineers were strengthened by the accession of a Mahratta chief called Nana Sahib, a pensioner of the British, son of the late Peishwah, and located in that vicinity; the garrison, after a gallant defence under Sir Hugh Wheeler, who was killed in a sortie, was starved into capitulation; and in violation of sworn promises, the whole number, inclusive of women and children, were massacred. About the same time a band of fugitives

from Futtehgurh, a detached station to the north, were also murdered, so that the victims at Cawnpore numbered about one thousand persons, of all ranks, ages, and sexes. A strong column under Brigadier-General Havelock, sent to relieve Cawnpore, arrived a few days afterwards; and though unhappily too late for that purpose, yet defeated the rebels in several most brilliant actions, and re-occupied the station. Benares has now again been threatened by fresh mutineers from the south. The mutiny, of course, extended to the detached troops at the smaller stations grouped round these central stations. Many Europeans of all ages and sexes were murdered, and the British functionaries in the interior were obliged to fly their posts. In Rohilkund the native troops, after some hesitation, broke out into mutiny, slaughtering many officers and their families. In the Saugor and Nerbudda territories, now belonging to the north-west provinces, and situate to the south of Agra, the native troops mutinied at the several stations, about six in number, in many cases murdering officers; but the authorities have managed to maintain themselves at several of the principal posts, though petty local chiefs are raising disturbances. Thus the native army cantoned all over the north-west provinces mutinied in the worst possible manner; and consequently the civil administration was first interrupted and then utterly paralysed. All this time the siege of Delhi was dragging on; the mutineers fast gathering strength by numerous additions from other stations, and constantly making sorties upon the besiegers, but uniformly repulsed with heavy loss. The latest advices do not give any immediate hope of its fall.

As might be expected, the disturbance spread to the newly-annexed province of Oude, surrounded on three sides by the north-west provinces. Indeed, so early as April one of the local corps there had mutinied, and had been promptly disbanded by the chief commissioner, Sir H. Lawrence. But now the regular sepoy regiments at Lucknow partially mutinied; the mutineers were driven out, and the station preserved by a European regiment. But soon the sepoy regiments in the interior, and all the local corps, mutinied; and at last Sir Henry Lawrence, beleaguered in his own capital, died of a wound received in a sortie, but not till he had made the most admirable exertions for the preservation of the post. He has left behind him memories endeared to thousands, and has nobly closed a career of distinguished service that will long be remembered in India. Unless General Havelock can succeed in bringing relief from Cawnpore, which seems still uncertain, the position of Lucknow is becoming critical.

In the Punjab territories, extending from the Delhi frontier to Affghanistan, there was a large force of regular sepoys, who

were sure to be actuated by the same impulses as those of the north-west provinces. But fortunately there existed in the newly-conquered territory a large proportion of European troops, and a fine body of local troops widely differing in race and character from the sepoys of the line. Here also the sepoys were of a separate class from the people; whereas in the north-west provinces they were of the same class. Ferozepore was the scene of the first outbreak. The native infantry partially mutinied; but the mutineers were driven away by European infantry and native cavalry. At Jullundur the native infantry and cavalry mutinied, and were also repulsed. The sepoys in garrison at Philour, an important post on the Sutlej, mutinied; and the fort was occupied by Europeans. In the Peshawur Valley one sepoy regiment mutinied; but they were forthwith attacked by Europeans, the mutineers being slain, taken prisoners, or dispersed. It soon became necessary to disarm the other sepoy regiments at Peshawur itself. At Lahore and Mooltan the sepoy corps were disarmed with promptitude and secrecy. The same measure was adopted at other places. At Jhelum and Rawul Pindiee, resistance was offered by the sepoys when their arms were taken from them. At Sealkot, the native troops mutinied in the absence of a European regiment, and destroyed the cantonment, killing a few officers; but the majority of the Europeans saved themselves in the fort, and the mutineers shortly afterwards, when marching away, were intercepted, utterly routed, and most of them ultimately taken prisoners. Local levies have been raised to supply the places of the disarmed regular regiments and of the irregular regiments sent to join the attacking force at Delhi. All the important fortified places have been garrisoned by European infantry and artillery. The mass of the population have evinced a spirit, not only of passive allegiance, but also of loyal service. There has been little loss of European life. British authority is maintained, and the civil administration conducted as usual. The measures adopted by the chief commissioner, Sir John Lawrence, and his officers, and by the military authorities, have obtained the confidence of the European residents, and have elicited the warm commendations of the Indian and the home governments.

The native princes whose states adjoin the disturbed districts have *themselves* behaved for the most part with fidelity; but in some instances their troops have rebelled both against them and us. The Gwalior contingent has gone over bodily to the mutineers, though the king himself is held to be trustworthy. The same is to be said of several minor states south of Agra. The large cluster of Rajpoot states in Rajasthan proper have remained steady under the vigorous supervision of

Colonel George Lawrence. Of the two great Mahratta chiefs, Holkar is faithful, but his troops have mutinied against him and the British resident; Scindia is believed to be staunch. There was an attempted mutiny in a section of the Hydrabad troops at Aurungabad, which has, however, been suppressed. The troops of the Sikh states beyond the Delhi frontier continued to render active and valuable aid. The hill chiefs on the north and north-west frontier have behaved well. The Cashmeer prince has been active in arresting mutineers flying to his territory. Jung Behadur from Nepal has sent troops to relieve Lucknow.

In the Bengal division of the presidency, styled the Lower Provinces, in contradistinction to the Upper or North-West Provinces, there has been no regular outbreak beyond the disturbance that originally arose near Calcutta; but it has been necessary to disarm all the native regular infantry round the capital and at Barrackpore. But Behar, the northern province of the Bengal government, and adjoining the north-west provinces, has been thrown into disorder by the mutiny of the troops at its principal station, Dinapore; and of the surrounding stations, one has fallen and others must probably fall.

The Madras and Bombay presidencies are as yet undisturbed; but one Bombay regiment at Kolapore, in the Mahratta country, near Central India, has partially mutinied, and there is rumour of disturbances in Dharwar. These risings are the more dangerous that they occur at a completely new point, far down the Malabar coast, and far from the districts hitherto infected. This mutiny has apparently been suppressed; but some other regiments are believed to have been implicated more or less, and plots have been discovered.

We have endeavoured, without exaggeration, and yet without diminishing aught from the full truth, to recount succinctly the main points in this sad history. God grant that the narrative may stop here! But, in order to counteract a dangerous disaster, we must look it fully in the face. Now the proportions of this disaster can only be estimated by considering the exact limits of the mutiny, and the existing state of the disturbed districts, so far as these points can at present be elucidated. It is seen that the mutiny has spread throughout the regular native army of the Bengal presidency in its three main divisions (that is to say, the lower provinces, the north-west provinces, and the Punjab), the province of Oude, and several of the native states in Central India. It has extended to the *very verge* of the boundaries of the Madras and Bombay presidencies, and cannot well proceed farther in that direction without crossing them; at one point, indeed, it actually crossed the Bombay frontier. When the telegraph wires announced the message that the Bengal army had ceased to exist, it meant



that some eighty thousand disciplined sepoy, inclusive of infantry, regular cavalry, and native artillery, and besides this a large body of irregular horse, some local infantry, and many native contingents, had, in one way and another, been lost to the Indian government. Of these, not less than thirty, perhaps forty, thousand were arrayed in arms in different places against the British. While civil administration was still sustained in the lower provinces and the Punjab, it had been temporarily swept away in most districts of the north-west provinces, inclusive of Saugur and Nerbudda territories, and Oude. Now these provinces have been truly considered the finest portion of the British empire in the East. They consist of a fertile plain stretching from the base of the Himalayas to the mountainous region of Central India, and are watered by the Ganges and its many splendid tributaries. Favoured by nature, they are inhabited by races which, possessing the good qualities common to other Indian tribes, have a vigorous manliness superior to that of any. The population is denser than that of any large country in Europe, averaging 400 souls to the square mile. About three quarters of the entire surface is richly cultivated. Through this region runs the highway by land and water of the commerce between Upper India and the port of Calcutta, and between Central Asia and Europe. Here chiefly has been the scene of those administrative improvements which have so often served, as *cheval-de-bataille* to the East India Company in contests with its political opponents. Here are most of those public works, those canals, roads, and bridges, that might almost satisfy the India Reform Association. Here have been created those equitable settlements of the land-tax, those proprietary rights, that nice adjustment of tenures, that might even claim the approval of the Manchester men. The entire tract contains more than 40,000,000 of inhabitants, and pays an annual revenue of more than 6,000,000*l.* sterling. Under native *régime* these territories, under the name of "Hindostan," were regarded as the empress province of the Peninsula; the chosen seat of conquering dynasties. Under British rule, special care has been given them, and they have been often styled the "model government;" and their old prestige has attached to them to this day. Alas, that of all provinces, *these* should be distracted and harassed from end to end. And what if the same fate shall befall—if, indeed, it has not already befallen—Bihar, the "Garden of India," the great district for indigo, sugar, and, above all, for opium; being, indeed, the principal source of the opium revenue? For the truth cannot be disguised, that we now hold these provinces on a tenure scarcely better than that by which the French troops held Spain during the Peninsular war. Certain central stations are forcibly held

by European troops, such as Agra, Meerut, Cawnpore, Allahabad, Benares, Lucknow, and Dinapore. Even at these places we have no real control over the districts, but only over the stations and cantonments. It is to be feared that all the other districts (nearly fifty in number for *all* the provinces concerned) must have been entirely deserted by British officials. With the exception of the above places, all the treasuries have been plundered; the treasure therein (though its exact sum cannot be known) must have amounted to 1,000,000*l.* sterling. The electric-telegraph wires from station to station have been all cut. Postal communication reticulating all over the tract is utterly interrupted. No revenue, of course, is collected. Public offices have been mostly burnt down; and with them have perished the valuable records, which cost so much time, labour, and expense, of the landed tenures. The gaols have been broken open, and the felony of Upper India is at large. Murder and rapine were fast increasing; old feuds were reviving; and the framework of society, though not utterly dissolved, was receiving many injuries. Internal communication was greatly impeded, and commerce by land and water almost stopped for the time. And all this mischief was for the most part occasioned by our own mutinous soldiery, aided by such a mob and rabble as might be collected in any country where order had once been broken through. Delhi itself was in some respects the most unlucky place for us that could have been selected as the rendezvous for rebellion. It was the spot at or near which the fate of the Peninsula had been several times decided in battle. It had been formerly the seat of several lines of kings, and latterly of that one empire which had resembled our own in extent. It is as rich in noble monuments and edifices as it is in historical associations. As an imperial city, the Queen of the North, it is celebrated among the natives. And unfortunately the last of the Moguls was there maintained by British bounty in the palace of his ancestors, and served as the puppet and nominal chief of a revolt which had not otherwise a single name of any eminence connected with it. But there was this advantage for us, that few places were better situated for the concentration of a European force around it.

The loss of revenue already sustained, amounting probably to six million pounds sterling, must be such as to occasion some financial embarrassment to the government. The hindrance of commerce and of monetary transactions at the presidency towns must of course add to the difficulty. Events which have caused a falling of the funds in our own capital, must produce a still greater effect in the Indian capitals. In the opinion of natives, after British rule there is the deluge; and, therefore, if Com-

pany's paper (*i. e.* Government securities) is at all in jeopardy, there is nothing for it but to revert to the one primitive security, namely, to convert every thing one can into silver, and then to bury it in the ground till happier times. The Calcutta markets are suffering, not only from the stoppage of traffic in the north-west and on the Upper Ganges,—many fleets of boats laden with merchandise having shortly after the disturbances fallen a prey to professional robbers,—but also from the alarm occasioned by the danger in which many important products are involved. Several indigo factories belonging to Europeans, near Benares, were destroyed. The Mirzapore factories lower down the river were in considerable jeopardy. But what if, after the mutinies in Behar, the Tirhoot factories should be plundered, or the opium dépôt at Patna should be burnt? or if the mutineers should form themselves into marauding bands to proceed southwards and plunder the Bengal factories? Such contingencies are formidable to contemplate.

Lastly, we must touch, however reluctantly, on the massacres of the Europeans,—the saddest and worst feature of the whole case, for which the only slight consolation that can be offered is the contemplation of the fine old British qualities which shone forth conspicuously under circumstances of unparalleled trial and distress. As many of these atrocities were not witnessed by surviving Europeans, we may perhaps hope that the tale of their horrors has been occasionally exaggerated by the native informants. But after making allowances for this, the murders of men, women, and children have been attended by circumstances of the most insulting aggravation and barbarous maltreatment. Cases such as that of Colonel Fisher, of whose warm devotion to his military duties, and consistent attachment to the men of his regiment, we can ourselves speak from personal knowledge, seem the most disheartening, if not the worst. Born and educated in India, he had ever treated the native officers under him more as real *friends* than as subordinates. We can only trust that he fell by the hand of a stranger, but his native officers at all events did not protect or save him. On the other hand, some of the mutinous regiments behaved chivalrously, mounting guard over their officers, and protecting the ladies and children or conveying them to a place of safety. Such cases were, however, rare and exceptional. Again, some few sepoys warned their officers of danger, or protected the lives of Europeans at the risk of their own. The native domestic servants generally aided their masters faithfully, and were doubtless instrumental in saving many lives. Generally, too, villagers and zemindars in the interior were willing to conceal and befriend the fugitives, feeding the hungry, cloth-

ing the naked, and carrying the wounded. Noble instances of this sort are to be met with. The native chiefs and gentry have usually behaved with kindness and fidelity to the unhappy English. When the final reckoning shall come, while many will be punished, there will be not a few to be rewarded. The conduct of the English themselves under such trying circumstances has been in every respect worthy of their country. And what higher tribute than that can be paid to their courage and fortitude? Though sensible generally of the impending danger, they yet, at whatever hazard, selected the bold and generous course. When the fidelity of the troops might be doubtful, they preferred to trust the men as long as possible, relying on moral influence rather than upon precautions dictated by diffidence. They only disarmed the men in the last resort; and when this was resolved on, it was done with promptitude, spirit, and secrecy. As a rule, officials and officers of all classes stood to their posts as long as there was the least chance or hope, struggling on to the last extremity. And it was in some degree owing to this pertinacity on the part of the English that so many murders were successfully perpetrated. The superiority of British prowess over the Asiatics has again been demonstrated more signally than ever. Handfuls of British soldiers repel hundreds. As a single instance of this, we have only to call to mind how three companies of Europeans at Benares, with three guns, fairly beat three mutinous regiments. In several cases posts of consequence have been held against great odds by scanty bands of Europeans with a few fugitive officials just escaped from the volleys of bullets. Often the British tenure of important places has hung upon such a thread as the resistance which a few invalid soldiers, a few officers, and a few civilians, might be able to make. Nevertheless these gallant bands have resisted despite the thirst and heat of a tropical summer, despite vigils and hardship, and have held their own until the arrival of reinforcements. How many instances there have been of hairbreadth escapes, of brilliant defences, of desolate wanderings! The conduct of the ladies, too, has been such as became Englishwomen: they have patiently endured the extremes of heat and hardship, beside tending the wounded; in some cases they have aided in the work of defence, made up powder-bags, kept watch, and even loaded muskets. When the detailed history of this outbreak is written, there will be much that exceeds the saddest romance.

Having thus described the extent and immediate consequences of the military revolt so far as it has gone, we come secondly to the consideration of its character, origin, and causes.

In respect to the *character* of this affair, the main question

is, whether it is a military revolt *pur et simple*; or is it a general popular insurrection; or is it a mixture of both? Now on this point we need not hesitate to say, that as yet the affair has partaken almost entirely of the nature of a military movement, of a gigantic mutiny. At not one single city has there been a popular rising. In the villages the agricultural classes have as a mass remained passive in their allegiance to us. The predatory tribe of "Goojurs" has misbehaved, but their chief if not sole motive was plunder. The native commercial community have been openly on our side every where, and at the presidency towns have presented loyal addresses. The mischief has in every case been commenced and chiefly carried out by the mutineers themselves. Their assistants in the horrid work were representatives of *no* class in the community except the criminal class. Such aid could be found by any party who should raise a momentarily successful disturbance. So also the plunderings in the interior have been carried on by one set of natives against another from spite or vice, but not at all out of opposition to us, except in some parts of the Saugur and Nerbudda territories, where the Boondela tribe appears to be regularly insurgent. The plundering of merchandise on the Ganges was nothing more than vulgar robbery. The native gentry have been by a great majority on our side. The small minority of petty insurgent chieftains have been caught and hung. To this rule, again, there is the one terrible exception of Nena Sahib. The police, and the subordinate civil establishment generally, who are almost as numerous as the army, have *not* turned against us, though they seem to have been but weak in helping us. There have, indeed, been some few instances of native police-officers joining the rebel-mutineers. The puppet-king at Delhi was not the head of any party, and he was unprepared to assume the functions of mimic royalty. Ever since the capture of Delhi, the mass of the civil population there seemed to side with us against the mutineers. We hear of barricadings, of native gentlemen arming their retainers, and defending their houses against the soldiery. In Oude, it would appear that some parties of local consequence near Lucknow must have coalesced with the mutineers. This might have been expected, because in that province there are many lawless chieftains, the natural enemies of any government, who were perpetually in arms against the late king and his officers, and who must dislike our rule in exact proportion as it is stronger and better than the former one. In the Punjab, as already mentioned, the people hate the mutineers as much as they like us. Those acquainted with the feelings of the Punjabees, know that they dislike the "Hindostanees" of old, and have been jealous of the employment of these foreigners both under Runjeet

Sing and under the British. Nowadays a refugee sepoy has no chance in the Punjab villages, for the villagers will assuredly give him up to be hung. The fighting classes proclaim their willingness to serve against Delhi (it was the old ambition of the Sikhs to conquer the imperial city); and already the mutineers have tasted the sharpness of the Afghan cimter and the bayonet of the Sikh. So convinced is the phantom-king of their hostility, that he has by proclamation invited the faithful to slay the Sikhs. Even our old enemies beyond the frontier seem to sympathise with us: the Afreedees, near the Kyber pass, instead of assailing our border, send offers of assistance. Again, the defection of so many of the contingent troops of native princes stamps stronger still the military character of the affair. A *popular* rising would have in view the establishment of some native dynasty; then why should the troops revolt against the native princes? It would look as if the military class throughout India were resolved to coalesce for the destruction of every government, native or foreign, and to establish one of the praetorian or janissary type. Still it cannot be denied that there exists in India a small and scattered, but dangerous, class of fanatic conspirators. These persons, chiefly Mohammedans, even in time of peace write and talk secret treason; now at Hyderabad in the Deccan, now at Patna in Bengal, now at Delhi, now at Peshawur, and other places on the Punjab frontier. They doubtless seized this tempting occasion to foment mischief; and they also influenced the native press, which is of the worst possible stamp, and which has heretofore been harmless only because it was contemptible. That a section of such a press should have abetted any mischief, will not be surprising to any one who knew its character; but such a section of the press of very limited circulation, joining with a few isolated conspirators, malcontents against every thing, can no more be taken to represent the people of India than the Genoa conspirators could be accepted as exponents of the Piedmontese against Victor Emmanuel, or the recent Paris conspirators as showing the feeling of the French people against the Emperor.

Another question will arise, namely, Is this a Hindoo or a Mohammedan mutiny, or both? is it an infantry or cavalry movement, or both? On this point we may certainly say that, although the first overt symptoms came from Hindoos, and although the great majority of the mutinous soldiery are Hindoos, yet the Mohammedans have had their full share; the Mohammedan soldiery have all joined. The 3d Cavalry, which was among the prime movers of the revolt, had many Mohammedans; the rallying point, Delhi, is a Mohammedan city. Again, although the movement certainly began with the infantry, the cavalry nearly all joined afterwards; and although the irregular differs so much in its constitution

from the regular cavalry, yet wherever the irregulars have been raised or recruited in the same provinces as the rest of the army, they have, with some bright exceptions, gone over to the mutineers. The mutiny has been general in the Bengal army, extending to all tribes and to all arms.

We have now to discuss the *origin* of this affair. Was the mutiny the result of a conspiracy, long concerted, deeply planned, widely ramified, which had fixed upon Delhi as the place, the king as the man, and the summer of 1857 as the time; and which got up the cartridge story as a sham pretext and as a signal to warn the conspirators that the occasion was ripening? Or is it that the affair really did begin with the cartridge, *without* any previous conspiracy; that the cartridges gave rise to stories rousing the suspicions of the army, and causing a seditious correspondence and combination; and that while the men's minds were in an inflammable state, a spark was kindled at Meerut which raised a flame that soon spread like wild-fire to every station? Now at the present time it is not easy to give a confident answer to these questions; and perhaps the entire truth may never be known. But we must say, that the existence of any such *antecedent* conspiracy as that described is *not shown as yet*. It is difficult to prove the negative, that is, the non-existence; but, on the other hand, what positive indication (we will not say proof) is there? Has any prisoner or other informant revealed any such previous plot? Has any correspondence to this effect been discovered? Did any Englishman ever hear even a rumour of such a conspiracy *before* the affair of the cartridges? Did any one perceive even the faintest sign of such a thing? It seems by some persons to be *assumed*, that because the mutiny has been a great one, its causes and its organisation *must* be of commensurate magnitude. Such, indeed, might or might not be the case; but we hope presently to show that the mutiny may very possibly have arisen without such a conspiracy. And again we ask, beyond this mere assumption what evidence is there? If there was a prior conspiracy, and the cartridge affair only a pretext, then we may ask, why was such pretext required? A vast army, that has made up its mind to murder all the English and seize the government, does not want a pretext; on the contrary, by starting such a pretext some four months before the intended outbreak, they would only give the Government warning to frustrate the whole thing.

But although so far challenging the supposition that there was a long anterior conspiracy before the cartridge affair,—that is, before the end of 1856 and beginning of 1857,—we yet see little reason to doubt that about this time the cartridge affair was followed by several, perhaps many, conspiracies. When

the first mutterings of discontent were heard at Barrackpore, General Sir J. Hearsey, an able officer, well acquainted with natives, declared his belief that distrust of the cartridges was breathed into the minds of the sepoys by parties from without. The disbanded 19th Regiment, in the hour of their ruin and repentance, declared that such was the case, though they would not say who the parties were. When the greater part of the 34th Regiment was disbanded, a correspondence relative to a military rising is said to have been discovered. During the early months of the present year there was a mysterious distribution of cakes from village to village in several districts of the north-west, near Delhi, Meerut, and Agra. The circumstance attracted much notice, but its meaning was not discovered. It is now natural to connect it with these sad events. The difficulty, however, is, that the cakes were distributed among villages that have *not* risen; and were never seen by the soldiery who *have*. It has been said that about the same time lotus-flowers were distributed among the sepoys. This story has not, however, been authenticated; and it seems certain that the flowers could only have been distributed partially, if at all. The conduct of the mutineers themselves has been but too often indicative of organised treachery; professions of loyalty were in several instances made by the sepoys to their officers for the sole purpose of securing their victims more effectually. Nothing can be worse than these cases; but we will not recapitulate them. There is not much in the *manner* of the several outbreaks indicative of a regular scheme. They were somewhat desultory and disjointed, instead of bursting forth at once, as they should have done *if* they were the result of a previous and general conspiracy. When Delhi was taken, the soldiery should have at once seized Allahabad, and Benares (to say nothing of other places), instead of delaying for three weeks, during which interval the Government could send reinforcements. Does not such conduct go far to prove the absence of a conspired plan? Again, if there had been a regular conspiracy, why did it not select 1854 and 1855, when the British army was engaged in the Crimea? In the present year, why did it wait till the Persian war was over? We incline to the opinion, then, that if there did arise out of the cartridge affair a conspiracy, it must have been a vacillating and rawly-planned plot. We should add, however, that the mutinies do appear to have encouraged many individuals to plot against the Government at Calcutta, Benares, Poona, Bombay, Sattara, Hyderabad, and elsewhere. It is probable that in these, *as in most other Indian conspiracies, Mohammedans are the chief actors.*

But as the suspicions arising from the cartridge business



probably were the proximate cause of the first mutinies, it may be well to offer a few remarks on this point. Now these new cartridges very likely may have been dipped in grease from bullocks and pigs. Possibly the idea might not occur to the sepoy; but if it did, or if it were suggested by any evil-disposed person, then doubtless both Hindoos and Mohammedans, apart from any hypothesis of a conspiracy, would object to bite such cartridges. Moreover we can quite understand that, all things considered, such ideas and suggestions might rouse suspicions in their minds. They are suspicious on such points to a degree that no European who had not seen them would believe. There is no fable of this kind too absurd to command the credulity of natives. We should not be surprised at idle tales of this nature spreading unaccountably, and producing dangerous effects, at any time, and in any place, in India. But it is generally mere chance whether such a thing brings on a storm or passes off quietly. Accordingly there may have been as much accident as any thing else in this cartridge business. Some cartridges for Enfield rifles came out from Woolwich, and more were ordered to be made up in the Calcutta magazine. It did not occur to any one that the nature of the grease would excite such objections, inasmuch as it appears that *more impure grease had always been used for the gun-carriage wheels without a murmur by the native artillerymen, who are of the same castes as the infantry sepoys*; but when the objection was pointed out, the Government *immediately* withdrew the obnoxious cartridges; ordered the cartridges to be made up at all stations of the army by the men themselves; and proclaimed most positively its adherence to the ancient policy of respecting the religion, prejudices, and castes of the natives.

If, however, suspicions arising in the first instance from the cartridges could become so intensified as to produce such great results, and stir up, in fact, a slumbering volcano, it is natural to suppose that there must have been something in the course of events to prepare, and perhaps to poison, the mind of the army; which must moreover have possessed a sympathetic unity, and a power of combination, truly remarkable. That there may have been some such tendency in events, will be seen now that we come to discuss the causes of the mutiny. As various reasons have been put forward in different quarters, it will be expedient to advert briefly to the most prominent among these before giving a final summary of the probable causes.

Now the main cause alleged by the mutineers themselves, and the cause most prominently adverted to in this country, is a *religious* one. We must therefore briefly address ourselves to the question as to whether the British Government in India

has, or has not, interfered injudiciously or unjustifiably with the religion, caste, or prejudices of the natives.

Under this head, the first point to be considered is the conduct of the Government in reference to missionaries. Now one of the primary principles of the British rule is protection to *all* persons in the exercise of their respective religions, so far as such exercise may be consistent with public peace and morality; this protection extending to Hindooism, Mohammedanism, every form of heathenism, to Judaism, and, moreover, to every denomination of Christianity. On the other hand, no special support is given to any religion in particular. In virtue of this principle, Christian missionaries, in considerable numbers and varieties, have spread themselves over the peninsula of India (Anglican, Roman Catholic, Presbyterian; English, Scotch, German, American); they have established numerous schools; they have preached the gospel constantly in the thoroughfares of cities, and occasionally among the villages of rural districts; they do not show great results in long lists of actual converts, yet they exercise an indirect moral influence over the masses with whom they come in contact, and they set an excellent example in their own lives. These missions are supported solely by private resources, furnished chiefly from Great Britain and America, and partly from the Continent of Europe. But the Government gives them no aid whatever,—with one exception, which shall be presently explained,—no privileges, no immunities, and, indeed, takes no particular account of them. They have the same rights as the ministers of other religions not Christian. *Before the law* the Christian missionary is in the same position as the Mohammedan Molavee or the Hindoo Pundit. The Christian missionary may perform his services, just as the heathen priest may hold his sacred processions. He may preach in public; and the heathen professor may argue with him, if they agree to have a disputation. He may publish a controversial work in the native language assailing the heathen religion, and a heathen author may publish a book in reply animadverting on Christianity. If Christianity is superior in the argument, that is of no concern to the Government. The principal servants and officers of the Government are Christian; but they are not permitted to use their official power or influence in favour of their religion. If any officer, civil or military, does so, he disobeys the standing rule of his Government; and such conduct, whenever discovered, is always noticed. This rule, like any other rule, is occasionally broken; but breaches of it are certainly rare. On the other hand, the Christian servants of Government are not interdicted from subscribing privately to missions. A Hindoo or Mohammedan official may

not in his public capacity take any part in religious questions ; but privately he may contribute to the support of his own faith. A Christian official may do the same. We have here only tried to explain in the fewest words the relations of the Government with the missionaries ; and upon these premises we submit that its conduct is in accordance with its pledge of religious equality and non-interference. The Government could not, indeed, do more than it does consistently with its promises ; *nor less* consistently with its duty. It may refrain from giving any extraneous advantage to Christianity ; but it cannot with reason be expected to place that religion under any disadvantage.

The one particular exception to which we alluded, consists in the grants of aid to certain missionary schools of secular instruction. Most of the missions undertake to conduct schools in which practical knowledge and moral, without religious, education are conveyed to the young. They do this, probably because they could not establish schools in any other manner, certainly not upon a religious basis ; and because they hope that their ultimate objects will be best promoted by the diffusion of sound knowledge among the rising generation. The Bible is not formally or largely taught in these schools. If taught at all, it is cautiously and sparingly introduced—according as the scholars may be willing to read it, or their parents may permit them to attend such lessons. Of course the missionaries avail themselves of every occasion to instil, not only moral precepts, but also religious conviction into the minds of their pupils, in the patient hope that some day these impressions may produce good results. In the mean time, they impart the best possible instruction in temporal affairs ; and so highly is this teaching appreciated by the heathen parents, that (notwithstanding their knowledge of the religious character of the missionaries) they choose to send their children to these schools in large numbers. The natives have, indeed, evinced much confidence in the missionaries as schoolmasters ; and these schools are far better attended than any private establishments whatever, and even more than equal the government schools. The missionaries, being so devoted to the work, often prove better secular teachers than the educational officers of the State. This was the state of things when, about three years ago, the British Government resolved to make a great effort to spread the rudiments of practical and secular knowledge among the mass of an ignorant population, and to establish an Educational Department of State. Among the measures then decided on, was the concession of grants in aid of existing private educational institutions among the natives. Thousands of native schools were selected for assistance ; and

at the same time grants were proffered to the flourishing secular schools conducted by missionaries. Many missions accepted this aid, which was given for the sole purpose of secular instruction. It was a contribution, not to the mission, but to particular schools, and would be continued only so long as the schools should be well attended. These are the facts; and our readers can judge whether herein any just offence was given to the religious feelings of the natives. *When the natives themselves showed confidence in a missionary school by sending their children there, the Government support would be given, and would be continued only so long as that confidence might remain unimpaired.* If the native parents should be dissatisfied with the teaching upon religious or other grounds, they could withdraw their children, and then the Government grant would be withdrawn also.

The comparatively recent enactment legalising the remarriage of Hindoo widows has been cited as an unjust invasion of the social prejudices of the natives. But there were certainly several *prima facie* reasons for such an enactment. There was, in the first place, a positive social grievance. In certain classes, where polygamy is largely practised, an old man might often die leaving many young widows, who, though preserved by British rule from the flames of Suttee, would still be condemned to a lifelong and involuntary widowhood. Again, in any class, a boy might die leaving a virgin widow whom he had never even seen, and to whom he had been betrothed and married when they were both children. Yet such a widow was prevented by social custom from re-marrying. The consequence was, that many widows who might and would have re-married, were living in immorality; and the social demoralisation thus occasioned was, we know, considerable. Then there was a party among the natives in Lower Bengal actively favourable to the abolition of this restriction. There was reason to believe that in other parts of India the measure would be on the whole fairly received, though it might be disliked by some. That the custom was not really founded on Hindoo law, was clearly shown in a pamphlet published by one of the learned natives themselves. When the law was published, there were several eminent instances in Bengal of parties availing themselves of it; and it was not petitioned against from other parts of India. Such briefly is the case of which the Government took cognisance, not for religious ends, but solely in its secular capacity to remedy a grievance, and to maintain the liberty of individual action, whereby an adult woman free from all engagement may dispose of herself as she thinks fit in marriage.

In the same manner, the law which declared that no man

should on account of his religious faith be liable to forfeiture of his property or rights of inheritance simply carried out the fundamental principle of religious toleration. Such a law certainly might, among its other effects, protect converts to Christianity from civil disability; and there doubtless may be a party both among Hindoos and Mohammedans who would be offended if a convert were preserved in the possession of his property and rights of inheritance. But could such offence be taken *justly* and reasonably? If not, then it cannot be expected that a civilised government, however anxious it might be to respect generally the religion and prejudices of its subjects, should sanction pains and penalties against converts to Christianity as a concession to malignant intolerance.

But, further, there are said to have been certain political circumstances to render the British unpopular—such as the annexations of territory which have taken place of late years, and the resumption of landed grants. In point of fact, however, as regards the annexations, no *general* charge can properly be made against, nor *general* defence for, them. Some took place in war, some from failure of heirs, some in virtue of treaties, some in liquidation of debt. These surely are sufficient reasons, if any can be; and one or more sufficient justifications (sometimes even amounting to necessity) are to be found in the cases that have recently occurred—such as Sindh, the Punjab, Burmah, Nagpore, the Hyderabad ceded districts, Oude. But how are these matters connected with the present disturbances? It is not, and indeed could not be, suggested that in these territories the *people* prefer the old *régime* to ours. In one case only have the representatives of the former sovereigns taken any part against us; in the other cases there has been no movement of the kind. Certainly the native princes in possession do not evince any alarm at the intentions or policy of the British; but, on the contrary, appear to regard the continuance of the British empire as the best guarantee they can have for the permanence of their rights. For when these disturbances broke out, the native princes were not only faithful, but were more active than any class in India in taking our part. These are the men who, if any, would be concerned by the British policy in respect to annexation: if they are not disaffected on this account, it were vain to suppose that other classes could be who had no concern in the matter. Therefore, the fact that the native princes have co-operated with us sufficiently proves that the annexations at least were *not* the cause of the disturbances. Then, again, as regards adoption, each case must stand upon its merits. By the Hindoo law adoption is undoubtedly valid as regards succession to private property, and has so far been

always recognised by the British Government ; but it does not follow that the rules by which property is inherited should in all cases govern the succession to political power and jurisdiction. For instance, there is no primogeniture in Hindoo or Mohammedan inheritance ; but there is in political succession, inasmuch as the eldest son of the king or chief must succeed to the kingdom or chiefship. As regards adoption by princes, as we intimated above, there is no rule for all classes of chiefs ; some of them who might be subject to a paramount would certainly not be allowed to adopt. Take, for instance, the Sikh states : adoption would not be allowed among them ; yet they are not disaffected, but, on the contrary, they have been most active on our side.

In this place also it will be proper to notice very briefly the question as to whether the annexation of Oude may have given dissatisfaction to the sepoys, who were chiefly recruited from that province. We do not see that there is any real reason for such a supposition. The dominion of Oude was assumed because the king had outrageously misgoverned his people for a long series of years, in violation of solemn treaties made with the British, and in spite of many warnings. The agricultural classes (peasant proprietors), from which the sepoys came, were harassed by this misgovernment more perhaps than any one else ; and the men used to enlist partly because they were distressed at home, and partly because they hoped by being in the British service to secure some immunity from oppression for their families and protection for their property. When the country came under our jurisdiction, they of course enjoyed that very immunity and protection to obtain which they had entered the British service. When the final measures regarding the kingdom were carried out there was a large sepoy force present, who showed not the slightest sign of dissatisfaction. The only classes likely to be averse to the change would be the retainers of the late government, and the rural chiefs who always resisted the king and hated any settled government whatever, British or native, just as the barons of the "castellated Rhine," in the middle ages, hated the domination of the Emperor of Germany ; but the sepoys belonged to a different class from these, namely, to that very class which most benefited by British rule.

The principal causes of the mutiny are, no doubt, referable to the organisation and character of the army itself. Among these, the first to be mentioned is the *predominance of certain castes throughout the Bengal army*. From statistical returns it is known, that out of a total strength in all arms (regulars) of 80,000, no less than 60,000, or more than two-thirds, belong to the Brahmin and Rajpoot castes ; the re

mainder being made up of Mohammedans and Hindoos of miscellaneous castes and tribes. The Mohammedans being chiefly in the cavalry, it may be stated in general terms that the Bengal infantry was exclusively Brahmin and Rajpoot; the men of other tribes forming but a mere fraction. As our readers know, the Brahmin is the priestly, and the Rajpoot is *par excellence* the military tribe; and they occupy respectively the first and the second places in the Hindoo social scale. The exact proportion of these who were natives of Oude may not be statistically known, but without doubt the great majority belong to that province. Now among the Hindoos the members of the same caste frequently "hang together" in a manner that would astonish an Englishman. A caste is often found to have completely colonised a tract of country; each village is held by a community, and all the communities are of the same tribe. The process of colonisation is analogous to the manner in which the several tribes of Israel occupied Palestine; each tribe having its tract. The mutual bond between the members of the tribe of Judah or the tribe of Dan could hardly have been stronger than that which subsists between the Rajpoots or Brahmins of the same district. Socially each village is a little commonwealth of individuals, and each tract is a commonwealth of villages. In their own vernacular they speak of themselves as members of a vast brotherhood or cousinhood. There is not only a community of hereditary and local association, but also, through intermarriage, more or less of consanguinity between them all. When, therefore, it is stated that the Bengal sepoys were almost entirely Brahmins and Rajpoots from Oude, the reader can imagine the *cohesion* which must have existed among these men. It is not as if a British colony were to be composed entirely of Cornish or of Yorkshire men, or of Highlanders, or of south of Ireland men: the case of the Bengal sepoys is much stronger than that; probably the only analogous cases in Europe would be found among certain of the old Scottish clans, or the inhabitants of certain cantons in Switzerland. The sympathetic unity, therefore, among the "brotherhood" of the Bengal sepoys (as the men themselves would call it) gave them a remarkable power of combination for good or for evil; rendered them peculiarly liable to be actuated in masses by common impulses or feelings, which would, it was to be hoped, prove favourable, but which might be dangerous. Then, again, these two particular tribes, being the highest, were sensitive; jealous of their honour, real or fancied; tenacious of their prejudices; haughty somewhat in the assertion of their rights;—in a word, proud of themselves and of their power: and besides the above qualities, the Brahmins have some aptitude for intrigue. Such being the character of the men, it will of course

be asked, *Why* did the British Government raise an army of such tribes from the same districts? Such a question is nowadays indeed indignantly asked in England; but it will be found on impartial consideration that there were some reasons why this state of things was permitted. For a government that has to keep up a standing regular army of eighty thousand men would, in the absence of any thing like a conscription, be apt to take its recruits from those districts where it could most easily get them. In a former page we have explained why the yeomen of Oude were more willing to accept British service than the corresponding classes elsewhere. Many years ago, there existed (as there still partially exists) a predilection for north-countrymen; and doubtless as each new regiment was added to the Bengal army, the British authorities thought they could not do better than raise it from among the splendid peasantry of Oude: and when once a regiment has been thus raised, there arises a strong tendency to recruit it in the same manner; whenever vacancies occur, the native officers and men will have expectants ready, relations of the veterans, fine young fellows desirous to eat the Company's salt and to die in its service. Then the men had many qualities well calculated to give satisfaction to the English officers; their conduct was good on service, and excellent in cantonments. They were not only born soldiers, but to a considerable extent they *appeared* to be "nature's gentlemen;" their conversation and behaviour were pleasing; they were orderly and respectable, and above vulgar vice of any kind. They were intelligent in their profession, easily taught their duty, and their appearance on parade was such as might have pleased Frederick the Great of Prussia, who loved to see tall handsome men in the ranks. These sepoys, though somewhat thin and spare, were above the average height of infantry in Europe, and there was always something dignified in their aspect and bearing even when undressed and off duty. And besides, there are of course many arguments in favour of high-caste men; it would have been said—as indeed it actually *has* been said, even since the outbreak, by the commander in chief at Bombay—that men of caste are not only physically larger (which is indeed the fact) but also morally superior, with better appreciation of their duties, higher feelings, and quicker intelligence. And as to the men being chiefly natives of the same districts, it would probably have been thought that when the sepoys were to fight the Company's battles in foreign places—amid the snows of Affghanistan, the burning plains of the Indus or Sutlej, or the swamps of Burmah—it were well that they should be animated by a common spirit almost supplying the place of patriotism. We have tried to sketch the arguments on both sides; and it will be seen that, al-



though the system of enlistment after a successful trial of half a century has proved very disastrous in the end, there were yet many arguments for its adoption ; which should not, therefore, be condemned as being without excuse.

The Bengal army, then, was composed of apparently good *matériel*, but one requiring the plastic hand of a master. To change the metaphor, it was a machine, which under skilful management might be an engine for good ; but if neglected or unskilfully used, might scatter destruction around. While, however, the army especially needed supervision, circumstances which we will mention have concurred to diminish the means of supervising it. Of late years our growing and expanding dominion, and the exigencies of service arising therefrom,—the creation of new departments to carry out improvements of many and excellent kinds,—have necessitated the withdrawal of a large number of military officers from their regiments for detached employ. The work was necessary : an increase to the existing services was hardly to be thought of in the presence of financial obstacles (actual or supposed) ; and there was no resource but to draw on the European army for men. We will not go so far as some, who say that *all* the best officers were thus taken away from the regiments ; but the patronage of the Indian Government is generally well exercised, and certainly many good men were selected for detached employ, while but few good men were left for regimental duty. The abstraction of so many good officers was of course detrimental to the army ; but the mischief must not be measured by this standard alone. For besides all this, the system tended to *lower the efficiency of those who were left with the regiments*, and rendered them discontented with their position, and taught them to fix their hopes and their ambition *beyond* the sphere of regimental life ; and herein no blame lay with the officers themselves. Personally, they were as good as any other British officers ; and despite their many discouragements, they have always done their duty on service in a manner worthy of their country. But how could a regimental officer be otherwise than discontented, when he saw his more fortunate comrade elevated to a lucrative and dignified appointment ? How could he be expected to devote his thoughts and interests to the regiment, when he knew that by study, by exhibition of varied qualifications, by happy opportunity, in short, by many things *in no wise connected with military success or distinction*, he might be translated to a brighter sphere ? In fact, the better the man, the more anxious would he be under such circumstances to “get away” from his corps, and the less interest would he be able to take in it. It was but natural that an officer thus situated should move heaven and earth to leave the regiment, which ought to have been his home, and for the

preservation of which his assiduous presence was required. It was not uncommon to find a regiment with only six European officers present; and hence there has arisen a cry regarding paucity of officers. Doubtless, if the work were thoroughly done, a sepoy regiment a thousand strong might furnish employment for more than six officers; but it is certain that the officers often complained of having not enough to do, and therefore it might be asked, How could there be too few men for the work? And moreover, it is clear that *irregular regiments*, horse and foot, are kept in good order with a complement of less than six European officers. The truth probably is, that when the officers really understand their work, are in a good position as regards pay, power, and responsibility, and have their hearts with the corps, then six *such* men might sufficiently officer a crack regiment of sepoys. But the present system does not always permit *such* men to be with a corps. The regimental officers are, we repeat, quite equal to the average British standard; and what more could practically be expected? But the present system damps their professional energies and diverts their thoughts. And therefore the bane of that system consists not so much in depriving the regiments of many useful officers, *as in producing a prejudicial effect upon those who remain.*

Moreover it is true that, owing to improved social morality, to the spread of domestic civilisation, and to many influences elevating in several respects the conduct of Europeans in India, the interval between the English officer and the sepoy has been widened, until at last a great gulf is fixed between them. The good old sepoy officer of the past generation was far more Indianised than his successor of the present. The refined young gentlemen, against whom the Spartan Napier fulminated his censure, certainly stand in different relations to their sepoys from the officers who fought under Clive and Wellesley and Lake. New and better relations, arising from moral sympathy and fellowship in real work, may in course of time spring up between the European and the native; but in the mean while there is a transition going on, and there is not the same familiar intercourse and the same intimate connection which there often were before. Such a transition may, on the whole, be desirable, and is certainly inevitable; but, in reference to the present affairs, there can be no doubt but that this circumstance, producing a partial and gradual estrangement between the officers and men, rendered the men less inclined to open their hearts and state their suspicions to the officers, and the officers less apt to divine what was passing in the minds of the men.

Then, any deficiency with the European officers in this respect was not likely to be made up by the native officers. In the Ben-

gal army, any private who lives and serves long enough will rise through the grades of native commissioned officers till he becomes a subadar (a subordinate captain of a company, with pay amounting to about 150*l.* per annum). In all these grades promotion is regulated strictly by seniority; so that every man in the ranks has a certain prospect before him; but he attains the superior grades only after a long service. A native of sixty or seventy is as old as an Englishman of seventy or eighty respectively; and the consequence is, that veteran native officers of from sixty to seventy are somewhat worn out and effete. The work they do must often be little more than nominal, and the office they hold must often appear to be virtually a reward for old and faithful service. Now it might have been practicable to have native officers who, though still rising absolutely from the ranks, would be selected for merit or ability, and would be in most cases younger men than the present set; and this selection system prevails in the Bombay and Madras armies. Or it might be practicable to have native officers of a superior class to the men, who, by their education and social position, would exercise something of the same influence as the officers in the British army. Such is the practice in the irregular regiments, where the paucity of European officers renders it necessary to have *real effective* native officers. But there has always been a conservative party preferring the Bengal seniority system as the *safe and steady one*. It has always been argued, that in the *event of an extensive mutiny*, the present native officers would *at least be harmless and inactive*; whereas, if there were talented and aspiring young native officers, they might *head and lead* a movement of that kind, which would thence become very dangerous. Now a crisis has arrived of the exact character to test the value of this argument,—the native officers have been of not the least use in preventing, anticipating, disclosing, or putting down the movement, which has, indeed, without their active aid perhaps, become as wide-spread and dangerous as it could possibly be. It would appear, then, that in practice nothing could have failed more utterly than this seniority system. We could not have been in a worse plight than we are: whereas, perhaps, if there had been some selected native officers we might have had a few good men on our side; and, at all events, it can never be worthy of a great government to insure the safety and order of an army by closing the avenues of distinction to junior merit, and by maintaining a set of inefficient seniors as native officers.

Another circumstance to be mentioned, is the gradual centralisation of authority in the adjutant-general's department. If the evidence of all officers commanding regiments were to be taken regarding the defects in the army, though they would

differ considerably on many points, we imagine they would all agree on this one, namely, the lowering and weakening of the power of regimental officers. They complain that they have no power of themselves to reward and punish; that they can do but little without sanction of superior authority, involving delay and uncertainty; and that what little they may do of themselves is liable to be appealed against by any party concerned. Even in civil affairs such a system is inconvenient and mischievous; but in regimental affairs, if carried too far, it may become absolutely dangerous; and in a crisis the government may find that its army is paralysed from want of a proper understanding between the officers and men, that is, influence on the one part, and obedience on the other. The adjutant-general's department might perhaps reply, that in some cases the proceedings of regimental officers demanded interference; and that, on the whole, minute supervision could not be relaxed. But obviously the department should be empowered to select really competent men for command; such men are, of course, always to be found, and when found, should be intrusted with power and responsibility.

There are many other interesting minor points of Bengal-army reform; but we have not space to enter into further details, which would moreover fatigue the reader. We have now noted those points which have chiefly attracted public attention. The defects mentioned are to some extent peculiar to the Bengal army, and exist, some scarcely at all, and others to a less degree, in those of Madras and Bombay; and this consideration strengthens the inference that to these defects the extent and prevalence of the unhappy outbreak must be partially at least attributable. Some, however,—such as the centralisation of power in the adjutant-general's office,—exist more or less in Bombay and Madras; and the events of Bengal may teach a lesson to the other presidencies. The question, then, arises, How was it that the Government of India permitted these defects to exist in the Bengal army for so many years? In the first place, it seems by many to be supposed that the late Sir C. Napier explicitly warned the supreme government of what was coming, and devised measures for prevention which were never attended to. Now we do not wish to set down any thing against Sir C. Napier's memory; we admit that in many respects he was a great and good man; that first and last he did great service in India, though in the end he quite lost himself in a controversy with the Governor-General; that he suppressed mutiny several times in downright strong style; that he would have been invaluable at the present crisis, when the victor of Meeranee and Hyderabad might have marched rapidly upon that Delhi which later in the day it was too late to enter, and now seems likely to prove a second Sebastopol. But in respect to these Cas-

sandra-like warnings, we must observe that, for the most part, they were contained in private communications to friends, which, though written some years ago, were not known to the Government, and were not published until very recently; that though often penned with much prescient sagacity, they were couched in general terms, without any explicit suggestions; and that, unfortunately, they were too often conveyed in a tone of hostility to the Indian Government, which would detract from their utility in a public sense. Any one versed in public affairs will know, that to address suggestions directly or indirectly to authorities in a defiant or vituperative style must at least render their adoption difficult. But *after* the period when these supposed "warnings" were uttered, Sir C. Napier himself became Commander-in-chief at a time when all the defects in the Bengal army were full blown. By courts-martial upon offending officers, by diligent reviewing of the troops, he doubtless did his best to maintain military efficiency; but nothing in particular was done during his tenure of command to remedy the special defects of the Bengal army. He could not, indeed, say much against the withdrawal of officers for civil employ, inasmuch as he himself originated the system in Sindh, and had oft declared that all India should be governed by "soldier-civilians." The centralisation of all power with the Commander-in-chief existed under him much the same as before and since. The seniority rule of promotion among native officers was, indeed, strengthened under his administration. By replacing the mutinous 66th Regiment by hill Ghoorghas, he showed himself alive to the caste difficulty; but the recruiting from Oude continued. Nor did he as Commander-in-chief address officially to the Government any temperate statement embodying all his opinions on the defects of the Bengal army, foreshadowing the possible consequences and suggesting preventive remedies. On the whole, we gather from his writings, that whatever he thought of the European officers, he had a favourable opinion of the sepoys. We repeat, that these observations are not meant to throw blame on Sir C. Napier, for both he and the Government laboured under difficulties in respect to military reform; but they are made to *combat* the possible supposition that Sir Charles officially and explicitly warned the Indian Government of the coming mutinies, which warnings were wilfully neglected. We believe that nothing of the kind occurred. The fact is, that the defects in the Bengal army were of old standing, deeply seated, and arising from circumstances difficult to control. Is not military reform proverbially difficult in England? Do not years elapse before opinion advances even a step in the right direction? Is not a heavy pressure, a strong lever, required to move the mass of resistance and opposition? May not, therefore, the same thing happen in India? Suppose a

Governor-General to be desirous of commencing reform (as many Governors-General may have been), what was he to do? Was he to appoint a commission such as those which are appointed in England? He would have had many of the most experienced officers opposed to him in opinion. He would have been plied with conservative arguments against interfering with an old system which had "worked" tolerably well. Were not the names of many victories inscribed on the banners of the army? Were not the breasts of the sepoys decorated with medals? Had they not evinced endurance in the field, and respectability in cantonments? If it was hinted that the Bombay army was in better discipline, at once professional jealousy would have been aroused. Were the diminutive low-caste men of Bombay to be compared to the fine fellows of the north? Had the Bombay army ever seen so much service as that of Bengal? If the possibility of a general mutiny had been whispered, it would have been met by denial. What cause had the sepoys given for such a supposition? If there had been occasional mutinies, had they not been partial, and arising from local causes? Had not the bulk of the army always remained faithful? Was there not much in the condition of the sepoys rendering it extremely improbable that they would ever rise *en masse*? How could they ever be so well off under any *régime* as under that of the Company? Was it not notoriously the best paid service that ever had been known in India? Did not the private receive twice as much pay as the ordinary labourer? was he not sure to rise to the rank of commissioned officer, with the prospect of a pension in old age and an allowance to his family in the event of death in action? Must not such manifold advantages bind him to the Company? In short, there were many "lions in the way" of any radical reform. Such obstacles as we have mentioned do indeed vanish, or are swept away, on the approach of a great disaster; but experience every where teaches that nothing short of such an event will be effectual. It is not to be supposed that the Indian Government of the day was ever in the least indifferent to the condition and discipline of the Bengal army, or at all blind to its defects. But these defects were, we repeat, deeply seated, of old standing, and often arising from circumstances beyond control: the remedying of them would be difficult; and no such decisive symptoms were manifest, no such overt or general misconduct had occurred, as seemed to justify strong measures. Thus it was, we suppose, that things were allowed to go on from time to time without positive interference.

As to the general relations between Government and the sepoys, more cannot be said than that which Lord Dalhousie most truly stated in his farewell minute, to the effect that the condition of the sepoy was so good as to leave nothing to be de-

sired. The sepoy had been most handsomely paid, most considerately cared for, most amply rewarded for whatever service he rendered,—in short, loaded with bounty and favour. He laboured under no wrong or grievance whatever. The indirect moral or religious influences which through the private exertion of individuals might indirectly affect some of his countrymen, scarcely reached him at all. Of all the natives, he was the last man who ought to have raised a religious cry. He may have been treated with apathy by his European officer, but *not* with unkindness or severity. He may have been left too much to himself, but never was vexatiously interfered with. He may have been too implicitly trusted, but never was irritated by suspicion. His humours and whims may have been too much consulted, but his prejudices and customs were never jarred against. In short, our errors were nearly all, if not entirely all, on the side of generosity. Even in the last cartridge affair, it has been seen how prompt the Government were to repair the error before it could possibly have time to give offence to the men.

The mutineers have never even pretended to justify their revolt by any allegations of administrative oppression. In their chief proclamation from Delhi, inviting all the faithful to murder the English, they alleged nothing against their intended victims but attempts at conversion to Christianity; and we have seen how far such a charge is deserved. If they had any thing further to say against us, what a golden opportunity this was for saying it! Does not their silence show that there was little or nothing to be said? In one supplementary proclamation, secretly circulated in some places near Delhi, it was laid to our charge that we had set up turnpike-gates on the Grand Trunk Road, and that we had established a municipal police in cities! So, indeed, we had; but to bring forward such very reasonable measures as matter of accusation only shows the impotence of the accuser. It was also intimated that we had increased the land-tax; but the charge was made in the vaguest and briefest manner. Without entering into a discussion on the British revenue system in the north-west provinces, we may observe, that whatever the British may have done in those districts, they have certainly not increased the land-tax. At the first settlement of the country the tax was fixed at a figure far below the preceding taxation; and during the half-century which has followed, though wealth, population, and cultivation have increased, the land-tax has been rather lowered than raised by successive settlements. We are confident that the landholding classes generally in the north-west are contented with the settlement of the land-tax.

It remains for us just briefly to sketch what we imagine to be the origin of these mutinies, *so far as the facts are yet known*. We suppose that the sepoys had conceived an idea of their own

power, which made them reflect that they were the pillars of the State; that they might dictate to the Government, which could not do without them. This mental process may have been going on for some time; and that without, perhaps, the men themselves being thoroughly conscious of the tendency of such ideas. For some years past an uneasy impression had been gaining ground in many quarters among the natives that civilisation and education would gradually undermine their religion and change their social peculiarities. Not that the British Government actually exerted its power in this cause, but that year by year the tide of events was setting in stronger and stronger in this direction; and if it were not stemmed, the native castes and religions would not last for many more generations. No class would be more susceptible to such impressions than the high-caste sepoys of Bengal. Evil-disposed persons would always be ready to whisper treason in the ears of the sepoys, and to sow distrust between the army and its government. If troops were to march beyond the frontiers of India, or to embark in ships to cross the ocean, they would be sure to hear from some one or other that the Government had designs upon their religion and caste. Most unfortunately, the increasing separation between the men and the English officers diminished the means whereby confidence might be reinstated in the minds of the soldiery. Instead of being mentally as well as physically under the guidance of their European officers, and under one abiding moral influence, the sepoys were left too much to their own devices, and exposed to the side-winds of intrigue, of false insinuations against their Government, and of doubts which they could not readily remove by converse with the English. Thus, while the sepoys were becoming by slow and almost imperceptible degrees insubordinate in spirit and suspicious of the intentions of Government, the cartridge affair accidentally happens, and the spark falls upon an inflammable mass. Instantly the feelings of caste were awakened in certain regiments; and doubtless those intriguers who work like moles beneath the surface of society did not miss the opportunity. Then, owing to that remarkable unity which subsists among the sepoys, the feelings of some regiments soon became shared by the whole army. Secret correspondence may have been generally commenced; falsehoods invented in Calcutta were highly coloured by the time they reached the north-west provinces, and acquired exaggerated proportions as they travelled upwards; and thus in a short space of time the whole army became possessed with the belief that the British Government intended to destroy their caste and convert them to Christianity. Thus, really alarmed, wounded in the most sensitive point, excited beyond all power of self-restraint, blinded to future consequences, confident



in their numbers, they were ready to use their arms for any purpose adverse to their Government. When the troops at Meerut and Delhi broke out, some of the other troops may have been wavering, some half-unwilling to proceed to extremities; but the fellow-feeling of clan-ship was too strong, and station after station fell, until the north-west provinces were wrapped in one flame of disturbance, and the Bengal army ceased to exist. If no other positive causes or circumstances shall come to light, the above considerations may be sufficient to account for these mutinies. The astonishing and unparalleled barbarity evinced by the mutineers in their treatment of their English victims is not easy of explanation; especially as, with all their faults, the character of these men was previously supposed to be mild and respectable. It must be that natures that have no reasonable religion to restrain them, and no strong moral principle to guide them when powerfully excited by fanaticism or other cause, become perfectly maddened and brutalised; and the most frightful ideas, when once suggested, gain entire possession of them, and sweep them away in a torrent of ferocity and passion. The atrocious conduct of these men must suggest the gravest reflections to any moralist acquainted with their previous character. After our review of the several possible causes of the revolt, it were superfluous to reiterate our belief that the sepoys had not even the semblance of justification for revolting at all; and that the religious pretext was destitute of any real foundation. As to their other crimes, it is needless to allude further to that most painful subject.

We now approach the third division of the subject, namely, the measures to be taken in consequence of this military revolt.

For the immediate suppression of the revolt itself, it may be hoped that the great expedition now crossing the ocean, and numbering about 36,000 English soldiers, together with the China contingent of 5000 men, and perhaps the Cape and Mauritius contribution of 5000 more, may prove adequate. These reinforcements should enable the Indian Government by November next, to collect an army of 15,000 or 20,000 English troops at Allahabad (which we presume will be the starting-point for the winter campaign) for the reoccupation of the north-west provinces. This strong force might march upwards towards Delhi, if that place should not have fallen previously into our hands; and thus assailed from the east and south, and unable to fly northwards, or westwards towards the Punjab, the mutineers will fairly be brought to bay. The reinforcements will, indeed, arrive at the best possible season of the year, with all the cold season before them; but doubtless there will be losses from war, sickness, and other causes;—there will be continual losses, which

will necessitate the most strenuous efforts in this country to keep up the English army in India, which will soon number 70,000 men, at its full strength, by vigorous recruiting, by calling out the militia, and perhaps by sending out regiments from the Mediterranean and other stations. If 70,000 English soldiers are requisite in India now, they will be wanted there for at least a year, or more; and to *keep up* such a force at its *effective* strength *at such a distance* from home will demand great foresight and energy in this country. It will not suffice to send out 30,000 men, and then to let their numbers dwindle away; but, on the contrary, *a perpetual stream of fresh draughts of men must be pouring out to the East.* And corresponding preparations must be made by the Indian Government for the accommodation of these new troops. For the first four or five months after their arrival they will be in the field; and, indeed, the men will be as healthy under canvas as any where. But after that the hot weather will set in, when it will be most desirable to *house* all the troops not actually needed for campaigning; and perhaps *barracks* of some kind may be needed for about thirty or more regiments. Now fortunately, in the north-west provinces, where the troops are most likely to be engaged, there are many old and vacant barracks at such stations as Dinapore, Benares, Ghazepore, Allahabad, Cawnpore, Agra, and Meerut. At all these places there *have* been formerly more European troops than recently; and though many of the old barracks have been pulled down, yet some may be available, or capable of being repaired for temporary use. But still the matter is one which will demand provident consideration, and the authorities will have four or five months to make arrangements in. *If* by any mischance a number of European regiments were to be kept in cantonments during the next hot weather and rains, the sickness and other consequences might be lamentable. We trust, however, that arrangements will be made in time.

The British fleet, it appears, is to be kept at home; and perhaps wisely. Some steamships and gunboats have gone to India. Although the chief effort has to be made upon land, yet naval assistance will, we imagine, be acceptable to the Indian Government. The two capitals of Bombay and Calcutta might, indeed, be almost held by a naval force; but not Madras, which is probably one of the worst stations for ships in the world. At Calcutta there have been alarms (happily, as yet, without foundation); and the presence of ships of war would tend to maintain confidence, and might enable the Government to detach some European troops for service in the interior. Gunboats drawing seven or eight feet of water will not be serviceable on the Indian rivers, in the interior at least; but if, as we understand is

possible, some of these boats should only draw three or four feet, then they might proceed for some distance up the Ganges or Indus.

When the revolt shall at last have been suppressed, then one of the most urgent matters will be the *due discrimination and punishment of the guilty*. We would not altogether join in the cry for vengeance which rises up in some quarters, and which calls for such measures as the razing of Delhi to the ground, because such vengeance is apt to be indiscriminate. In this case there will, indeed, be but too many real offenders to punish; but we hope to find that, even in the most disturbed districts, and even in Delhi, there are many who have behaved well. As a civilised nation, we must show ourselves as superior in generosity and forbearance, as we are in courage and prowess. And it may be a matter of *policy* as well as of duty to separate, by prompt inquiry, the innocent from the guilty. Notwithstanding all the care which the Government may take, there will be much summary retribution inflicted; and when Delhi is stormed some terrible scenes will occur, with Englishmen as actors in them. But if the mass of the people continue to stand by us, they should have no reason to be dissatisfied with our conduct after victory. Perhaps the best mode of insuring the punishment of the guilty, and of those only, will be to have a sort of Mutiny Commission, comprised of military and judicial officers, instructed to dispose of the sepoys of the mutinied regiments, and to account to the Government afterwards for the disposal of all the men. The task, though necessary, would be a great and difficult one. Some forty or fifty regiments would come under inquiry; and forty or fifty thousand men would have to be arrested, tried summarily, and punished, capitally or otherwise. The Commission might consist of several members, and might be vested with full powers to carry out its sentences and to issue warrants for execution by the magistracy and police all over the country. Its labours would extend over many months; and it might report to Government upon each regiment, specifying the names of the men at the time of the mutiny, and showing how each of these had been disposed of. Its head-quarters might be somewhere in the north-west provinces, perhaps at Lucknow. The operation would be well worth the trouble it must occasion, for the purpose of proving unmistakably that the British Government will never fail to punish mutineers; and that such offenders, though they may enjoy impunity for a time, will at last be hunted down by an untiring and unrelenting pursuer. So also, when order shall have been restored, no time should be lost in making local inquiries at such places as Delhi, Allahabad, and Cawnpore, as to who did and who did not abet the muti-

neers, so that the Government may recognise its friends and sternly punish the traitors.

Among the measures to be taken, the first and foremost is, of course, the increasing of the proportion of European to native troops. This must be done, cost what it may; but it may be carried out without any material enhancement of those military charges which already absorb half of the Indian revenues. In a report to be found among the papers named at the head of this article, it is shown by the Governor-General that one European infantry regiment costs somewhat less than two native corps. Thus, in the place of forty of the Bengal regular regiments, there might be raised more than twenty European battalions; which would at once double the European force heretofore maintained in that presidency. The officers of the late regiments would be ready at hand for officering the new European corps. Such an augmentation of European force in the Bengal presidency would give two additional regiments for Calcutta and Barrackpore, one regiment for Moorshedabad or Berhampore, one for Benares, one for Allahabad, one for Cawnpore, an additional one for Lucknow, two for the interior of Oude, an additional one for Agra, one for Delhi, one for Rohileund, one for Mooltan, two for the Saugur and Nerbudda territories; and besides these, a European reserve of some six battalions might be kept in excellent health in the hill country near Almora, overhanging the north-west provinces, and partly in the Darjeeling Himalayas overhanging Bengal; just as a similar reserve of three regiments is kept already in the hills above Umballa, which reserve now constitutes mainly the besieging force before Delhi. By such an arrangement, northern India might, indeed, be held by an iron grip similar to that by which Frederick the Great held Silcsia. For the remainder of the Bengal complement of infantry, that is, about thirty-five regiments (seventy-five less forty), might be substituted irregular regiments, which are cheaper and apparently more trustworthy than the regulars. So that, instead of thirty-five regular, there might be forty or forty-five irregular regiments. Or, if it be still found advisable to have regular regiments (though of a different constitution, as we will presently explain), there would still be 35,000 sepoys for Bengal. This number might be found sufficient for the *purely military duties*; and the sepoys, after diminution of their numbers, might be relieved of many duties which can be as well performed by police-corps—such as the escorting of treasure, of military stores, and other articles; the guarding of treasuries, public offices, and various kinds of detached work. Local police-levies seem to be far less likely to mutiny than regular sepoys; and even if they were so inclined, they have far less means of combination, and generally

far less powers of mischief. The raising of the extra police-corps would entail a charge, though not an inordinate one, on the civil department. Each of these three measures—namely, the increase of Europeans, the diminution of the sepoy, the transfer to the police of many semi-civil duties heretofore performed by the sepoy—will conduce greatly to the stability of British rule, without necessarily overburdening the finances. Indeed, the paramount necessity of increasing the proportion of the European forces seems to be one of the few points on which all Englishmen, both in India and out of it, are agreed.

It may be desirable to augment the artillery; but, at all events, it will be expedient that the artillery should be *exclusively European*: at present it is partly European and partly native. The native artillery is, indeed, very good; and has heretofore behaved better, perhaps, than almost any branch of the native service. Even in this mutiny the artillerymen have only joined when compelled by absolute force. But recent experience shows the immense advantage of guns on either side, and especially to the English, on account of their numerical inferiority. In future we should take care to reserve this advantage exclusively to ourselves, having none but European gunnery.

In the Bengal presidency at least, the military arrangements must be reconstructed more with a view to defence against internal foes. Heretofore, with the great march of events, our frontier has been moving rapidly northwards; and it has been our ancient policy to keep the flower of our European forces near the frontier. During the last century Dinapore, near Patna on the Ganges, and Benares, were the frontier stations; early in the present century Allahabad, Cawnpore, and soon afterwards Furruckabad and Meerut, were the great posts; then Kurnal, further on, had the first place, and after its abandonment, Umballa. Time went on, and the British front rested on the Sutlej; then Loodiana began to flourish; and then, after the Sikh war, Jullundur. After the second Punjab war, the frontier took a great stride to Peshawur; and at the present time our English troops are chiefly concentrated on the great road which leads to that post. Of course, as the British force kept moving onwards with each advance of the frontier, the stations in the rear became one by one more or less denuded of troops. Hitherto the minds of our statesmen have been directed more to foreign war and external defence than to guarding against or suppressing internal disorder. The outer limits and the gates of the empire have been guarded, while little or no apprehension has been felt for the interior. Hence it has arisen that places of primary political, geographical, and strategical importance in the interior of the country—such as Benares, Allahabad, and Cawnpore—have been

left with only a handful of English, or with none at all. We might perhaps add Delhi; but this station was held to be insalubrious for Europeans, and was moreover flanked, though at some distance, by the European cantonments of Meerut and Delhi. In the Punjab, though several of the most important posts were held by Europeans, yet even there some posts of consequence, such as Attock on the Indus, Philour on the Sutlej, the hill-fort of Kangra, were garrisoned by natives; and the fortress of Mooltan had only a small number of European artillerymen, and no European infantry. For the future these places should be held by Europeans; and in selecting the stations regard must be had to the contingency of an outbreak, so that come what may,—let a revolt be ever so general or formidable,—the English may remain in unassailable possession of all those points which dominate over the surrounding country, and which may facilitate the keeping-up of military communication.

It will ever be necessary to maintain really efficient fortifications at *commanding places*—such as Allahabad and Agra in the north-west provinces, and other places in the Punjab and Oude, too numerous to mention here; and it may also be expedient to have in every large cantonment some small fort, in which, in an emergency, the women and children and the sick might be immediately lodged, and all stores and European movable valuables might be deposited. The value of all such places has been conspicuously manifest during the present disturbances. On this head, however, there are two points ever to be borne in mind: that *whatever fortifications there are must be garrisoned by Europeans*; and those that cannot be held thus should not be allowed to stand. This is one of the lessons enforced by the Delhi affair; at which place we have, during many years, gradually improved the old Mogul fortifications, which are now successfully held against us by our own troops. Again, *all magazines and munitions of war must be kept in fortifications, and every arsenal must be fortified, to be in every case under charge of European garrison*; so that there may be no repetition of the Delhi disaster, wherein the mutineers obtained possession of such good stores, that their ammunition is more abundant and their artillery stronger than ours. Further, every fortified place must have provisions and supplies always laid up in it sufficient for its European garrison during a protracted period, say six months or a year. If a European garrison be strong, it would generally be able in India to get its supplies from the neighbourhood; but if the garrison be weak in numbers, as unhappily at Cawnpore, it might be surrounded by rebels, and at last starved. Had Sir H. Wheeler, at Cawnpore, only had any thing like a fort, *with even three months' supply for 500 men*, he would probably, not-

withstanding his scanty force, have held out against the mutinied host under Nena Sahib, and the sad catastrophe would have been averted. It will be feasible for the Indian Government to have at *every principal* station a fort with at least half a European regiment, a few guns, and a twelvemonth's supplies; and it may be hoped that such a place would hold its own against even an immense number of rebels.

The native army to be maintained in future must of course be one of different constitution and organisation from the present. We need not stop to argue the question which is occasionally asked, namely, After what has happened, how can we *ever* trust a native army again? Are we again to put into the hands of traitors arms that will be used for the slaughter of our officers and their families? It is sufficient to observe, that to hold the country we must have *some* native troops, because we can never keep a sufficient number of Europeans. We may, on the one hand, endeavour to render such troops more trustworthy; and, on the other hand, to trust them less implicitly than heretofore. Again, frightful as the conduct of the Bengal regulars has been, have not the Madras and Bombay armies stood loyal? and the Punjab troops? and even *some* of the Bengal regiments,—such as the 31st and the 42d, in the Saugur territories,—who have actually protected their stations and driven out their mutinous comrades? If such conduct continues, may we not hope that native troops will never prove universally bad under any circumstances? For can any circumstances more tempting to mutiny than the present be imagined? The tremendous warning we have received will make us circumspect, but not necessarily cause an *utter* withdrawal of confidence. If we do not bestow *any* confidence, we certainly never shall have any faithful service. Again, as a matter of policy, it may always be desirable to give some employment to the military class—to the “active and aspiring young men” among the people of India. There must be some safety-valve for the adventurous and ambitious spirit in the national mind; if all openings for service and distinction were shut up, there would be further aggravation of an objection which already exists partially against British rule, namely, that, however just and beneficent, it still does reduce native society to one dead level, and affords comparatively little scope for the exercise of native talent, skill, or energy. Nor should any class nor any district be altogether and permanently excluded from the option of service. The Oude sepoys have of late behaved infamously; they never can again be employed or trusted as heretofore. Perhaps it may be necessary to interdict Oude men from military employ for a time; but it hardly follows that Oude soldiers may not at some future time, or in some distant place, and under proper restraint and

limitations, render us fair service. The golden rule seems to be, that the Bengal, or, indeed, any Indian army, should be of *mixed* castes, inhabitants of different regions; and that as much as possible the men should serve in those parts of India which are separate from their own districts, so that there may be no local sympathy between the army and the surrounding people. It will be well to illustrate these points briefly. Heretofore the Bengal army has, as we have said, been composed almost entirely of Brahmins and Rajpoots. For the future there may be *some* Brahmins and some Rajpoots, but there must be many other castes, in which Hindostan abounds, also admitted; there may be an admixture of Punjabees, and some men from central India and the south. Having suffered at the hands of a high-caste army, we need not rush to the opposite extreme of raising an entirely low-caste one; but we incline to think that there should be at least a large proportion of the middle and lower castes. The lower you go in the scale of caste, the less nationality, the less community of feeling, the less power of combined mischief, do you find; and the absence of all these would tell vastly in our favour in such an emergency as the present. We might observe the policy of old Runjeet Singh in this respect, the best and greatest warrior that the British have ever met with in India. The nucleus of his infantry, cavalry, and artillery, was, indeed, formed of thorough-going Sikhs; but there was a large sprinkling of heterogeneous elements: there were Mohammedans from the frontier, Afghans, Puthans from Mooltan, men from the Himalayan regions, and many from Hindostan and the east Hindoos and Mohammedans; every class, in fact, was more or less represented in the ranks; and among the officers he even employed French and Italians. The Punjab itself has a great variety of races; and almost every one of the Punjabee regiments now serving with so much credit is composed of several distinct tribes. The Sikh soldiers, indeed, are said to be as "true as steel;" but this should not embolden us to raise an army exclusively of Sikhs; for mutiny of the most extensive and dangerous kind was by no means uncommon in the old Sikh army. Committees from the regiments used to meet to settle the fate of the Punjab kingdom; and under the regency established by Lord Hardinge a desperate effort was made to drive the British back across the Sutlej by means of a concerted military rising. There was no atrocity, but plenty of treachery; and it cost us an expensive and wasting war to put down that movement. We do not wish in the least to underrate the Sikhs; they have indeed proved themselves excellent fellows. But still, hereafter, their day for a mutiny *might* come; and experience shows that we must not lean too much on any one class. Punjabee troops may perhaps be very advantageously employed



in Oude, the north-west provinces, and Bengal, where they will always be comparatively foreigners. On the other hand, soldiers from Oude and the north-west provinces might be advantageously employed in the Punjab, if any where. One of the reasons why the regular infantry stationed in the Punjab—though, of course, as mutinously inclined as their comrades elsewhere—have not been able to mutiny successfully, has been the utter strangeness between them and the country people. Furthermore, in connection with this part of the subject, it is to be observed that the policy of keeping up separate armies for each of the three presidencies is now proving correct. It has sometimes been proposed to amalgamate the three armies; but it is clearly our interest to split the army into parties as much as possible. There is said to be a strong feeling of dislike between the Madras and Bengal sepoys, and jealousy between the latter and the Bombay army. This disunion is of great advantage to us, the common masters of them all.

For the welfare of the army, it will be absolutely necessary that the European officers become more intimately associated with the interests of their regiments than has been the case of late years in Bengal. The growing mischief has been universally admitted; and now in the presence of a national disaster the obstacles in the way of remedy must be met. Every regiment must be officered by those who are prepared to make it their home, who have chosen a military life for better or worse, who will devote their thoughts and talents to the duties of their profession and to that alone, having no hopes beyond it. Some substitute must be found for the system that withdraws so many good men from a regiment, and disheartens those who remain with it. For the exigencies of the public service, it will be necessary, when the army can no longer supply men, to establish either a staff corps, into which at an early period of their career certain officers would be drafted by selection, and then be struck off from the effective strength of the army in order that they may be employed permanently on duties civil or non-regimental; or if this be not done, there must be such an increase to the different branches of the non-military service as may enable the Government to administer the many newly-conquered or newly-annexed territories. The fact of the European officers being restricted to regimental duties alone will draw them into closer relations with the sepoys; but in order to insure a thoroughly mutual understanding, it will be necessary to insist upon a higher linguistic qualification on the part of the officers with regard to the native tongues. At present a regimental officer is not obliged to have more than a colloquial knowledge of the native vernacular which may just enable him to go through professional details

officers, the ordinary practical business of the day, but which is not enough to enable him to hold any real conversation with a sepoy, or to enter into native feelings, to become the confidant of native hopes and fears, to explain away misconceptions, or to encourage the wavering. So little is the necessity of such knowledge felt, that every regiment has an "interpreter," that is, one of the officers who by study has learnt to read and write the language, and to speak and understand it in its higher branches; but in reality, the same knowledge is requisite for every commandant, every adjutant, and every officer holding a company. Some linguistic qualification is demanded of every officer in the irregular regiments; and the same rule should apply to the regulars. During these mutinies there have been instances where the men were for a time restrained by the exhortations of those officers who were good Hindostance scholars. In short, the Government might aim at raising the officers of the line to the standard of efficiency attained by the irregular officers; and if it be proper to assimilate the responsibilities of the line-officers to those of the more fortunate irregulars, a moderate expenditure should not be grudged for the purpose of partially compensating the former also for the change which will exclude them from preferment *out* of their profession. Indeed, it might be practicable to counterbalance such expense by slightly diminishing the nominal complement of officers for the future; for it were infinitely better to have a few officers with thorough military efficiency, with contented willing spirits, with good pay, good position, and that degree of power and responsibility which warms zeal and interest, than to have a larger number of officers without these advantages.

The tendency to excessive centralisation should be checked; the commanding officers should be more absolute in their authority, and have greater powers of rewarding and punishing, of promoting and degrading. The adjutant-general's department should have abundance of occupation in the disposal of important matters without interfering in regimental details. The principle of appointing colonels *by selection alone* is now likely to be recognised in the British army. If it be properly carried out in the Indian armies, the Government can find officers for regimental command who may beneficially be intrusted with far greater powers and responsibilities than those heretofore vested in commandants: the benefit of such a change would be great both to officers and men. The principle of selection may also be applied to the grades of native officers in the Bengal army, according to the practice already prevailing in the Madras and Bombay armies, so that there may always be the ready means of rewarding fidelity and merit. This selection should be virtually exercised by the commandants, with perhaps only certain limitations; the present practice is need-

lessly circuitous. The other day, General Hearsey could not <sup>they will</sup> fully promote a native soldier for eminently faithful conduct at a critical moment of mutiny without the sanction of the Governor-General in council!

For the future the location of regular infantry regiments at stations by themselves, without the presence of European troops, should be avoided. Indeed, if the semi-civil duties be transferred to other hands, these troops will not be needed at detached stations, and may always be brigaded with Europeans. Obviously, an entirely successful mutiny can hardly occur at a station where there is a European regiment: witness Meerut and Agra. But how terrible have been the consequences where native regiments have been cantoned alone; as, for instance, at Cawnpore, Allahabad, Rohilkund, and Delhi!

There are, of course, very many other minor points of military reform, into the details of which we need not enter: we have endeavoured to advert only to the *principal considerations* arising out of the present state of affairs.

As the revolt appears as yet to be a military matter, and not in any way connected with civil affairs, there would appear to be no *present* necessity for considering the reforms needed in the general administration. There are some who think that *now* will be the time to reconstruct the "Double Government" of India at home; to found a thorough judicial system, to reorganise the police, to adjust landed tenures, to secure a supply of cotton, and so forth. We cannot join in this opinion. Of course no time can be altogether amiss for the discussion of such subjects as these; but if there ever could be an *unsuitable* time, it would be the present. If the revolt had arisen from any civil grievance, then the consideration of that would be urgent; but as this is not the case, attention should be directed to matters of military and political security. We will therefore refrain from touching on any of those interesting and important topics above noted, and will merely see whether any thing could be done to increase the *stability* of the civil authority on the occurrence of such revolts as the present. The rapidity with which, in the event of military misfortune, the civil power becomes paralysed, or rather is swept away like chaff, is indeed greatly to be lamented. The reason is, that the civil servants in a district are the brains and heart of the administration; the hands and feet and limbs being made up by native officials. If any thing happens to the civil servants, then life is suspended in the body-politic within their jurisdiction. If a commissioner supervising several districts were struck down, then *his* immediate subordinates, the European district-officers, would not cease from their functions, and would carry on the administration; but if the district-

officers be struck down, then *their* immediate subordinates,—the native judicial, revenue, and police officers,—though they might be personally well affected, would not attempt to rally or to sustain affairs, but would throw up their office and fly. This state of things must, we fear, be always inevitable, and is, indeed, an incident of the position of the English in India. The mutineers attacked the handful of civilians scattered over the country, plundered the treasuries, and burnt the public offices; and after that the civil power in the interior of the districts was extinguished of itself. The only thing possible, is to protect the European civilians from sudden attack, so that they may be able to stand their ground and carry on something like an administration. In the north-west provinces, the treasuries and public offices are not more defensible than a private house: a treasury is merely an apartment with a few strong chests inside, and a sentry at the door. In the Punjab, on the other hand, a treasury is a little square brick fort, with accommodation for more than a company of infantry, a well for water, a store-room for supplies, loopholes for musketry, &c. We think that this plan of rendering public offices, and civil buildings generally, more defensible than they are at present might be generally adopted. In an emergency, with such slight defences as these, a district-officer with some native police (who are, or ought to be, able to use a musket) might defend himself, the Europeans at his station, and a portion of their valuable property, his treasure and public records, for some little time, until military succour could be given; and if the Europeans held fast, the native officials in the interior might do the same, especially if *their* offices were also rendered slightly defensible, as, indeed, all these buildings are in the Punjab. But, on the other hand, these places should *not* be regularly fortified, nor rendered too strong, because they could never be garrisoned by Europeans; and if by mischance they should fall into the hands of rebels, their strength would give trouble to the Government. They should be strong enough for temporary resistance only. Furthermore, if the framework of the administration could only be kept together, it might be practicable to enrol landholders and others as special constables, to stop plundering and robbery, in the repression of which all respectable men have a common interest. But this, as every thing else, depends on the presence of the European head; and so long as it is in the power of a mutineer or a rebel to kill or expel the half-dozen English civilians to be found in a district, the entire civil administration may be paralysed in the twinkling of an eye: and hence the necessity of giving these officers some chance of maintaining their position for a time at least. Already Europeans may be appointed to the chief revenue and police posts in the interior of districts; but

their numbers are very few, and more appointments might be advantageously filled in this manner. The office to which we more particularly allude is that known by the name of "Tuhseeldarship," and is worth from 150*l.* to 250*l.* per annum; and if European "Tuhseeldars" could usually hope to rise to the uncovenanted judicial appointments, then the services either of gentlemen, or at least of very respectable persons, might be secured. And the presence of some men of this stamp in the interior would add to the security of the civil power; and yet a sufficient number of appointments might be left for the natives, who are of course entitled to a large share in the patronage of the country. It might also be expedient to confer some such office as that of justice of the peace upon European settlers of character in the rural districts; and this accession of consequence and responsibility might render them useful supporters of the law in times of difficulty.

On the present occasion it will be fit to consider the expediency of disarming the population at large; or rather of prohibiting the general possession or carrying of arms, except under special license. This measure largely contributed to the pacification of the Punjab, and to the prevention of many kinds of crime which still prevail in the older provinces, owing chiefly, as we believe, to the want of this very measure. Under the operation of British rule the people *do not want arms*; and it is the first duty of Government to afford such protection as shall supersede the necessity for private possession of defensive weapons. Such protection certainly is afforded in the north-west; and the people there, where they use arms at all, only use them for mischief. After recent experience, it may be hoped that there is no fear from the respectable classes; but if the manufacture, possession, and carrying of arms is legal, then they are sure to be found in the hands of the criminal and the vicious, and in emergencies like the present will assuredly be used for murder and rapine. And we are confident that the prohibition against the possession and use of arms without license throughout Upper India will conduce to the diminution of crime during peace, and to the security of the State during disturbance. Nor would such a prohibition be at all burdensome to the people; for a really respectable man, fit to be trusted with arms, would have no more difficulty in taking out a permit to carry them than an Englishman finds in taking out a license to shoot game.

In respect to the religious doubts, which have in a considerable degree originated these sad disturbances, the Indian Government has already issued dignified and sensible proclamations, reiterating the old assurance that the British will always abstain from interfering with the religious and the social institutions of

the natives. Beyond this there is nothing more required, nor, indeed, consistently practicable. The British Government does not interfere in its corporate capacity, nor does it permit its individual officers to do so in their official capacity. But it can never undertake to restrict the propagation of the Christian, or, indeed, of any religion, by private and lawful means. Moreover it must exercise a judgment as to what does or does not constitute interference with religious or social institutions; and it cannot allow religion or social prescription to be made a cloak and a plea for barbarity, for outrage of morality, for unjust restriction of individual liberty, or alienation of private property. Barbarous rites and objectionable customs, militating against those ends for which a civilised government is instituted, may be abolished consistently with faithful adherence to our pledges of non-interference, and with that respect which we have guaranteed in all proper essentials to the native religions and institutions in common with all other religions. The Government cannot go beyond this policy to favour its co-religionists without breaking those promises in virtue of which it has, by proclamations solemnly claimed the support of the native public in this its hour of adversity. Nor can it recede from this policy in any way to proscribe Christian missionaries as a concession to native intolerance, without betraying a moral irresolution sure to bring down calamity in the end. Without undertaking to justify every portion of every act of the British Government in regard to this policy, we yet are confident that *on the whole* it has faithfully kept to the right line, without diverging to either extreme. And so with education: if any party among the natives shall object to the new State system, the Government can reply that the whole thing is voluntary; and that for those who choose to send their children to school the authorities have a perfect right to provide the means of instruction, inasmuch as it is one of the first duties of a civilised government to elevate the moral and intellectual condition of its subjects. Few will suppose that Providence has placed us where we are for *only* the physical and material prosperity of the Asiatics, or that we can ignore our moral responsibilities.

We have now endeavoured to describe the extent of this great military revolt; to analyse its causes and origin, so far as these can be known; and to indicate such measures as suggest themselves for future security. The general tone of the picture is indeed dark and sombre; but there are bright portions to relieve the gloom. On the one hand, we have seen our kindness to an overgrown native army repaid by the blackest ingratitude; in the very bosom of the State we have nursed a serpent of almost fabulous magnitude; and we have realised

the bitter sense of filial ingratitude, which is sharper even than the serpent's tooth; we have indeed nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against us; and have reaped a whirlwind where we had not sown the wind. But on the other hand, if the people *shall remain true*, as they have been at the first shock of calamity, a strong bond of mutual confidence has been established between us and them; and with the aid of the population at large, what can the British ever have ultimately to fear in India? Then, if fifty thousand soldiers have mutinied in Bengal, have not three times that number continued, *as yet*, staunch in Madras, Bombay, and the Punjab? Again, if we shall, under Providence, weather this mighty storm, will not our national prestige be higher and stronger than ever? Our empire will then be no longer one of "opinion," but of tried and proved invincibility. We shall have been found not wanting in a balance where the opposing weight against us was immense; we shall have been tested by a crucial experiment, and come out clear, like gold from the fire or like oil in the water. We have been assailed under circumstances of almost the utmost imaginable disadvantage; and if not conquered by this, we shall be, humanly speaking, and in the ordinary sense of the phrase, unconquerable. In the face of a great calamity and judgment from Providence, we may well feel confident as to our national conduct in India, if the Searcher of all things shall be extreme to mark what may have been done amiss. But according to our erring consciences and feeble lights, we may hope that our intentions towards the Indian people have been pure; that on the whole our proceedings have conduced to the moral and material welfare of the country under our charge. And as we have humbly striven to do our duty, we may well trust in the justice of our cause during this our mortal struggle with a military revolt the most unjustifiable and the most atrocious in all history.

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# BOOKS OF THE QUARTER SUITABLE FOR READING-SOCIETIES.

Essays on the Accordance of Christianity with the Nature of Man. By Edward Fry. 1 vol. Hamilton and Adams.

[A volume of thoughtful, able, and sometimes profound essays.]

Selections from the Correspondence of R. E. H. Greyson, Esq. Edited by the Author of the "Eclipse of Faith." 2 vols. Longman and Co.

[Reviewed in Article V.]

Essays by John Eagles. Reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine*. Blackwood.

Elements of Drawing; in Letters to Beginners. By John Ruskin, M.A. Smith, Elder, and Co.

[A volume of much practical utility, as well as containing plenty of Mr. Ruskin's general ability and eloquence.]

A Memoir of John Armstrong, D.D., late Lord Bishop of Grahams-town. By the Rev. T. T. Carter, M.A., Rector of Clewer; with an Introduction by Samuel Lord Bishop of Oxford. 1 vol. J. H. and J. Parker.

[A clerically-toned memoir, with a very episcopal introduction.]

Life of George Stephenson, the Railway Engineer. By Samuel Smiles. Murray.

Memoirs of Elizabeth Davis, a Balaklava Nurse. Edited by Jane Williams. 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

[Volumes of the most graphic interest; though often that interest may be heightened by the vivid imagination and exaggeration of a not perfectly cultivated mind.]

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[An extremely amusing and interesting book, reviewed in Article II.]

Memoirs and Letters of the Late Colonel A. S. H. Mountain, C.B. Edited by Mrs. Mountain. 1 vol. Longman, Green, and Co.

Passages in the Life of a Soldier on Military Service in the East and West. By Lieutenant-Colonel Sir James E. Alexander, K.C.L.S. 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

The Works of Professor Wilson, of the University of Edinburgh. Edited by his Son-in-law, Professor Ferrier. Vol. 9. "Recreations of Christopher North." William Blackwood.

[This is the most welcome of the republications of Professor Wilson's writings. "Christopher North" is the work by which his genius will always be measured.]

Poems by George Macdonald. 1 vol. Longman and Co.



City Poems. By Alexander Smith, Author of "A Life-Drama," and other Poems. Cambridge, Macmillan.

[Reviewed in Article VI.]

The Eventful Voyage of her Majesty's Discovery Ship *Resolute* to the Arctic Regions, in search of Sir John Franklin and the missing Crews of H.M. Ships *Erebus* and *Terror*, in 1852, 1853, 1854. By George F. Macdougall, Master. 1 vol. Longmans.

[A thoroughly good and valuable narrative of one of the most interesting of the Arctic stories.]

Letters from the Slave States. By James Stirling. J. W. Parker and Son.

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Chow Chow; being Selections from a Journal kept in India, &c. By the Viscountess Falkland. 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

[Amusing enough.]

Quits. By the Author of "The Initials." 3 vols. Richard Bentley.

[A clever novel, with excellent sketches of character and fresh, pleasant description of Bavarian peasant-life. The story is very slight.]

A Woman's Story. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. 3 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

Guy Livingstone, or Thorough. J. W. Parker and Son.

[Clever and readable enough; it looks like the writing of an able but conceited man, immensely impressed with his own power.]

Russian Popular Tales. Translated from the German Version of Anton Dietrich; with an Introduction by Jacob Grimm. Chapman and Hall.

[A charming little volume, separately noticed in Article VII.]









